SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

INTRODUCTION.

By Andrew D. White.

TWENTY years ago, while in London to secure men and material for the organization of Cornell University, I found on sale a mass of manuscripts and proof-sheets of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Of these two classes of remains, the proof-sheets seemed to me the more interesting, for they revealed the process in Scott's mind intermediate between his first draft and his work as finally published, and I secured those of "Peveril of the Peak." They were a curious jumble of print and manuscript. There were various readings in texts, additions, suppressions, explanations, discussions between Scott and Ballantyne—some of them sharp, all of them pithy—and there were mottoes, after Scott's well-known fashion, pasted in or pinned in, forming a mass which would have gone to pieces long before but for the fact that some one had been thoughtful enough to secure the whole by a good, strong, honest binding.

The interesting and valuable thing in such a collection is, of course, that it throws light on the evolution of a Waverley novel, showing how the creations of Scott's genius were developed into that final form which so enthralled the world.

For many years I have hoped to write an article to aid in throwing light into

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that evolutionary process which these proof-sheets show, but various duties have forbidden it, and I now gladly entrust the matter to the competent hands of Mr. Edwin H. Woodruff.

My hope is that even with such slight material as this he may arouse in the minds of some of the myriads of readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the wish to know more of "The Wizard of the North." Never was there a more healthful and health-ministering literature than that which he gave to the world. To go back to it from Flaubert and Daudet and Tolstoï is like listening to the song of the lark after the shrieking passion of the midnight pianoforte ;—nay, it is like coming out of the glare and heat and reeking vapor of a palace ball into a grove in the first light and music and breezes of the morning.

It is not for nothing that so many thousands have felt toward Scott a deep personal gratitude, which few, if any other writers of English fiction have ever awakened. My own case is doubtless typical of thousands. In his novels I first came under the spell of genius in fiction, and in my reading of them the first happened to be what is usually called the least inspired—"The Monastery." But no matter, I gave it three readings, end over end, and followed it with other novels from the same source as rapidly as my dear family Puritan authorities would permit, or as often as they could be evaded.

So far from stimulating an unhealthy taste, the enjoyment of this fiction created distinctly a taste for what is usually called "solid reading," and especially a love for that historical reading and study which has been a leading inspiration and solace of a busy life. "Quentin Durward" first showed to me —a boy of twelve years—something of the real significance of history. Scott's pictures of Louis the Eleventh, Charles the Bold, William de la Marck, the scene with the astrologer in the Castle of Peronne, the assassination of the Bishop of Liége, unhistorical though they sometimes are, introduced naturally into the mind of a thinking boy an idea of that great transition from Feudalism to Absolute Monarchy which is one of the most important and suggestive facts in the development of modern civilization. After Scott, too, such a boy is very likely to take up Philippe de Comines, and no better entrance than that into modern history can be conceived.

What a joy and inspiration Scott gave to thoughtful young men of my time! What a world he gave them to live in! How there comes back to me from the old days at Yale the remembrance of the most delightful of young scholars, the best of fellows, the sturdiest of Christians, who, while carrying all before him in Greek and Latin, and wielding a stout cudgel in defence of Dr. Pusey, made the paths under those old elms resound with laughter by some apt quotation from Scott's droller heroes.

I cannot but think that anything which shall recall to the readers of "Madame Bovary," and the "Nabab," and "Anna Karénina" the existence of "Ivanhoe" and "St. Ronan's Well," and "Guy Mannering," and "The Fortunes of Nigel," or even of "The Talisman" and "Count Robert of Paris," will be of use to them ; and if it shall lead them to go further into the great fields which Scott opened, passing through Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," and finally reaching Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," the most beautiful romance ever written, it seems to me that there may come a blessing not merely to their minds, but also to their hearts and souls.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 21, 1888.

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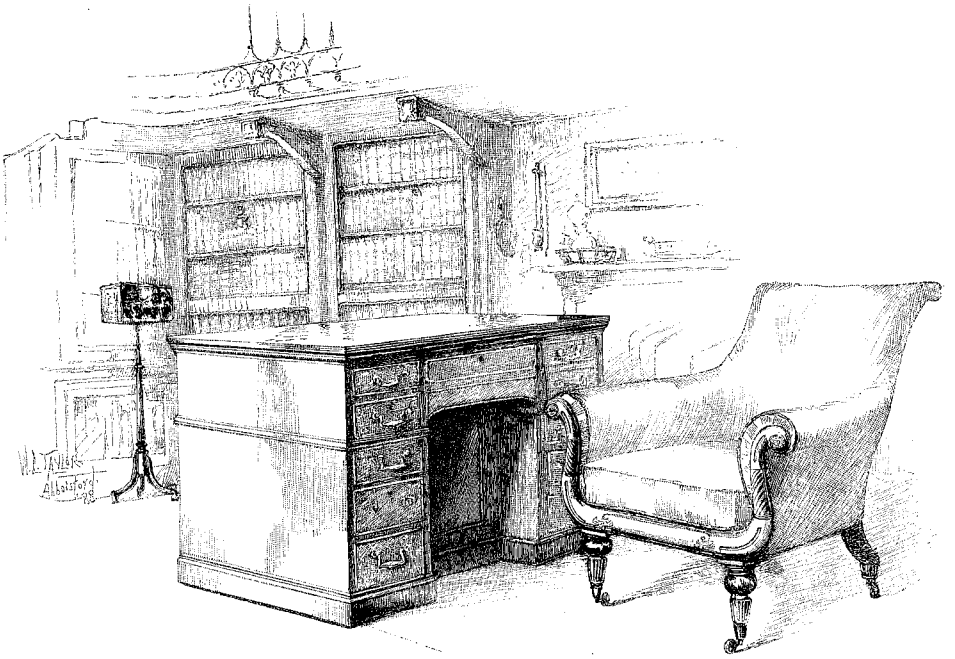

Scott's Desk and Chair.

WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

By E. H. Woodruff.

FANCY allows itself to be added to or subtracted from numbers with as much ease and effect as if it were itself merely a subject for mathematical computation. A statistician playing with the census may transform even that unadorned tabulation into a vivid narrative and lend to numerical figures all the animation of rhetorical figures.

Sir Walter Scott has not escaped the statistical juggler, and we are given a lively idea of the former immense popularity of the great Scotchman's romances. Down to 1856, there had been printed of his "Life and Works" 7,967,369 volumes, requiring 99,592 reams of paper, which weighed 1,245 tons. The People's Edition required 227,831 reams, or 2,848 tons of paper. The number of sheets used was 106,542,438, which, laid side by side, would cover 3,363 square miles. During the period when Scott was editing the Complete Edition of his novels no less than a thousand persons, one hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were occupied in the manufacture of the books. In other words, imagine a town—or Western city—of three or four thousand inhabitants finding their sole support in the mechanical production of the romances of one literary man.

Not less marvellous was the fecundity of Scott's own labors. In the year 1814 alone, he wrote nearly the whole of the "Life of Swift," the second and third volumes of "Waverley," "The Lord of the Isles," two essays for the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the introduction and notes to the "Memorie of the Somervilles," annotations to a reprint of "Rowland's Letting Off the Humours of Blood in the Head Vein," 1611, and kept up an unstinted correspondence with his friends; and all this literary activity was interrupted by a two months' voyage to the Hebrides, and by constant attention to the financial perplexities of the Ballan-

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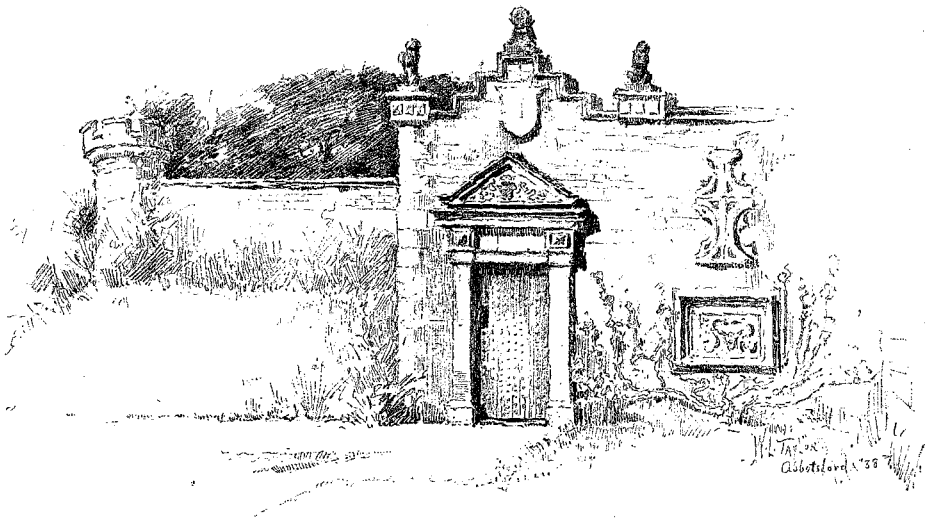
tyne press and publishing house, in which his pecuniary interests were involved. He seemed to feel after this stress of work that, as he expressed it, he needed to "refresh the machine," so he set out for Abbotsford and "refreshed the machine" by writing the three volumes of "Guy Mannering" in six weeks, at Christmas time. In the three years from 1827 to 1830, while he was under the pressure of a load of debt so large that it seemed as if nothing less than some bold and speculative venture in trade could remove the burden within the few years left to him, he wrote about thirty original volumes—something like ten for each of these years.



The Garden Wall at Abbotsford.

The greatest literary genius must live and move, in part at least, by the momentum of bulk. Shakespeare, Balzac, Thackeray, Hugo, Goethe, and Browning impress men deeply by the body of work that warrants and defends any single effort or selected beauty chosen from their works for particular admiration. Scott, too, remains in literature with all the advantage of such a momentum. Within five years after the fame of "Waverley" had gone abroad, he was read by all Europe and America; he counted among his friends most of his illustrious contemporaries in literature, science, and politics; and the annual profits of his novels were as much as £10,000. Goethe and Balzac, German and Frenchman, devoured Scott's romances with all the eagerness and absorption of a school-girl over a love story. School-girls read Scott with the fixed spell of a Goethe meditating upon "Soul-development," or with a sense of the reality of Jeanie Deans and Dalgetty equal to that which Balzac felt in the actual existence of his own characters. Yet the wonderful appreciation of the Waverley novels might indicate in Scott nothing more than the gift of entertainment or the gift of instruction, or perhaps both. If that were so then his fame must fade as modes of entertainment and instruction change. Do all these novels of Scott convey what De Quincey calls the knowledge of *power?* Was this great bulk of composition the "careless richness" of a Shakespeare, or was it merely the abundant milled product of a Dumas the Elder?

Goethe and Balzac tell us that the novels of Scott are great works of art, and they both held art as a word not to be lightly used. To Goethe indeed it was now a shibboleth to rally the elect, and now an incantation which could banish remorse from super-sensualism and atone for the behavior of the malodorous "menagerie of tame animals," as Niebuhr calls the characters in "Wilhelm Meister." To Balzac art was some-

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thing sacred, and he willingly gave to it days and nights of unparalleled literary labor. Remembering, then, the great productivity of Scott's pen and the remarkable tributes to the artistic value of the product, it is justifiable to ask under what conditions the Waverley novels were composed, what literary habits distinguished their author, and what economies enabled him to make such a vast contribution, both in quantity and quality, to the permanent fund of English literature.

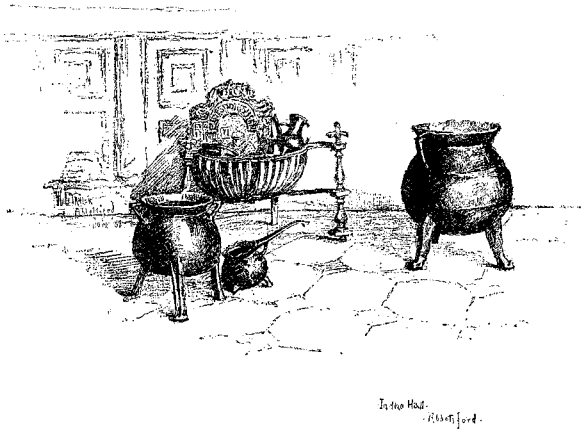
And there is another reason why Scott's literary habits have a special interest. He may be said to be the father of a new race of literary workmen—to be the prototype of the authors of today, with their regular habits, methodical industry, proper remuneration, and general sanity. Scott did not wait for "inspiration" nor while away the intervals between "inspirations" in irresponsible Bohemianism. He had no fantastic notions about genius, but he did have a literary gift which he used in an eminently rational way.

Like so many men who have attained fame in literature, he was early dropped into a legal apprenticeship, that hopper which catches nearly every youth into whose immature dispositions parents or friends have spelled the signs of future greatness. Nor is such an occupation altogether the most unprofitable one for a boy who may afterward drift into literature. The drudgery of copying, the dreary iteration and drowsy reiteration of declaration and plea, replication and rejoinder, surrejoinder, rebutter and surrebutter, cultivate patience and a mechanical facility in the use of the pen; both of which habits are important factors in literary production; the former giving artistic value to the work and the latter contributing to its bulk by avoiding the loss of energy incident to laborious effort in expression.

In addition to these habits, a youth of ordinary perception will necessarily receive an indelible impression of human virtue and weakness from the carnival of clients and witnesses that dance attendance upon the courts year after year, and if he be at all imaginative he will have his powers of invention and aptitude for finesse stimulated to such a degree that, for the general welfare, the safest outlet for his activity is through the indirections of literary art.

Scott had an aversion to the mechanical effort of writing, and how effectually he was helped to overcome it by his apprenticeship may be understood when he tells us that he remembers having written during that period upward of one hundred and twenty folio pages without interval for food or rest. He had, too, an out-of-doors temperament and an echo of the shout of the barbaric clansman in him, which was humanized into articulate utterance by his captivity in the law. In the invention and narration of oral romances, while a student, he had relief from the tediousness of his office work, just as in later life he found his power of composition stirred by the perusal of a dull or idle book.

But there were other sources whence he drew the vast store of material which he accumulated against the day of his literary productiveness. Convivial pleasures down to the time of his marriage; the fortunate friendships of his youth and later years; the romances,



oral and written, of his own and other languages—we cannot say literatures, for many of those shapeless romances were not to become literature until they

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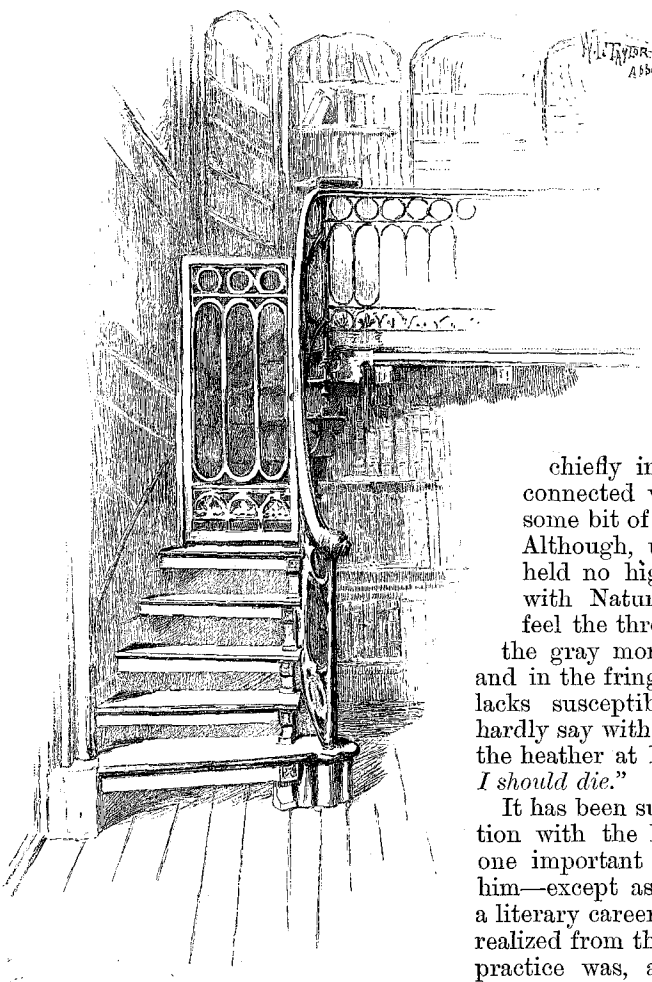
had been *composed* by Scott himself; his quest of curious knowledge and the minuteness of his research; those joyous pedestrian tours, impregnating him with the spirit of Scotch scenery and tradition; a marvellous memory retaining all acquisitions and quick to honor every demand upon it; the ringing moral tone of his own native chivalry, disciplined by perfect familiarity with the Bible; these were the things that, being energized together in Walter Scott, were transformed into gold and fame.



Stairway in the Library.

Perhaps of chief value to him were the excursions in which he sought old romances and found both the romances and health. For seven successive years he explored Liddesdale with a companion, who tells us that Scott "was makin' himsel' a' the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun," and it is small wonder that these jaunts were profitable to him, for wherever he stopped "how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did, never made himsel' the great man or took ony airs i' the company."

Scenery was to him chiefly interesting when it was connected with a folk-tale or with some bit of more authentic history. Although, unlike Wordsworth, he held no high spiritual communion with Nature, he did nevertheless feel the throb of her pulse even in the gray monotone of his own hills and in the fringeless Tweed. One who lacks susceptibility to nature could hardly say with Scott, "If I did not see the heather at least once a year *I think I should die.*"

It has been suggested that his connection with the law helped him; but in one important respect it did not help him—except as it impelled him toward a literary career. The total amount he realized from the first ten years of his practice was, as his fee-books show, about £1,100, the annual receipts being from £24 to £200; and this total amount of his first ten years of law practice was equal to about one-eighth of the cash sum for which he sold "Woodstock," a novel that cost him less than three months' work. However, with his characteristic good sense he did not give up the law until he had secured a safe place in literature.

In 1806 he was appointed Clerk of the Session, an office that demanded his attendance in court four to six hours

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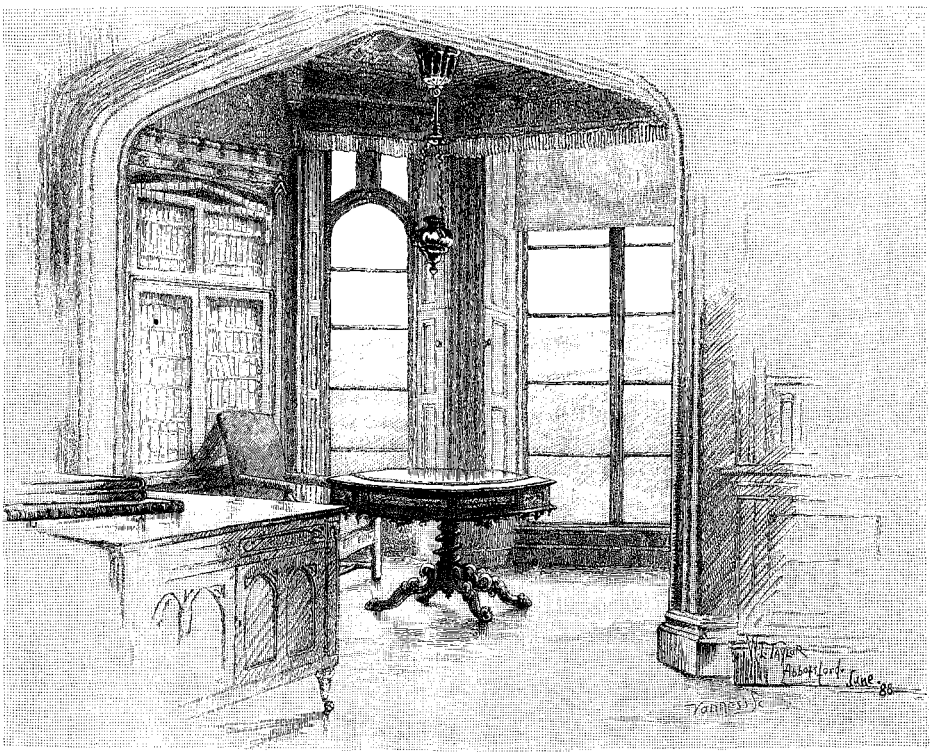
daily during half of the year, and also required much time in the study of legal authorities and papers at home; for his duties were not merely mechanical, and that part of his work which called upon him to reduce to writing the oral decisions of the Court could be done in any other demand upon his time; a social being unwearied as an ambassador in his attention to the conventionalities; and a public-spirited citizen actively interesting himself in charitable and educational work. Scott is an example of those men, formerly to be found only



Alcove in the Library.

telligently only by one who had a good knowledge of the law. While in town, therefore, he had to crowd his literary work into the time before breakfast and into such evening hours as his legal and social duties might leave to him. Social duties spoke to him with as stern a voice as did the strict routine of his office, and he graciously obeyed, although, if his own choice had been consulted, he would have loved "being a bear and sucking his paws in solitude better than being a lion and ramping for the amusement of others." In Edinburgh he was a writer producing as much as if his sole occupation were authorship; a Clerk of the Session engaged in apparently enough official work to preclude in the ranks of statesmen, but now common in professional and industrial pursuits, who, paradoxical as it may seem, are capable of assuming unlimited additional burdens simply because they already have so many to carry. The secret of his literary economy consisted in his method, his swift generalization, his patience and accuracy in details, and most of all in never permitting himself "to be doing nothing."

His work was not affected by his surroundings, and he labored as faithfully in his little den in town as in the much sight-seen library at Abbotsford, although the former room seemed especially adapted for a literary workman. As a rule it is undoubtedly true that,

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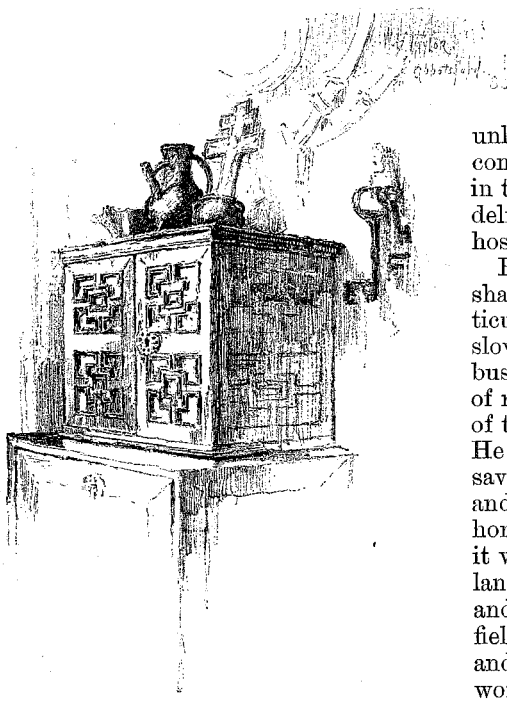
while the country is the place for meditation and preparation, the city is better suited to stimulate the productive powers. Most ornamental plants get their strength of stem and spread of leafage from plenty of garden room, but they flower more freely when their roots are crowded into narrow jars of earth. The "den" in Castle Street was a small room with a single window and a single picture, the window looking out upon a patch of turf, just large enough to provoke the imagination of one who loved the country. The walls were entirely hidden by books arranged systematically in classes, the cases and shelves of each class being plainly lettered. Each book



In the Armory.

had its proper place, and if one were loaned, a wooden block bearing a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan stood substitute on the shelf. The books were all richly bound and never misused; indeed Scott confessed himself a great coxcomb about them and hated to see them specked or spotted. A few reference books were at hand near the massive table where he worked; and within reach were his Session papers, literary manuscripts, sheafs of letters and proof-sheets—all neatly tied up. There was no picturesque disorder, no posing. All his writing apparatus was in perfect order. The rest of the furniture consisted of two chairs, and a step-ladder upon which a big tom-cat usually lay dozing. Hard work, a dinner engagement, an evening at the theatre, or a ride with a friend, made up Scott's life in Edinburgh.

In the country at Ashestiel, before he had drawn upon himself the cares of the Abbotsford estate, his days were at first busy with the affairs of his small farm, his hunting, and the care of his relative's woods. The long solitary evenings were given up to writing. But he afterward found that working at night was likely to bring on his nervous headaches and that he was only half a man unless he had seven hours of utter unconsciousness; thenceforth his habits in the country were those described with delight by the many who enjoyed the hospitality of Abbotsford.

He arose at five o'clock, lit his fire, shaved and dressed himself with particular care, for he disliked any sort of slovenliness, and by six o'clock he was busy at his desk, his papers and books of reference where he could find any one of them without the loss of a moment. He worked until eleven or twelve o'clock, save for his breakfast hour between nine and ten, and by one o'clock he was on horseback. A visitor at Abbotsford says it was a "pleasant sight to see the gallant old gentleman in his sealskin cap and short green jacket lounging along a field-side on his mare and pausing now and then to joke with a laboring man or woman." The dinner hour was early, and the host and his family with their guests passed a short evening in conversation and music. This plan was modified somewhat by a rainy day or an early start on a longer ride than usual. However, as he said, he "broke the neck of the day's work before breakfast." Guests at Abbotsford wondered when Scott found time to write the anonymous romances that were following each other so rapidly from the press, and marvelled how it was physically possi-

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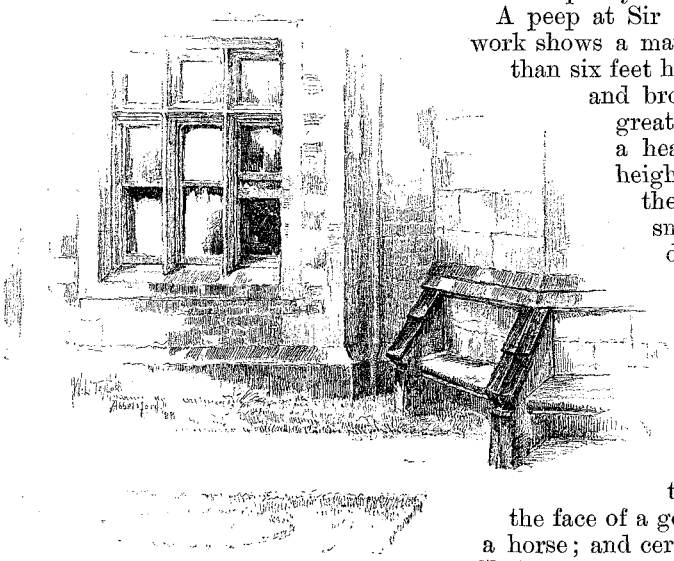
ble for him to be the author of them—to say nothing of the literary work being published under his own name. His guests rode, hunted, and walked with their host, who, never grudging



Study Window from the Garden.

the time thus given, showed them landscapes and filled every scene with action of feuds or illumined it with some ancient ballad or curious story.

The shouts of children at play, the hammering carpenters and masons, the dogs leaping in and out of the open window, these noises never disturbed him at his work. The children had free access to his study, and as he was ever ready to stop work and tell them a story the little ones must have elicited from him the fragments of many an unwritten Waverley.

Though Scott devoted few hours to the mere putting of his thoughts on paper, yet the creative process was going on at other times. The lusty children of Nature may not be, as Edmund says,

"Got 'tween asleep and wake,"

still the most virile children of a novelist's imagination may be conceived at just that time when, according to Schopenhauer, consciousness turned inward in a half-dream attains to actual clairvoyance. And Scott himself bears witness to this condition when he tells us, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up—and there is the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily."

A peep at Sir Walter busy with his work shows a man who must be more than six feet high, with a chest deep and broad enough to assure great recuperative powers, a head of the remarkable height of Shakespeare's in the Stratford bust, and small lightish-gray eyes deeply set under projecting eyebrows which are hedged with coarse, reddish-gray hair. Balzac, with one of his confident half-truths (bigger than some persons' whole truths), remarks that the face of a genius resembles that of a horse; and certainly both the face of Shakespeare and that of Sir Walter seem, even to what might be called the long neighing upper-lip, to warrant at least the suggestion of such a resemblance. Scott's complexion is coarse, without bloom, and dappled with freckles; but his face is open, sagacious, and benevolent. In one hand his pen, held firmly at a distance, moves at a "dashing trot" over the paper, while his other hand is left free to pat the favorite dog standing at his side.

Scott, behind all his will and energy, required some constant stimulus compelling him to work; now it was the founding of a family and estate, now the payment of a crushing debt. All his life he hated task-work, although he did a great deal of it, and the mere fact that he felt the execution of any particular work imposed upon him drove him almost irresistibly toward another. He thought, too, that his best work was usually done under necessity, when he could hear the printing press thumping and clattering behind him. "I cannot pull well in long traces, when the draft is too far behind me."

Early in 1810, before the days of "Waverley" and its fame, he was Secre-

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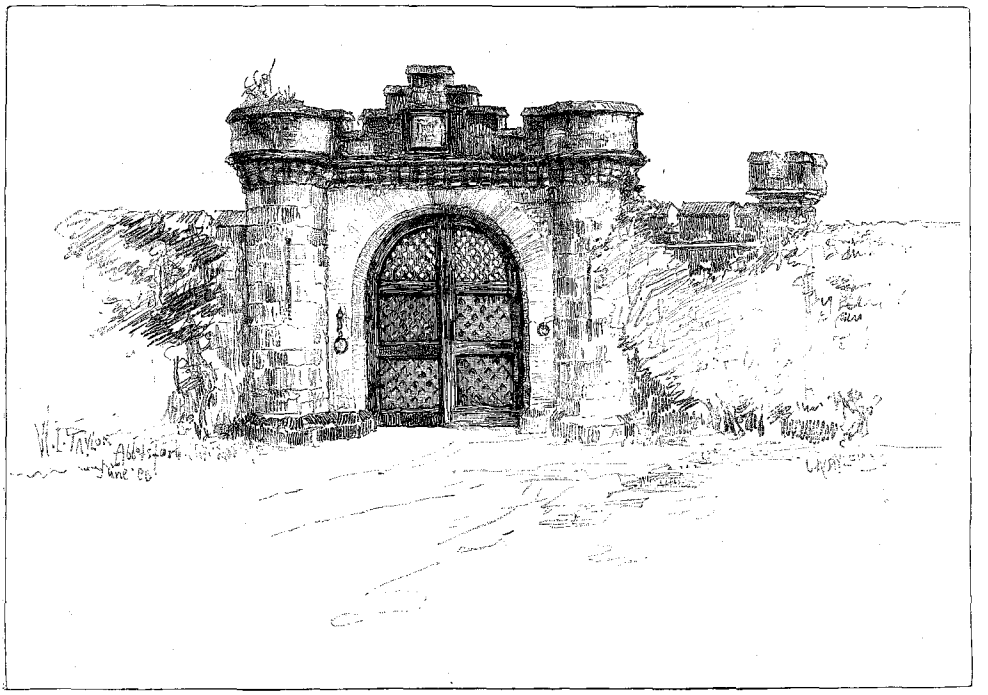

Entrance Gate to Abbotsford.

tary to the Judicature Commission, which sat daily during all the Christmas vacation; he was editing Swift at the rate of six, and Somers at the rate of four sheets each week; he was writing reviews and songs, making selections, superintending rehearsals; he was writing "The Lady of the Lake;" and in addition to all this he attended to his duties as Clerk of the Session, four hours every day except Monday, and did not neglect his social engagements. On every side publishers solicited him with proposals, and in later years he says of all this activity: "Ay, it was enough to tear me to pieces, but there was a wonderful exhilaration about it all; my blood was kept at fever-pitch—I felt as if I could have grappled with anything and everything; then there was hardly one of all my schemes that did not afford me the means of serving some poor devil of a brother author."

The year 1816, during which Scott produced nine volumes, affords another instance of his tremendous capacity for work. This unconquerable industry did not flag even when he was travelling, and in the morning he rarely ever resumed his journey, whether from nobleman's seat or country inn, without forwarding a package directed to the printer at Edinburgh. He found dogged persistency at composition was an unfailing remedy for discouragement, and that adversity drew out the best that was in him.

Scott's researches were more than cursory, and in his letters to Ellis the close and minute discussion of antiquarian matters at times strongly suggests the shrivelling focus of the spectacles worn by our contemporary German professors who devote a course of half a dozen lectures to the date of the birth of Bishop Ulfilas. In preparing notes to the political poems in his edition of Dryden he waded through hundreds of pamphlets of the time, and spent several weeks in London poring over pamphlets and manuscripts in the British Museum Library; his edition of Swift shows familiar acquaintance with the obscurest details of the history of the time of Queen Anne; when he was writing "Quentin Durward" he was many times seen studying over maps and books in the Advocates' Library: and in prepara-

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tion for the "Life of Napoleon" one wagon-load of a hundred bulky volumes of the *Moniteur* was dumped at his door, while he was almost buried in a drift of other material gathered at home and abroad.

Illness and intense bodily pain could no more deter him from writing than could travel or pleasure. The greater part both of "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dictated, and in its composition was punctuated by the groans of the suffering author. When the amanuensis, Laidlaw, besought him to spare himself, Scott replied, "Nay, Willie, only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be done when I am in woollen." Here, too, is again displayed that tender consideration for the comfort of others which built the little stairway at Abbotsford so that he might not disturb the rest of any of the household when he should happen to linger late at night over his work. These excruciating pains which, as he said one time, set him "roaring like a bull-calf," had a curious effect; for when "The Bride of Lammermoor" was put into his hands in its complete shape, the only recollection he had of its contents was of the incidents in the original story with which he had been familiar from childhood. And when he now read his own creation it was with no more knowledge of what he had written than if the novel had been the work of someone else; indeed while reading it he was in constant fear that every leaf he turned might reveal some inconsistency or absurdity.

Sir Walter was never a believer in vacations for absolute rest. He did not allow his literary fields to go untilled; for he believed that the soil could be replenished by proper rotation of crops better than by mere idleness—that some growths could bring back to the soil the strength that other growths had taken away. The dulness of editorial work, of annotation and antiquarian research, brought food to him for his imagination. When one work was finished he immediately took up another: "Anne of Geierstein" was completed one morning before breakfast, and after breakfast he began his compendium of Scottish history.

Just after this compendium appeared Lockhart called upon Dr. Lardner, who had published it, and pointing out Scotticisms and solecisms, angrily asked how they had been allowed to pass. "Why what could I do?" said Lardner. "Do!" Lockhart replied; "alter them, to be sure." Lardner was surprised: "Alter Scott's writing! I should never have thought of taking such a liberty." "We always do it," said Lockhart; "Scott is the most careless fellow in the world, and we look at all his proofs." It must be confessed that Scott was careless, partly on principle and partly because he could save time by allowing his printer, James Ballantyne, and Lockhart to correct the errors and inconsistencies incident to rapid composition. Sir Walter thought it better to be slatternly than tedious; and he was strengthened in this belief by his study of Dryden while he was editing that poet's works. Scott believed that one should write with spontaneity and buoyancy; that the words should bound along and not lag to quarrel with each other over their places or relative rank; in brief, as he put it, in Dryden's own words, language should never be "cursedly confined." His carelessness may also be attributed in part to the influence of his vast fund of formless popular stories and ballads.

He makes the sun set in the German Ocean, and his sacred topography is as daring as Shakespeare's geography in the "Winter's Tale." In "The Legend of Montrose," he uses in one place westward for eastward; in "Kenilworth" the common text has "In the employment both of Burleigh and Cecil," but Burleigh and Cecil are the same person, and it should probably read Walsingham instead of Cecil; in "The Fortunes of Nigel" Septuagint should be Vulgate; and in "Anne of Geierstein" there are two instances where Nancy should be Aix. In "Guy Mannering" it is said that the Bishop, at his death, bequeathed "his blessing, his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio containing the heads of the eminent divines of the Church of England;" but, a few chapters farther on, Dominie Sampson is found occupied in the arrangement of

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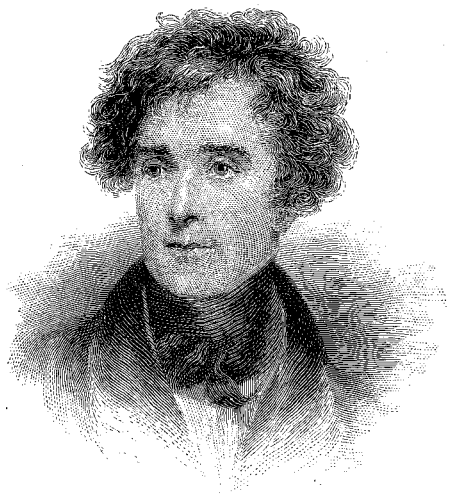
the late Bishop's library which had been conveyed thither in thirty or forty carts.

After these great works had been cast in his mould Scott was content to leave to other hands the filing of the rough



John Gibson Lockhart.

edges. In this way alone could he accomplish so much work and at the same time insure himself against finical criticism. The second and third volumes of "Waverley" were written between June 4th and July 1st. One volume of "Woodstock" was written in fifteen days, and Scott said that it might have been written in much less time had he not taken exercise nor been obliged to attend the Court of Session from two to four hours daily ten days out of the fifteen. Still, as the volume was worth £1,000 at the cheapest, it cannot be considered an unprofitable fortnight's work. There is, however, in the history of literary fertility another fifteen-day record equal to this of Scott's; for within the same length of time Lope de Vega is known to have written five full-length dramas.

The manuscript page of one of the Waverley novels is of quarto size, evenly written in a free and open hand, without a dotted "i" or a crossed "t." A short dash alone indicates the place for a punctuation mark, but the mark itself is left for the printer to insert. The writing is so uniform as to suggest that it might almost have been projected against the paper by a single effort rather than penned line by line. Indeed the handwriting was so regular that Scott could from the amount of copy calculate exactly to a page the length of a volume: this he has done on the margin of a proof-sheet of "Peveril of the Peak."

Each of these pages of copy contained about 800 words. At the time of the composition of "Ivanhoe" three such pages, equal to fifteen or sixteen of the original impression, were considered a day's work, although later he often exceeded that number. He records the result of one day's work as six manuscript pages or about twenty-four pages of print; another day he wrote copy enough for thirty pages of print; and one day of hard work on "The Fair Maid of Perth" supplied the printer with manuscript for forty pages of print. Occasionally the bottom of a manuscript page shows the flourish used by lawyers to prevent the insertion of forged additions,—certainly an unnecessary scroll for a Waverley novel.

In order to preserve the anonymity of the author the manuscript of the novels was given to Mr. George Huntley Gordon, who copied it for the printer, lest in the original the compositor might recognize Scott's handwriting. Two copies of the proof were struck off; one copy was corrected first by James Ballantyne, the printer; then sent to Scott, who made additional corrections and considered the many suggestions offered by Ballantyne; and then returned in order that these corrections might be copied for the compositor by another hand upon the second proof-sheet, which had been left clean for this purpose. Thus the compositor did not see Scott's autograph manuscript nor touch the original corrected proofs, which, unsoiled as a new book, reveal upon their margin the true picture of Sir Walter at work.

Since the death of Scott and James Ballantyne, their pecuniary relations have been made the subject of an ill-natured pamphlet controversy which only resulted in showing that, whichever one may have been the cause of their financial disaster, they remained the best of friends. These proof-sheets

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leave no doubt of that, and further prove that Ballantyne, with his courageous and unprejudiced criticism, covered many a small error through which the slashing reviewers of the first half of the present century might have pierced a vital part. Ballantyne was one of several, Lockhart included, who are chiefly valued for their nearness to Scott, just as the value of lesser dwellings is increased by proximity to some magnificent architectural pile. Ballantyne's attitude toward Scott was deeply respectful, often reverential.

The following suggestions and dialogues taken from the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak" show Ballantyne's helpfulness and Scott's extreme good-nature:

J. B. Should not some explanation be given, how a bullet fired at a man's head, and hitting him at a yard's distance, did not kill him?

Proof-text. "I would thou wouldst give me some item of all this mystery."

J. B. Allow me to say that 99 out of 100 novel-readers will be apt to make the same request. The historical allusions in all the preceding works were generally, almost universally, understood. But I think all this needs a degree of knowledge which many will want. *Me ipso teste*, if that were anything to the matter.

Proof-text. "Summer-teeming luxury."

J. B. Do not understand.

W. S. Am surprised, it being Shakespearean.

Proof-text. "He was never visited by any doubt."

J. B. See p. 127, where this very doubt is strongly expressed by him.

When they were mounted, and as they rode slowly towards the outer-gate of the court-yard, Bridgenorth said to him, "It is not every one who would thus, unreservedly, commit his safety by travelling at night, and unaided with the hot-brained youth who so lately attempted his life."

X

X Should not some explanation be given, how a bullet fired at a man's head, and hitting him at a yard's distance, did not kill him? Lieut. Yea quoth the Earl but not to-day. Walter Scott

Facsimile of a Passage from the Proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak," with Scott's and Ballantyne's Marginal Notes. (This and the following passages photographed from the originals in the possession of Andrew D. White, Esq.)

W. S. Yea, quoth the Earl, but not to-day.

This seems to have been something of a favorite quotation with Scott, for in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch several years earlier he says of Scott of Harden: "He is exactly Prior's Earl of Oxford,—

'Let that be done which Mat doth say.'
'Yea,' quoth the Earl, 'but *not to-day*.'"

Scott thereupon changes it to "any permanent doubt."

Proof-text. "The cutler agreed."

J. B. He had gone down stairs in the last sentence.

Sir Walter hurries him back and the line is changed to "The cutler returned at this summons and agreed."

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Proof-text. "Tell me what you know of Christian's familiar, as he calls her."

so as to have the full advantage of its symmetry."

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. 29

The home-brewed was produced; and in lieu of more vulgar food, a few slices of venison presently hissed in the frying-pan, giving strong room for inference that Lance Outram, in his capacity of keeper, ~~was none of those evil cooks who cannot lick their own fingers.~~ A modish sip of the excellent Derbyshire ale, and a tasting of the highly seasoned

Having put all necessary questions, and received all suitable answers, respecting the state of the neighbourhood, and such of her own friends as continued to reside there, the conversation began rather to flag, until Deborah found the art of again renewing its interest, by communicating to her friends the dismal ~~news~~ that they must soon look for deadly bad news from the Castle; for that her present master, Major Bridgenorth, had been summoned, by some great people from London, to assist in taking her old master, Sir Geoffrey; and that all Master Bridgenorth's servants, and several other persons whom she named, friends and adherents of the same interest, had assembled a force to surprise the Castle; and that as Sir Geoffrey was now so old, and

[There very much — not merely the Plot & the Search — occur somewhere in some of the predecessors of Peveril.]

J. B. Had not Christian better be sent out of hearing first?

W. S. Have they not driven on?

Proof-text. "'I believe it,'" said Zarah, drawing up her slight but elegant figure,

J. B. May I be guilty of a piece of gross impudence? But, as it is, there is not ONE, out of all these marvellous works, in which some one person, or other, has not drawn him, or herself, up to "the full advantage of

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his or her height." Nay, twice or thrice.

Scott modifies the text accordingly.

J. B. This motto is repeated in the next chapter. [Facsimile on p. 146.]

Sir G. P. was drawn as a very sunken man at the beginning of the book—poor, compared to Bridgenorth, and he is even now indebted to him.

W. S. Only embarrassed, and that perhaps not known to Julian.

"A thousand, Zarah!" answered Christian; "ay, a hundred thousand, and a million to boot; the creature is not on earth, being mere mortal woman, that would have undergone the thirtieth part of thy self-denial."

† "I believe it," said Zarah, drawing up her slight but elegant figure, ~~so as to have the full~~

† May I be guilty of a piece of gross impudence? But, as it is, that there is not one, and that there marvellous worthy, which some one person, or other, has not drawn him, or herself, up to "the full advantage of his or her height?" Nay twice, or thrice.

W. S. My native land, good night. Byron. You will or should have received a letter noticing this blunder.

Proof-text. "But, Julian Peveril—"

J. B. Is there any occasion for giving both names? You called another hero Edward, or Waverley; but never *Edward Waverley*, as if there were two of them. Miss Edgeworth I recollect called one of hers always *Clarence Harvey;* rarely *Clarence* or *Harvey*, and I disliked it much.

W. S. People always called me Walter Scott. [Facsimile on p. 147.]

J. B. Is no more of this motto to be taken?

W. S. The whole passage, but I have no Shakespeare. [Facsimile on p. 148.]

Proof-text. "We have fortune."

J. B. Not fortune, I think; at least

The following marginal note is from the proof-sheets of "Woodstock" now in the British Museum Library:

J. B. "Completing" wants a nominative.

W. S. You certainly have had the toothache. Why, it puts me in mind of the epigram, when Pitt and Dundas came drunk into the House of Commons:—

"I cannot see the Speaker, Hal, can you?"
"Not see the Speaker? d—n me, I see two."

In Lockhart's "Life of Scott," some transcripts from the proofs of the "Field of Waterloo" show much bandying of this sort:

Proof-text.

"The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And *cease* when these are passed.
Vain hope!"

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J. B. I must needs repeat that the deadly tug *did* cease in the case supposed. It lasted long—very long; but, when the limits of resistance, of human strength, were passed—that is, after they had fought for ten hours, then the deadly tug *did* cease. Therefore the "hope" was not "vain."

W. S. I answer, that it did *not*,—because the observation relates to the strength of those actually engaged, and when *their* strength was exhausted, other squadrons were brought up. Suppose you saw two lawyers scolding at the bar, you might say this must have an end—human lungs cannot hold out,—but, if the debate were continued by the senior counsel, your well-grounded expectations would be disappointed—"Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull!"

At the time when Scott was worrying over his money troubles one of the proof-sheets came to him, pointing out that he had repeated a whole passage of history that he had given before, and he thereupon writes in his diary these words from Chaucer:

"There is na workeman
That can both worken well and hastilie.
This must be done at leasure parfaitly."

He always watched for Ballantyne's comments on the margin of the proofs as if it were a graduated scale indicating fluctuations in the work; and in the last days of his failing strength the novelist looked eagerly and most often in vain for some exclamation of the printer's delight. Here are some of Bal-

CHAPTER VIII.

Bessus. It's a challenge, sir; is't not?
Gentleman. 'Tis an inviting to the field.
Bessus. An inviting! A man now, to my thinking, had as well give me poison with such a compliment.

King and no King

Lady Peveril remained in no small anxiety for several hours after her husband and the Countess had departed from Martindale Castle; more especially when she learned that Major Bridgenorth, concerning whose motions she made private inquiry, had taken horse with a party, and was gone to the westward in the same direction with Sir Geoffrey.

At length her immediate uneasiness ~~on account of~~ the safety of her husband and the Countess was removed, by the arrival of Whitaker, with her husband's commendations, and an account of the scuffle betwixt himself and Major Bridgenorth.

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lantyne's suggestions running alongside the text on the proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak:" "Incomplete," "Imperfect," "Incorrect," "This is inimitable in all respects," "Something not clear in this," "Capital! there is something new under the sun," "There seems to be some want of distinctness here," "This is almost magnificent," "Unintelligible and probably incomplete," "Repetition." Scott's own corrections on the proofs are chiefly confined to matters of diction. When he touches a word he does so in order to put in additional color.

The mottoes at the beginning of each chapter were often not inserted until the proof was being read by the author. They were generally composed by Scott himself and credited to an "Old Song" or "Old Play," though sometimes they were actual quotations taken either from immediate reference or from memory. Finding it too troublesome to hunt up suitable passages, he supplied by invention any defect of his memory, and he admits that sometimes, even when actual names are affixed, it would be useless to seek the selections in the works of the authors to whom he has credited the quotation. To Scott's great amusement, one of these mottoes of his own invention was recited to him by a lady as being a selection from one of the hymns of Dr. Watts, whom she greatly admired.

What DeQuincey says of the inventive faculty in Burke applies equally well to Sir Walter: "The mere act of movement became the principle or cause of movement. Motion propagated motion and life threw off life. The very violence of a projectile, as thrown by *him*, caused it to rebound in fresh forms, fresh angles, splintering, coruscating, which gave out thoughts as new (and that would at the beginning have been as startling) to himself as to his reader." Scott says he never could lay down a

thing seemed to announce as impending. But ~~Julian~~ Peveril, his youth considered, was strict in judging his duty, and severely resolved in executing it. He trusted not his imagination to pursue the vision which presented itself; but resolutely seizing on his pen, wrote to Alice the following letter, explaining his situation, as far as justice to the Countess permitted him to do so:—

"I leave you, dearest Alice," thus ran the letter, "I leave you; and though, in doing so, I but obey the command you have laid on me, yet I can claim little merit for my compliance, since, without additional and most forcible rea-

× Is there any occasion for giving both names? You called another hero Edward, or Waverley; not Sir Edward Waverley, as there were two of them. Miss Edgeworth, I recollect, called one of hers also Clarence Harvey; rarely Clarence, or Harvey; as I dislike it much. Perhaps always called him Wallenstein

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plan, or, having laid it down, could not follow it. The action of composition always extended one passage and abridged or omitted another, and the characters were rendered important or insignificant by the strength they manifested in asserting a place for themselves during the composition of the story. They might be given a good place at the start, but if they retained that place, they must do so because they were fit to survive. His ideas came to him as he wrote, and a character had to adapt itself to them as the condition of its existence. When the author strains his mind for ideas in purely imaginative composition they dissipate as the perfume of a flower in the hand of a botanist. Scott, while writing "Woodstock," more than once says that he has tied the thread of the story so tight that he scarcely knows how to loosen the knot; and nearing the end of "Anne of Geierstein" he exclaims: "But how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it? . . . There's no help for it, I must make a *tour de force* and annihilate both time and space."

It was not only in his habits of composition that Sir Walter was the progenitor of our contemporary writers, but also in the external relations of professional authorship he seems to have anticipated their generally self-respecting attitude toward publishers, critics, and bores. He sold his work to those publishers who would employ the Ballantyne press, in which he was interested, and he said that, very much like farmers, publishers thrive best at a high rent and in general take the most pains to sell the book that costs them the most money.

His anonymity was purely a matter of business; it would not do for a Clerk of the Session to write stories; and, besides, had it been known at first that Scott the poet was the author of "Waverley," the critics might have tried to bar his way to the field of fiction. Later the anonymity was preserved perhaps for a purpose not wholly unconnected with advertising; at least in these days a suspicion of such a purpose would be excited.

Sir Walter's feeling about critics was

CHAPTER XII.

The course of true love never did run smooth, &c.

THE celebrated passage which we have prefixed to this chapter, has, like all observations of the same author, its foundation in real experience. The period at which love is felt most strongly, is seldom that at which there is much prospect of its being brought to a happy issue. The state of artificial society exposes many complicated obstructions to early marriages; and the chance is very great, that they prove insurmountable, and, in fine, there are few grown men who do not look back in secret to some period of their youth, at which a sincere and early affection was repulsed, or betrayed, or became abortive from opposing circumstances. It is these little pas-

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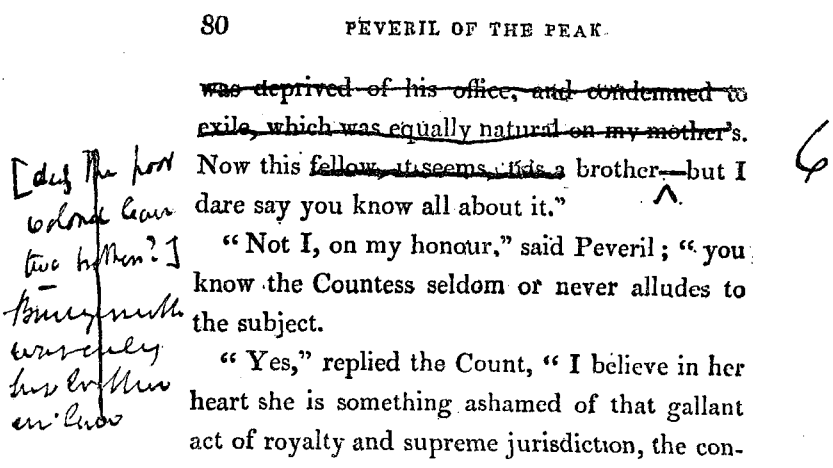
sensible enough. When he had decided to make literature his profession, he resolved to write on serenely for the public that paid for his books and not to be provoked by the reviewers who were paid to write about his books. He knew that if he allowed himself to feel annoyed by critical notices he would be laying in a plentiful stock of unhappiness for the rest of his life. As for personal attacks, he said: "If my writings and tenor of life did not confute such attacks, my words never should."

Of course, Scott has been charged with plagiarism. But what great author does not assert his right in some degree to act upon Molière's principle, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.*" Shakespeare took his material wherever he found it had been appropriated by an earlier writer,—for there is such a thing as *pre*-plagiarism. Sheridan confessedly adopted Molière's plan. Scott did take a scene in "Kenilworth" from Goethe's "Egmont." But Goethe said of it in a conversation with Eckermann, "Walter Scott used a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so, and because he did it well he deserves praise." And who would complain because Scott took the facts for the picture of old German manners in one chapter of "Anne of Geierstein" from Erasmus's dialogue *Diversoria?*

Then, too, of course, the man arose who clearly proved to his own satisfaction that the Waverley novels were not written by Scott alone. This Mr. Fitz-Patrick told us that it was Scott's brother in Canada who was deprived of hard-earned fame by the ungrateful brother at Abbotsford. Mr. Fitz-Patrick did not prove it by a cipher,—he was above such foolery. He pointed out the evidence given by Sir Walter's own words,—words not always closely connected, to be sure, but still Sir Walter's own words. Fortunately, however, there were persons then living who could truthfully have contradicted Scott's denial of his own authorship had he ever chosen to make one: they had seen him write the novels and had read them in his own handwriting. Had Mr. Fitz-Patrick been born two hundred years later he might have been the author of a "Great Scott Cryptogram!"

Sir Walter suffered from all the species of bores known at present, and his treatment of them was altogether admirable. He was never testy to them, and however much he may have been annoyed by them he never let them know it. There was the American young lady who sent him the tragedy of the "Cherokee Lovers," asking him to insert it between a prologue and epilogue of his own, secure its production at Drury Lane, and have it published by Murray or Constable. Scott had to pay £5 postage on that package. Two or three weeks later, he received from the same young lady a duplicate of the tragedy with a letter stating that she



80 PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

~~was deprived of his office, and condemned to exile, which was equally natural on my mother's.~~ Now this ~~fellow, it seems, calls~~ a brother—but I dare say you know all about it."

"Not I, on my honour," said Peveril; "you know the Countess seldom or never alludes to the subject.

"Yes," replied the Count, "I believe in her heart she is something ashamed of that gallant act of royalty and supreme jurisdiction, the con-

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was afraid the first copy might have been lost on the voyage; and on this package, too, he was obliged to pay a similar amount of postage. Then there was the ancient gentleman full of hoary jokes and frayed quotations, whom Scott took for a walk. The visitor in an unsuspecting moment mentioned the new railway, and Scott, who had a minute familiarity with every cut, every elevation, and the entire route of the proposed road, seized the opportunity and talked railway so fast, so furious, and so long, never allowing the man to say a word, that the bore fled, declining to stay to dinner as he had previously been asked to do. Oxford and Cambridge students who had overrun their allowance wrote to Abbotsford for loans ranging from £20 to £100. A Danish naval officer wrote to him stating that he had dreamed that Scott had advanced him a sum of money and asked for the fulfilment of his dream. One enterprising patent-medicine dealer offered a share of the profits from the sales of the nostrum if Scott would give the medicine a recommendation. And one woman was especially persistent: she first asked for a contribution of money and received a guinea; then she sent the manuscript of a novel she had written and offered Scott half the profits of the work if he would publish it under his name; finally she asked him to enter into partnership with her for the sale of some Soothing Syrup or other that she had invented.

Only four months after the death of Lady Scott, a woman of wealth and high rank proposed marriage to him, the offer coming through a privy councillor. Later a letter from a young man announced that his sister supposed that Sir Walter was only deterred by modesty from proposing, etc., etc. But after Scott had become old and ill, we find this entry in his diary: "God send me more leisure, and fewer friends to peck it away by tea-spoonfuls. Another fool sends to entreat an autograph, which he should be ashamed in civility to ask as I am to deny."

In Scott there was a remarkable association of literary genius and superb common-sense. When he found that "The Lord of the Isles" had disappointed the public he simply said, "Since one line has failed we must just strike into something else." He understood the fact that fashions in literature change, and, as he was tied to no theory, he gave the public what it wanted. Lockhart thinks that Scott considered literature as something of far inferior importance to the concerns of practical life, and that for this reason the novelist preferred the society of men of affairs to that of literary men. Concerning Scott's wonderful good humor and reasonableness Emerson said on one occasion: "His strong good sense saved him from the faults and foibles incident to poets,—from nervous egotism, sham modesty, or jealousy. He had no insanity or vice or blemish. What an ornament and safeguard is humor! far better than wit for a poet or writer. It is a genius itself and so defends from the insanities."

Yet with all his practical notions, Sir Walter did think that there was in imaginative writing such an agency as inspiration. He says that at times such composition seems to depend upon something besides the volition of the author; and that more than once his fingers appeared to set up independent of his head. But he did not believe that literary men should plead genius as a defence for their weaknesses. Scott had no liking for the "bed-gown and slipper tricks" of authors, and he had no patience at all with Bohemianism, with "the foolish fastidiousness formerly supposed to be essential to the poetical temperament and which has induced some men of real talents to become coxcombs, some to become sots, some to plunge themselves into want, others into the equal miseries of dependence, merely because forsooth they were men of genius and wise above the ordinary and, I say, the manly duties of human life." He liked even less the literary man who looks upon men and women as so many subjects for art treatment. The high moral value of Scott's work comes from his not regarding men and women merely as specimens. He strove to educate his heart by sympathetic intercourse with his fellow-creatures. That is the reason why the characters in the Waverley novels are something more than anatomical cross-sections.

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Journeys, illness, misfortune had not been able to stay the mighty pen, but the time came when approaching death reached out and wrung the wand from his hand. Lockhart describes that scene, and there is nothing in imaginative literature, not even the death of *Colonel Newcome*, more pathetic than Sir Walter's last and futile effort to command his powers. "On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—'This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk?' He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk and he found himself in the old position he smiled and thanked us and said—'Now give me my pen and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to hold his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned for me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter after a little while again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me—'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he—'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself,—get me to bed—that's the only place.'"

Good sense and good cheer, great heart and great mind, these made the literary man who, looking back over his life-work, could say: "I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith,—to corrupt no man's principle."

A SONG OF PLEASURE.

By Maybury Fleming.

Ah, me! for the snows of winter;
And oh! for the winds of March,
The crocus in the garden,
And the whorl upon the larch.

There has been no time for mourning,
There is all time now for mirth,
In the sweet fair face of heaven
And the dear close face of earth.

There is laughter in the snowflake,
The wind sings a roundelay,
And the green green grass is luscious
In the life of a summer day.

Then ah! for the snows of winter,
And oh! for the winds of March,
The crocus in the garden,
And the whorl upon the larch.

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TO J. S. D.

By Christopher P. Cranch.

We love not—you and I—these winters drear.
Beneath a star that might have been a flower
Of music and of verse, some balmy hour,
We both were born in Spring, the self-same year.
Yet now the winter of our lives is near;
And while its dull gray clouds around us lower,
Though we must bow beneath their chilling power,
We wait with patient faith, and feel no fear.
Nor shall we grieve if the faint sunshine brings
The freezing winds, the banks of drifting snow;
And on our windows spectral frost-work clings,
And mocks the plumy flowers of long-ago.
Have not our hearts full sight of thoughts and things
That breathe through wintry age youth's summer glow?

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

IV.

ACCOUNT OF THE PERSECUTIONS ENDURED BY MR. HENRY.

YOU can guess on what part of his adventures the Colonel principally dwelled. Indeed, if we had heard it all, it is to be thought the current of this business had been wholly altered; but the pirate ship was very gently touched upon. Nor did I hear the Colonel to an end even of that which he was willing to disclose; for Mr. Henry, having for some while been plunged in a brown study, rose at last from his seat and (reminding the Colonel there were matters that he must attend to) bade me follow him immediately to the office.

Once there, he sought no longer to dissemble his concern, walking to and fro in the room with a contorted face, and passing his hand repeatedly upon his brow.

"We have some business," he began at last; and there broke off, declared we must have wine, and sent for a magnum of the best. This was extremely foreign to his habitudes; and what was still more so, when the wine had come, he gulped down one glass upon another like a man careless of appearances. But the drink steadied him.

"You will scarce be surprised, Mac-

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kellar," says he, "when I tell you that my brother (whose safety we are all rejoiced to learn) stands in some need of money."

I told him I had misdoubted as much; but the time was not very fortunate, as the stock was low.

"Not mine," said he. "There is the money for the mortgage."

I reminded him it was Mrs. Henry's.

"I will be answerable to my wife," he cried, violently.

"And then," said I, "there is the mortgage."

"I know," said he, "it is on that I would consult you."

I showed him how unfortunate a time it was to divert this money from its destination, and how by so doing we must lose the profit of our past economies, and plunge back the estate into the mire. I even took the liberty to plead with him; and when he still opposed me with a shake of the head and a bitter dogged smile, my zeal quite carried me beyond my place. "This is midsummer madness," cried I; "and I for one will be no party to it."

"You speak as though I did it for my pleasure," says he. "But I have a child now; and besides I love order; and to say the honest truth, Mackellar, I had begun to take a pride in the estates." He gloomed for a moment. "But what would you have?" he went on. "Nothing is mine, nothing. This day's news has knocked the bottom out of my life. I have only the name and the shadow of things; only the shadow; there is no substance in my rights."

"They will prove substantial enough before the court," said I.

He looked at me with a burning eye, and seemed to repress the word upon his lips; and I repented what I had said, for I saw that while he spoke of the estates he had still a side-thought to his marriage. And then, of a sudden, he twitched the letter from his pocket, where it lay all crumpled, smoothed it violently on the table, and read these words to me with a trembling tongue. "'My dear Jacob'—This is how he begins!" cries he—"'My dear Jacob, I once called you so, you may remember; and you have now done the business, and flung my heels as high as Criffel.' What do you think of that, Mackellar," says he, "from an only brother? I declare to God I liked him very well; I was always stanch to him; and this is how he writes! But I will not sit down under the imputation—" (walking to and fro)—"I am as good as he, I am a better man than he, I call on God to prove it! I cannot give him all the monstrous sum he asks; he knows the estate to be incompetent; but I will give him what I have, and it is more than he expects. I have borne all this too long. See what he writes further on; read it for yourself: 'I know you are a niggardly dog.' A niggardly dog! I, niggardly? Is that true, Mackellar? You think it is?" I really thought he would have struck me at that. "O, you all think so! Well, you shall see, and he shall see, and God shall see. If I ruin the estate and go barefoot, I shall stuff this bloodsucker. Let him ask all—all, and he shall have it! It is all his by rights. Ah!" he cried, "and I foresaw all this and worse, when he would not let me go." He poured out another glass of wine and was about to carry it to his lips, when I made so bold as to lay a finger on his arm. He stopped a moment. "You are very right," said he, and flung glass and all in the fireplace. "Come, let us count the money."

I durst no longer oppose him; indeed I was very much affected by the sight of so much disorder in a man usually so controlled; and we sat down together, counted the money, and made it up in packets for the greater ease of Colonel Burke, who was to be the bearer. This done, Mr. Henry returned to the hall, where he and my old lord sat all night through with their guest.

A little before dawn I was called and set out with the Colonel. He would scarce have liked a less responsible convoy, for he was a man who valued himself; nor could we afford him one more dignified, for Mr. Henry must not appear with the freetraders. It was a very bitter morning of wind, and as we went down through the long shrubbery, the Colonel held himself muffled in his cloak.

"Sir," said I, "this is a great sum of money that your friend requires. I

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must suppose his necessities to be very great."

"We must suppose so," says he, I thought drily, but perhaps it was the cloak about his mouth.

"I am only a servant of the family," said I. "You may deal openly with me. I think we are likely to get little good by him?"

"My dear man," said the Colonel, "Ballantrae is a gentleman of the most eminent natural abilities, and a man that I admire and that I revere, to the very ground he treads on." And then he seemed to me to pause like one in a difficulty.

"But for all that," said I, "we are likely to get little good by him?"

"Sure, and you can have it your own way, my dear man," says the Colonel.

By this time we had come to the side of the creek, where the boat awaited him. "Well," said he, "I am sure I am very much your debtor for all your civility, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is; and just as a last word, and since you show so much intelligent interest, I will mention a small circumstance that may be of use to the family. For I believe my friend omitted to mention that he has the largest pension on the Scotch Fund of any refugee in Paris; and it's the more disgraceful, sir," cries the Colonel, warming, "because there's not one dirty penny for myself."

He cocked his hat at me, as if I had been to blame for this partiality; then changed again into his usual swaggering civility, shook me by the hand, and set off down to the boat, with the money under his arms, and whistling as he went the pathetic air of *Shule Aroon*. It was the first time I had heard that tune; I was to hear it again, words and all, as you shall learn; but I remember how that little stave of it rang in my head, after the freetraders had bade him "Wheesht, in the deil's name," and the grating of the oars had taken its place, and I stood and watched the dawn creeping on the sea, and the boat drawing away, and the lugger lying with her foresail backed awaiting it.

THE gap made in our money was a sore embarrassment; and among other consequences, it had this: that I must ride to Edinburgh, and there raise a new loan on very questionable terms to keep the old afloat; and was thus, for close upon three weeks, absent from the house of Durrisdeer.

What passed in the interval I had none to tell me; but I found Mrs. Henry, upon my return, much changed in her demeanor; the old talks with my lord for the most part pretermitted; a certain deprecation visible toward her husband, to whom I thought she addressed herself more often; and for one thing, she was now greatly wrapped up in Miss Katharine. You would think the change was agreeable to Mr. Henry. No such matter! To the contrary, every circumstance of alteration was a stab to him; he read in each the avowal of her truant fancies:—that constancy to the Master of which she was proud while she supposed him dead, she had to blush for now she knew he was alive: and these blushes were the hated spring of her new conduct. I am to conceal no truth; and I will here say plainly, I think this was the period in which Mr. Henry showed the worst. He contained himself, indeed, in public; but there was a deep-seated irritation visible underneath. With me, from whom he had less concealment, he was often grossly unjust; and even for his wife, he would sometimes have a sharp retort: perhaps when she had ruffled him with some unwonted kindness; perhaps upon no tangible occasion, the mere habitual tenor of the man's annoyance bursting spontaneously forth. When he would thus forget himself (a thing so strangely out of keeping with the terms of their relation), there went a shock through the whole company; and the pair would look upon each other in a kind of pained amazement.

All the time too, while he was injuring himself by this defect of temper, he was hurting his position by a silence, of which I scarce know whether to say it was the child of generosity or pride. The freetraders came again and again, bringing messengers from the Master, and none departed empty handed. I never durst reason with Mr. Henry; he gave what was asked of him in a kind of noble rage. Perhaps because he knew he was by nature inclining to the parsi-

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monious, he took a backforemost pleasure in the recklessness with which he supplied his brother's exigence. Perhaps the falsity of the position would have spurred a humbler man into the same excesses. But the estate (if I may say so) groaned under it; our daily expenses were shorn lower and lower; the stables were emptied, all but four roadsters; servants were discharged, which raised a dreadful murmuring in the country and heated up the old disfavor upon Mr. Henry; and at last the yearly visit to Edinburgh must be discontinued.

This was in 1756. You are to suppose that for seven years this bloodsucker had been drawing the life's blood from Durrisdeer; and that all this time my patron had held his peace. It was an effect of devilish malice in the Master, that he addressed Mr. Henry alone upon the matter of his demands; and there was never a word to my lord. The family had looked on wondering at our economies. They had lamented, I have no doubt, that my patron had become so great a miser; a fault always despicable, but in the young abhorrent; and Mr. Henry was not yet thirty years of age. Still he had managed the business of Durrisdeer almost from a boy; and they bore with these changes in a silence as proud and bitter as his own, until the coping stone of the Edinburgh visit.

At this time I believe my patron and his wife were rarely together save at meals. Immediately on the back of Colonel Burke's announcement, Mrs. Henry made palpable advances; you might say she had laid a sort of timid court to her husband different indeed from her former manner of unconcern and distance. I never had the heart to blame Mr. Henry because he recoiled from these advances; nor yet to censure the wife, when she was cut to the quick by their rejection. But the result was an entire estrangement, so that (as I say) they rarely spoke except at meals. Even the matter of the Edinburgh visit was first broached at table; and it chanced that Mrs. Henry was that day ailing and querulous. She had no sooner understood her husband's meaning, than the red flew in her face.

"At last," she cried, "this is too much! Heaven knows what pleasure I have in my life, that I should be denied my only consolation. These shameful proclivities must be trod down; we are already a mark and an eyesore in the neighborhood; I will not endure this fresh insanity."

"I cannot afford it," says Mr. Henry.

"Afford?" she cried. "For shame! But I have money of my own."

"That is all mine, madam, by marriage," he snarled, and instantly left the room.

My old lord threw up his hands to heaven, and he and his daughter, withdrawing to the chimney, gave me a broad hint to be gone. I found Mr. Henry in his usual retreat, the steward's room, perched on the end of the table and plunging his penknife in it, with a very ugly countenance.

"Mr. Henry," said I, "you do yourself too much injustice; and it is time this should cease."

"O!" cries he, "nobody minds here. They think it only natural. I have shameful proclivities. I am a niggardly dog," and he drove his knife up to the hilt. "But I will show that fellow," he cried with an oath, "I will show him which is the more generous."

"This is no generosity," said I, "this is only pride."

"Do you think I want morality," he asked.

I thought he wanted help, and I should give it him, willy-nilly; and no sooner was Mrs. Henry gone to her room, than I presented myself at her door and sought admittance.

She openly showed her wonder. "What do you want with me, Mr. Mackellar?" said she.

"The Lord knows, madam," says I, "I have never troubled you before with any freedoms; but this thing lies too hard upon my conscience, and it will out. Is it possible that two people can be so blind as you and my lord? and have lived all these years with a noble gentleman like Mr. Henry, and understand so little of his nature?"

"What does this mean?" she cried.

"Do you not know where his money goes to? his—and yours—and the money for the very wine he does not drink at table?" I went on. "To Paris—to

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that man! Eight thousand pounds has he had of us in seven years, and my patron fool enough to keep it secret!"

"Eight thousand pounds!" she repeated. "It is impossible, the estate is not sufficient."

"God knows how we have sweated farthings to produce it," said I. "But eight thousand and sixty is the sum, beside odd shillings. And if you can think my patron miserly after that, this shall be my last interference."

"You need say no more, Mr. Mackellar," said she. "You have done most properly in what you too modestly call your interference. I am much to blame; you must think me indeed a very unobservant wife"—(looking upon me with a strange smile)—"but I shall put this right at once. The Master was always of a very thoughtless nature; but his heart is excellent; he is the soul of generosity. I shall write to him myself. You cannot think how you have pained me by this communication."

"Indeed, madam, I had hoped to have pleased you," said I, for I raged to see her still thinking of the Master.

"And pleased," said she, "and pleased me of course."

That same day (I will not say but what I watched) I had the satisfaction to see Mr. Henry come from his wife's room in a state most unlike himself; for his face was all bloated with weeping, and yet he seemed to me to walk upon the air. By this, I was sure his wife had made him full amends for once; "Ah," thought I to myself, "I have done a brave stroke this day."

On the morrow, as I was seated at my books, Mr. Henry came in softly behind me, took me by the shoulders and shook me in a manner of playfulness. "I find you are a faithless fellow after all," says he; which was his only reference to my part, but the tone he spoke in was more to me than any eloquence of protestation. Nor was this all I had effected; for when the next messenger came (as he did not long afterwards) from the Master, he got nothing away with him but a letter. For some while back, it had been I myself who had conducted these affairs; Mr. Henry not setting pen to paper, and I only in the dryest and most formal terms. But this letter I did not even see; it would scarce be pleasant reading, for Mr. Henry felt he had his wife behind him for once, and I observed, on the day it was dispatched, he had a very gratified expression.

Things went better now in the family, though it could scarce be pretended they went well. There was now at least no misconception; there was kindness upon all sides; and I believe my patron and his wife might again have drawn together, if he could have pocketed his pride, and she forgot (what was the ground of all) her brooding on another man. It is wonderful how a private thought leaks out; it is wonderful to me now, how we should all have followed the current of her sentiments; and though she bore herself quietly, and had a very even disposition, yet we should have known whenever her fancy ran to Paris. And would not any one have thought that my disclosure must have rooted up that idol? I think there is the devil in women: all these years passed, never a sight of the man, little enough kindness to remember (by all accounts) even while she had him, the notion of his death intervening, his heartless rapacity laid bare to her: that all should not do, and she must still keep the best place in her heart for this accursed fellow, is a thing to make a plain man rage. I had never much natural sympathy for the passion of love; but this unreason in my patron's wife disgusted me outright with the whole matter. I remember checking a maid, because she sang some bairnly kickshaw while my mind was thus engaged; and my asperity brought about my ears the enmity of all the petticoats about the house; of which I recked very little, but it amused Mr. Henry, who rallied me much upon our joint unpopularity. It is strange enough (for my own mother was certainly one of the salt of the earth and my Aunt Dickson, who paid my fees at the University, a very notable woman) but I have never had much toleration for the female sex, possibly not much understanding; and being far from a bold man, I have ever shunned their company. Not only do I see no cause to regret this diffidence in myself, but have invariably remarked

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the most unhappy consequences follow those who were less wise. So much I thought proper to set down, lest I show myself unjust to Mrs. Henry. And besides the remark arose naturally, on a reperusal of the letter which was the next step in these affairs, and reached me to my sincere astonishment by a private hand, some week or so after the departure of the last messenger.

LETTER FROM COLONEL BURKE (afterwards Chevalier) TO MR. MACKELLAR.

TROYES IN CHAMPAGNE,
July 12, 1756.

MY DEAR SIR:—You will doubtless be surprised to receive a communication from one so little known to you; but on the occasion I had the good fortune to rencounter you at Durrisdeer, I remarked you for a young man of a solid gravity of character: a qualification which I profess I admire and revere next to natural genius or the bold chivalrous spirit of the soldier. I was besides interested in the noble family which you have the honor to serve or (to speak more by the book) to be the humble and respected friend of; and a conversation I had the pleasure to have with you very early in the morning has remained much upon my mind.

Being the other day in Paris, on a visit from this famous city where I am in garrison, I took occasion to inquire your name (which I profess I had forgot) at my friend, the Master of B.; and a fair opportunity occurring, I write to inform you of what's new.

The Master of B. (when we had last some talk of him together) was in receipt, as I think I then told you, of a highly advantageous pension on the Scots Fund. He next received a company, and was soon after advanced to a regiment of his own. My dear Sir, I do not offer to explain this circumstance; any more than why I myself, who have rid at the right hand of Princes, should be fubbed off with a pair of colors and sent to rot in a hole at the bottom of the province. Accustomed as I am to courts, I cannot but feel it is no atmosphere for a plain soldier; and I could never hope to advance by similar means, even could I stoop to the endeavor. But our friend has a particular aptitude to succeed by the means of ladies; and if all be true that I have heard, he enjoyed a remarkable protection. It is like this turned against him; for when I had the honor to shake him by the hand, he was but newly released from the Bastile where he had been cast on a sealed letter; and though now released, has both lost his regiment and his pension. My dear Sir, the loyalty of a plain Irishman will ultimately succeed in the place of craft; as I am sure a gentleman of your probity will agree.

Now, Sir, the Master is a man whose genius I admire beyond expression, and besides he is my friend; but I thought a little word of this revolution in his fortunes would not come amiss, for in my opinion, the man's desperate. He spoke when I saw him of a trip to India (whither I am myself in some hope of accompanying my illustrious countryman, Mr. Lally); but for this he would require (as I understood) more money than was readily at his command. You may have heard a military proverb; that it is a good thing to make a bridge of gold to a flying enemy? I trust you will take my meaning;—and I subscribe myself, with proper respects to my Lord Durrisdeer, to his son, and to the beauteous Mrs. Durie.

My dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
FRANCIS BURKE.

This missive I carried at once to Mr. Henry; and I think there was but the one thought between the two of us: that it had come a week too late. I made haste to send an answer to Colonel Burke, in which I begged him, if he should see the Master, to assure him his next messenger would be attended to. But with all my haste I was not in time to avert what was impending; the arrow had been drawn, it must now fly. I could almost doubt the power of providence (and certainly His will) to stay the issue of events; and it is a strange thought, how many of us had been storing up the elements of this catastrophe, for how long a time, and with how blind an ignorance of what we did.

From the coming of the Colonel's letter, I had a spyglass in my room, began to drop questions to the tenant folk, and as there was no great secrecy observed and the freetrade (in our part) went by force as much as stealth, I had soon got together a knowledge of the signals in use, and knew pretty well to an hour when any messenger might be expected. I say I questioned the tenants; for with the traders themselves, desperate blades that went habitually armed, I could never bring myself to meddle willingly. Indeed, by what proved in the sequel an unhappy chance, I was an object of scorn to some of these braggadocios; who had not only gratified me with a nickname, but catching me one night upon a by-path and being all (as they would have said) somewhat merry, had caused me to dance for their diversion. The method employed was that of cruelly chipping at my toes with naked cutlasses, shouting at the same time "Square-Toes"; and though they did me no

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bodily mischief, I was none the less deplorably affected, and was indeed for several days confined to my bed: a scandal on the state of Scotland on which no comment is required.

It happened on the afternoon of November 7th, in this same unfortunate year, that I espied, during my walk, the smoke of a beacon fire upon the Muckleross. It was drawing near time for my return; but the uneasiness upon my spirits was that day so great, that I must burst through the thickets to the edge of what they call the Craig Head. The sun was already down, but there was still a broad light in the west, which showed me some of the smugglers treading out their signal fire upon the Ross, and in the bay the lugger lying with her sails brailed up. She was plainly but new come to anchor, and yet the skiff was already lowered and pulling for the landing place at the end of the long shrubbery. And this I knew could signify but one thing, the coming of a messenger for Durrisdeer.

I laid aside the remainder of my terrors, clambered down the brae—a place I had never ventured through before, and was hid among the shore-side thickets in time to see the boat touch. Captain Crail himself was steering, a thing not usual; by his side there sat a passenger; and the men gave way with difficulty, being hampered with near upon half a dozen portmanteaus, great and small. But the business of landing was briskly carried through; and presently the baggage was all tumbled on shore, the boat on its return voyage to the lugger, and the passenger standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall, slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black, with a sword by his side and a walking cane upon his wrist. As he so stood, he waved the cane to Captain Crail by way of salutation, with something both of grace and mockery that wrote the gesture deeply on my mind.

No sooner was the boat away with my sworn enemies, than I took a sort of half courage, came forth to the margin of the thicket, and there halted again, my mind being greatly pulled about between natural diffidence and a dark foreboding of the truth. Indeed I might have stood there swithering all night, had not the stranger turned, spied me through the mists, which were beginning to fall, and waved and cried on me to draw near. I did so with a heart like lead.

"Here, my good man," said he, in the English accent, "here are some things for Durrisdeer."

I was now near enough to see him, a very handsome figure and countenance, swarthy, lean, long, with a quick, alert, black look, as of one who was a fighter and accustomed to command; upon one cheek he had a mole, not unbecoming; a large diamond sparkled on his hand; his clothes, although of the one hue, were of a French and foppish design; his ruffles, which he wore longer than common, of exquisite lace; and I wondered the more to see him in such a guise, when he was but newly landed from a dirty smuggling lugger. At the same time, he had a better look at me, toised me a second time sharply, and then smiled.

"I wager, my friend," says he, "that I know both your name and your nickname. I divined these very clothes upon your hand of writing, Mr. Mackellar."

At these words I fell to shaking.

"O," says he, "you need not be afraid of me. I bear no malice for your tedious letters; and it is my purpose to employ you a good deal. You may call me Mr. Bally; it is the name I have assumed; or rather (since I am addressing so great a precision) it is so I have curtailed my own. Come now, pick up that and that"—indicating two of the portmanteaus. "That will be as much as you are fit to bear, and the rest can very well wait. Come, lose no more time, if you please."

His tone was so cutting that I managed to do as he bid by a sort of instinct, my mind being all the time quite lost. No sooner had I picked up the portmanteaus, than he turned his back and marched off through the long shrubbery; where it began already to be dusk, for the wood is thick and evergreen. I followed behind, loaded almost to the dust, though I profess I was not conscious of the burden; being swallowed up in the monstrosity of this re-

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turn and my mind flying like a weaver's shuttle.

On a sudden I set the portmanteaus to the ground and halted. He turned and looked back at me.

"Well?" said he.

"You are the Master of Ballantrae?"

"You will do me the justice to observe," says he, "that I have made no secret with the astute Mackellar."

"And in the name of God," cries I, "what brings you here? Go back, while it is yet time."

"I thank you," said he. "Your master has chosen this way, and not I; but since he has made the choice, he (and you also) must abide by the result. And now pick up these things of mine, which you have set down in a very boggy place, and attend to that which I have made your business."

But I had no thought now of obedience; I came straight up to him. "If nothing will move you to go back," said I; "though sure, under all the circumstances, any Christian or even any gentleman would scruple to go forward. . . ."

"These are gratifying expressions," he threw in.

"If nothing will move you to go back," I continued, "there are still some decencies to be observed. Wait here with your baggage, and I will go forward and prepare your family. Your father is an old man; and—" I stumbled—"there are decencies to be observed."

"Truly," said he, "this Mackellar improves upon acquaintance. But look you here, my man, and understand it once for all—you waste your breath upon me, and I go my own way with inevitable motion."

"Ah!" says I. "Is that so? We shall see then!"

And I turned and took to my heels for Durrisdeer. He clutched at me and cried out angrily, and then I believe I heard him laugh, and then I am certain he pursued me for a step or two, and (I suppose) desisted. One thing at least is sure, that I came but a few minutes later to the door of the great house, nearly strangled for the lack of breath but quite alone. Straight up the stair I ran, and burst into the hall, and stopped before the family without the power of speech; but I must have carried my story in my looks for they rose out of their places and stared on me like changelings.

"He has come," I panted out at last.

"He?" said Mr. Henry.

"Himself," said I.

"My son?" cried my lord. "Imprudent, imprudent boy! O, could he not stay where he was safe!"

Never a word said Mrs. Henry; nor did I look at her, I scarce knew why.

"Well," said Mr. Henry, with a very deep breath, "and where is he?"

"I left him in the long shrubbery," said I.

"Take me to him," said he.

So we went out together, he and I, without another word from any one; and in the midst of the gravelled plot, encountered the Master strolling up, whistling as he came and beating the air with his cane. There was still light enough overhead to recognize though not to read a countenance.

"Ah, Jacob!" says the Master. "So here is Esau back."

"James," says Mr. Henry, "for God's sake, call me by my name. I will not pretend that I am glad to see you; but I would fain make you as welcome as I can in the house of our fathers."

"Or in *my* house? or *yours?*" says the Master. "Which was you about to say? But this is an old sore, and we need not rub it. If you would not share with me in Paris, I hope you will yet scarce deny your elder brother a corner of the fire at Durrisdeer?"

"That is very idle speech," replied Mr. Henry. "And you understand the power of your position excellently well."

"Why, I believe I do," said the other with a little laugh. And this, though they had never touched hands, was (as we may say) the end of the brothers' meeting; for at this, the Master turned to me and bade me fetch his baggage.

I, on my side, turned to Mr. Henry for a confirmation; perhaps with some defiance.

"As long as the Master is here, Mr. Mackellar, you will very much oblige me by regarding his wishes as you would my own," says Mr. Henry. "We are constantly troubling you: will you be

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so good as send one of the servants?"—with an accent on the word.

If this speech were anything at all, it was surely a well deserved reproof upon the stranger; and yet, so devilish was his impudence, he twisted it the other way.

"And shall we be common enough to say 'Sneck up?'" inquires he, softly, looking upon me sideways.

Had a kingdom depended upon the act, I could not have trusted myself in words; even to call a servant was beyond me; I had rather serve the man myself than speak; and I turned away in silence and went into the long shrubbery, with a heart full of anger and despair. It was dark under the trees, and I walked before me and forgot what business I was come upon, till I near broke my shin on the portmanteaus. Then it was that I remarked a strange particular; for whereas I had before carried both and scarce observed it, it was now as much as I could do to manage one. And this, as it forced me to make two journeys, kept me the longer from the hall.

When I got there the business of welcome was over long ago; the company was already at supper; and by an oversight that cut me to the quick, my place had been forgotten. I had seen one side of the Master's return: now I was to see the other. It was he who first remarked my coming in and standing back (as I did) in some annoyance. He jumped from his seat.

"And if I have not got the good Mackellar's place!" cries he. "John, lay another for Mr. Bally; I protest he will disturb no one, and your table is big enough for all."

I could scarce credit my ears; nor yet my senses when he took me by the shoulders and thrust me laughing into my own place; such an affectionate playfulness was in his voice. And while John laid the fresh place for him (a thing on which he still insisted) he went and leaned on his father's chair and looked down upon him, and the old man turned about and looked upwards on his son, with such a pleasant mutual tenderness, that I could have carried my hand to my head in mere amazement.

Yet all was of a piece. Never a harsh word fell from him, never a sneer showed upon his lip. He had laid aside even his cutting English accent, and spoke with the kindly Scots tongue, that sets a value on affectionate words; and though his manners had a graceful elegance mighty foreign to our ways in Durrisdeer, it was still a homely courtliness, that did not shame but flattered us. All that he did throughout the meal, indeed, drinking wine with me with a notable respect, turning about for a pleasant word with John, fondling his father's hand, breaking into little merry tales of his adventures, calling up the past with happy reference—all he did was so becoming, and himself so handsome, that I could scarce wonder if my lord and Mrs. Henry sat about the board with radiant faces, or if John waited behind with dropping tears.

As soon as supper was over, Mrs. Henry rose to withdraw.

"This was never your way, Alison," said he.

"It is my way now," she replied: which was notoriously false, "and I will give you a good-night, James, and a welcome—from the dead," said she, and her voice drooped and trembled.

Poor Mr. Henry, who had made rather a heavy figure through the meal, was more concerned than ever: pleased to see his wife withdraw, and yet half displeased, as he thought upon the cause of it; and the next moment altogether dashed by the fervor of her speech.

On my part, I thought I was now one too many; and was stealing after Mrs. Henry, when the Master saw me.

"Now, Mr. Mackellar," says he, "I take this near on an unfriendliness. I cannot have you go: this is to make a stranger of the prodigal son—and let me remind you where—in his own father's house! Come, sit ye down, and drink another glass with Mr. Bally."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Mackellar," says my lord, "we must not make a stranger either of him or you. I have been telling my son," he added, his voice brightening as usual on the word, "how much we valued all your friendly service."

So I sat there silent till my usual hour; and might have been almost deceived in the man's nature, but for one passage in which his perfidy appeared

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"The passenger standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall, slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black."

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too plain. Here was the passage; of which, after what he knows of the brothers' meeting, the reader shall consider for himself. Mr. Henry sitting somewhat dully, in spite of his best endeavors to carry things before my lord, up jumps the Master, passes about the board, and claps his brother on the shoulder.

"Come, come, *Hairry lad*," says he, with a broad accent such as they must have used together when they were boys, "you must not be downcast because your brother has come home. All's yours, that's sure enough, and little I grudge it you. Neither must you grudge me my place beside my father's fire."

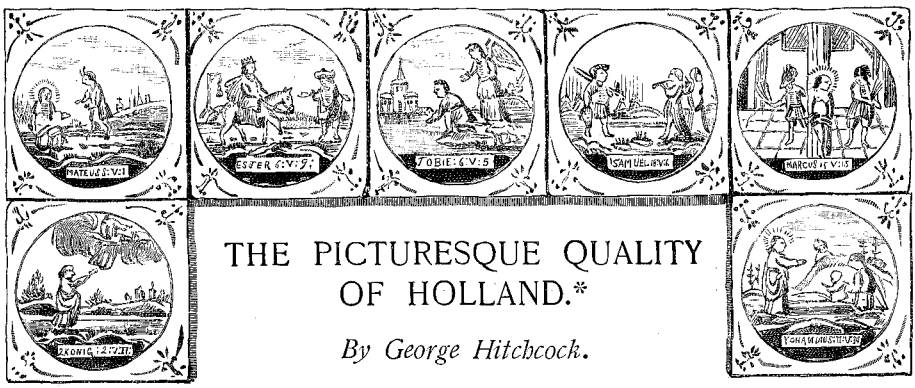
"And that is too true, Henry," says my old lord with a little frown, a thing rare with him. "You have been the elder brother of the parable in the good sense; you must be careful of the other."

"I am easily put in the wrong," said Mr. Henry.

"Who puts you in the wrong?" cried my lord, I thought very tartly for so mild a man. "You have earned my gratitude and your brother's many thousand times; you may count on its endurance; and let that suffice."

"Ay, Harry, that you may," said the Master; and I thought Mr. Henry looked at him with a kind of wildness in his eye.

(To be continued.)



THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF HOLLAND.*

By George Hitchcock.

INTERIORS AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE fascinating country of Terburg and De Hoog is still much as they left it. Their mysteriously artistic, rich-toned land, enclosed within the walls of houses or courtyards, has not changed to any great extent during the centuries since the hands of these most characteristic of all Dutch masters were stilled in death; and much as they made of it, it still shows many new and interesting features.

It is no wonder that the Dutch school finds its greatest masters in the painters of interiors, for no more paintable or artistic houses ever existed, judged from their works, or from the examples of their subjects which time has spared to us. The wealth, political freedom, and artistic character of the people tend to make the sixteenth century in Holland memorable through all history, in having given not only the delightful Dutch school of art to the world but to Holland a precious inheritance of loving artistic labor, which has filled the land with the most pleasing objects of domestic use, and made it the richest mine of the bric-a-brac hunter, and which though fast disappearing still gives a hint to all manufactures.

The Dutch, though a sturdy race, have ever taken their chief comfort within doors, which their treacherous though picturesque climate has made necessary, and the outcome of which has been as well the adornment and

*See also a paper by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1887.

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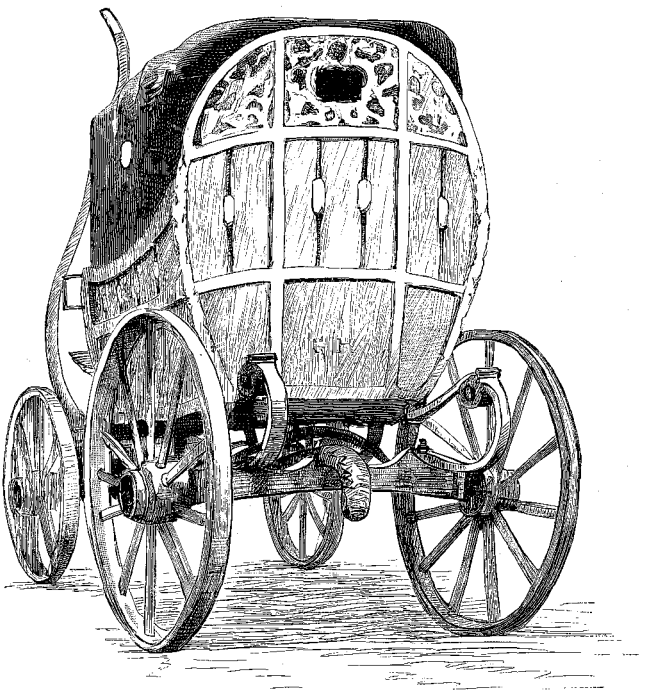
beautifying of the interior and the objects of domestic use as the foundation of a distinctive school of art, which has immortalized this tendency.

That Holland has entirely escaped the commonplace utilitarian spirit of our own times is too much to expect, but to this wind-swept, half-submerged corner of the earth it has been last to come; and when even the grand canal of Venice is cursed by an iron bridge it would be unnatural if "bent-wood" furniture and imitation tile wall-paper were not seen among real tiled walls and beside the dignified natural lines of wood in decoration and furniture; but there lurks in many an object still undiscovered of the collector, or treasured even against persuasive offers, an immense amount of really honest and beautiful work, that no artist need be ashamed to represent, though the modern painter of tasteless ugliness should scoff.



The main cause of this survival is found in the exceedingly conservative spirit of the race, which dislikes to part from the beaten track; what if, for example, "our skim-milk cheese is being driven from the markets by the richer cream cheeses of our rivals; our ancestors ruled the markets with such cheese, and so it is good enough for us," says the modern Dutch farmer, which illustrates the spirit of one who has saved so much history for our present use; for in retaining the methods he has also retained the tools of the craft, and many of the accompaniments of an early and idyllic period of agriculture, before the advent of the violent vermilion mowing machines, vicious looking hay machines, steam churns, and a host of hideous inartistic monsters.

Whoever saw the tongue of a "sulky-plough" carved? But in the long, still winter twilight many a plough-handle has been lovingly decorated with a simple spiral serving the double purpose of grip and ornament; the churn-dasher ending in a rude though charmingly cut Hollandish lion, done over the dull glow of the turf fire, is much more beautiful than a steam churn, no matter how much red paint a hasty manufacturer has had stencilled upon it; and they are still in use, with the spade, the honest pitchfork, hand-rake, and straight scythe-handle, all ornamented rudely but well, and all most grateful to a painter in composing pastoral pictures.

In color again, these primitive instruments are never inharmonious: painted in soft greens and blues, a carving picked out in red or yellow here and there, with a real feeling for color, and showing thought and care in the choice and arrangement.

The interiors of the churches and public buildings, the burghers' and farmers' dwellings are to a great extent untouched, and yet not decayed to the point of being merely picturesque, merely questions of tone; there is yet much

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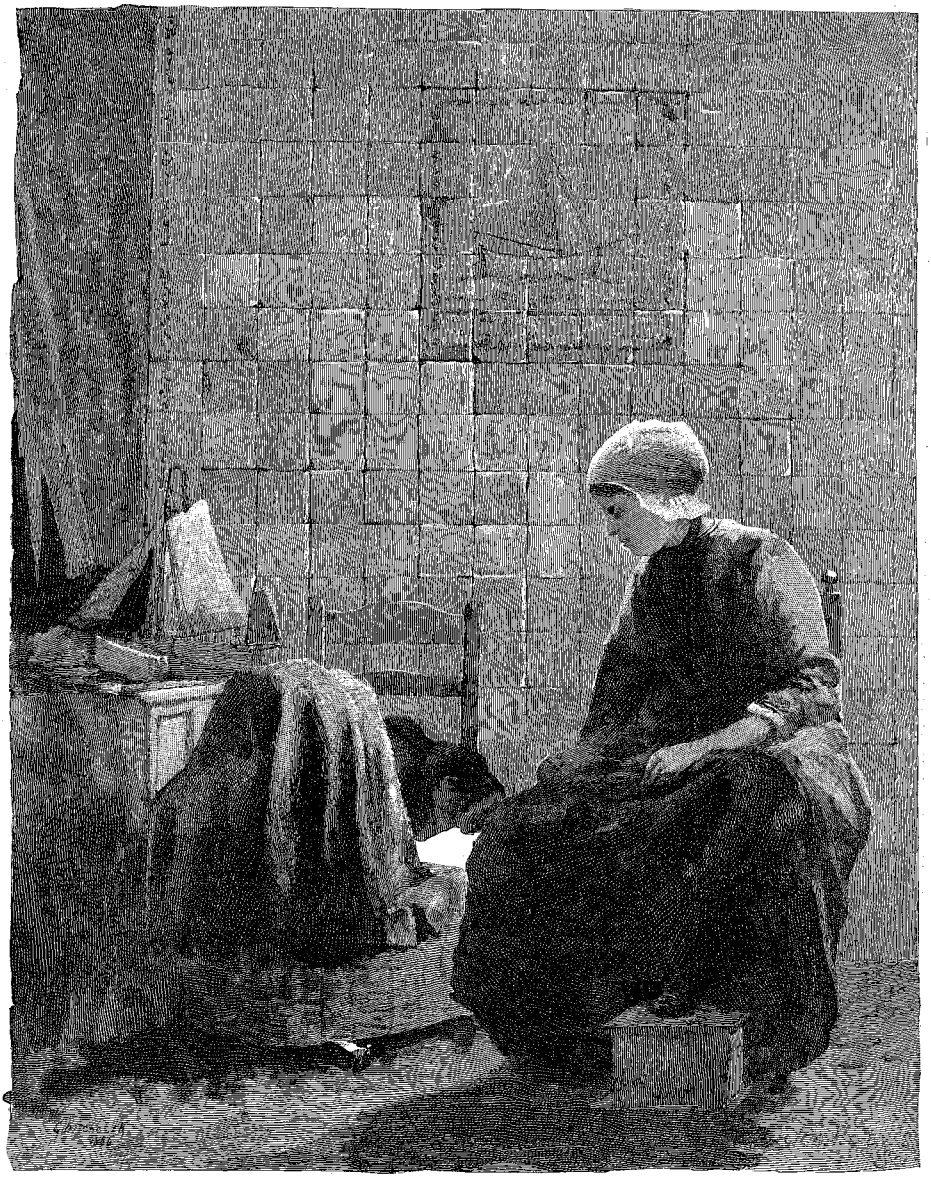

A Skipper's Home.

of the living interest of the sixteenth century. It is true that the exigencies of the ritual of a narrow Protestantism have caused the noble Gothic interiors of the churches to be divided up into small pens into which gather the scattered worshippers; and the white-wash brush directed by the Dutch idea of cleanliness has destroyed the color of the original decoration, but otherwise the edifices are intact, and these objectionable pens are not devoid of interest, made, as they are often-times, of richly carved oak, which through centuries of a peculiar whitening process, supplemented by diligent polishing, is very harmonious with the white-wash of the walls and the gray stone of the columns and floors.

But it is not here, nor in the beautiful

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dark panelled chapter-houses, nor in the public buildings, that Terburg found his motives, or that we of to-day look to find a characteristically artistic note.

These deserted town-halls and offices, where a couple of rusty clerks and an attenuated burgomaster whisper in the gorgeous and magnificent chambers once noisy with a busy and important throng and filled by the portly presence of the council and president of the flourishing port, these halls with their gobelins and panelling and beautifully carved decorations, and the council-chambers and dignified chairs of the councilmen are a sad reminder of a past glory and greatness. Here, on an elegant buffet, are the goblets and drinking-horns in silver and gold, heavy and richly chased, the baton and sword of state of the fine old burghers, "hung up for monument," no longer singing of riches and power, but the more sadly of the present poverty and decadence, by contrast; and with small effort the imagination again peoples these chambers with stately men in doublet and hose—the "Syndics" of Rembrandt, or the "Archers" of Franz Hals. Many of these buildings are of the best period of Dutch Renaissance, and all through of great interest to a painter; and here and there a small forgotten room is often a treasure, so untouched as to be a real bit of the past.

It was not here, however, that Jan Steen loved to paint, or that Brenklekamp (that little-known and almost most sincere of Dutchmen) did his fine work, but among the people, in their shops, taverns, and homes, that we can see to-day and find as picturesque as they did.

A Corner of a Farmer's Dining-room.

How find words to praise the fitness of the decorations of a fishing-boat captain's home, consisting of tiles from floor to ceiling and, painted on them, in the centre of the panels, representations of the captain's ships with mottoes telling of their staunch and brave qualities? or of the farmer's, whose capacious chimney bears upon its tiles naïve pictures of cows and sheep in those fine blue tints of the Delft decorators? or how say enough in praise of the care and

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cleanliness of them and their descendants who have preserved them to us?

True, the original arrangement of whitewash and indestructible tiles has helped the survival greatly, as well as the honest work in the furniture of the room and in the setting of the tiles; and can a painter find anything more proper for his brush, in the lesser walks of art, than such honest soulful work, that which is imbued with a man's spirit and is not turned out at lightning speed by a soulless machine, whose product neither fits man's hand nor adorns his life. It is this which makes the ordinary American interior so absolutely unpaintable, and excuses the expatriation of those who seek, from a picturesque standpoint, the sympathetic evidences of man in his objects of daily use and toil.

The shops tell of the character of the people, clean and inviting. Even the gory butcher's (with its stock not too prominent) is worthy of study; its beams are so solidly and well arranged, and perhaps it has a sixteenth century front of small diamond-paned sashes, and sturdy hooks beneath an overhanging second story with carved corbels. But the harmonies in polished brass and whitewash, with perhaps one note of contrast in a deep-toned tall mahogany clock, which compose the seed shops are things of beauty: the stock arranged in bins of white panelled wood-work showing the pale green of dried peas, the ivory of the bean, and dead whiteness of flour; only the cereals of unpleasant color are kept out of sight; and the scales, scoops, and fittings are of brilliant brass. The workers in copper and brass let you into their work-rooms where the honest hammer is playing a noisy tune, and the ruddy copper, in all useful forms, hangs ready on the beams and walls; the cooper shows a bewildering arrangement of vivid blue and red milk-buckets, churns of sturdy oak with satisfyingly thick wrought-iron hoops, and many and curiously formed tuns and barrels—in really good colors when not in the integrity of natural wood—placed in a low-roofed, heavy-beamed chamber with a curled shaving hung on an ornamental iron bracket at the door for a sign.

Fire-place in a Dutch Studio.

The brass-lidded blue Delft jars of the tobacconist, with an Indian furiously smoking in an archaic manner, make a pleasant interior of an ordinary shop; and so does sometimes a partition of old panelling, with door and window letting into an inner room, and a staircase, curving to the sleeping-rooms above, bravely showing its under side into the shop of the barber, whose round, presumably luxurious chair, not later than the seventeenth century, is most serviceable either if you wish to perpetuate the modern phase of life therein or make a sham historical picture.

Low ceilings, walls of immaculate whitewash, dado of tiles either virgin

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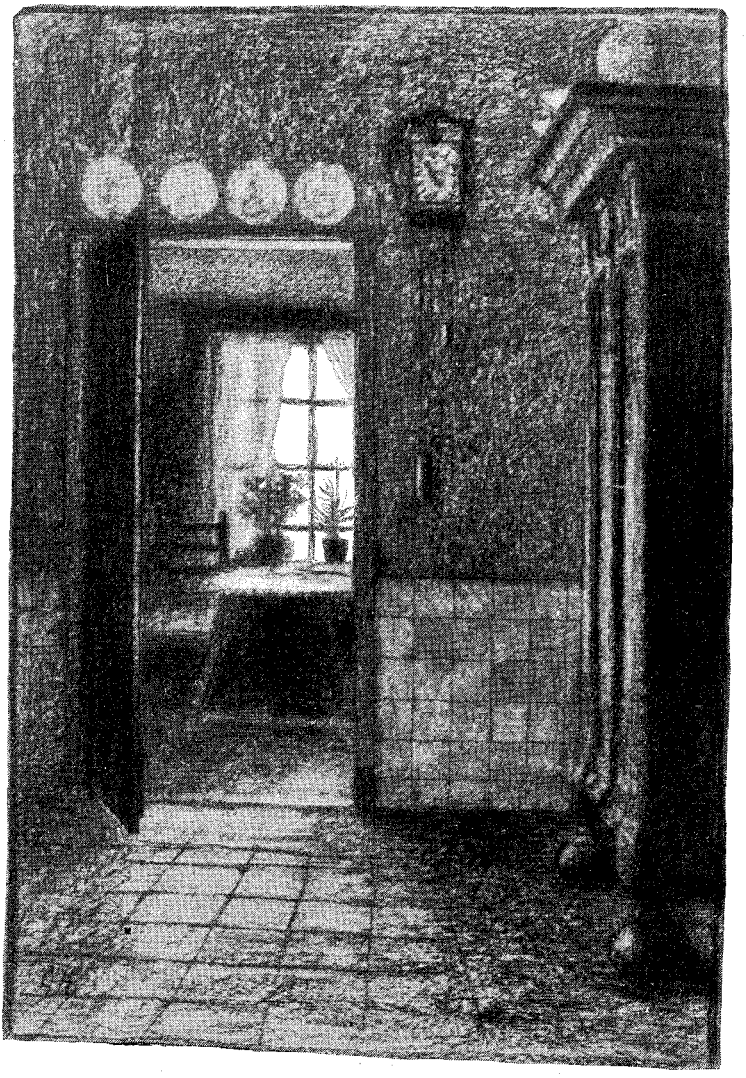

A Tiled Hallway.

white, blue, or pale red in decoration, wood-work panelled and painted in pale blue, green, or white, corner cupboards with glass doors showing the china within, an oak cabinet or two, darkened and polished by a century or so of polishing, are the main features of the living-room of a farmer, with of course the necessary table and chairs, oftentimes of great age and simple form ; and whether these are the same or not as in a past age, they are an expression of a deep though unconscious artistic feeling.

Nearly every farmer's wife still treasures a collection of Delft plaques and vases, sufficient to stock a bric-a-brac shop ; and nearly every cabinet has a set of vases of this blue upon it, with the original price and number of pieces fired upon the bases, as fresh as when hot from the kiln, but more beautiful, since time has given them an opalescent lustre undreamt of by their makers. And what monuments of artistic skill these cabinets are, how cunningly panelled and lovingly carved, speaking of a time when honest labor was no disgrace and time not too short in which to do things

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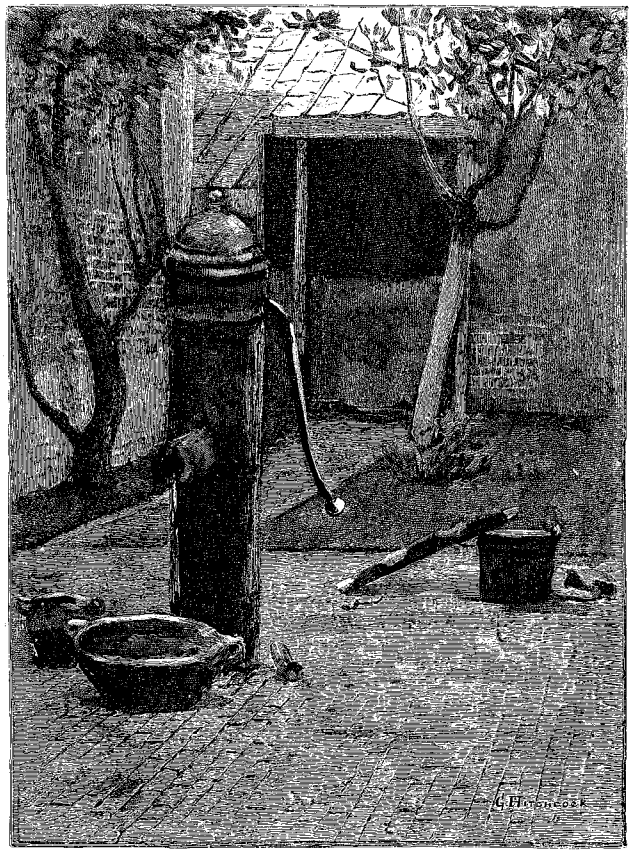
well and beautifully, no matter how humble their purpose. Think of the numberless times those sturdy oak doors have turned upon their hinges during three centuries, and yet see how perfectly they fit and work to-day. Think



In a Farmer's Court-yard.

of the extremes of heat and cold those intricate panels have weathered, and find a crack or warp if you can; and then wonder what it is that makes sincere labor beautiful, or why, when time has given it an added beauty of tone, it is of use to a painter.

These charming pieces of workmanship in their original places, when their example has unconsciously influenced their surroundings and time has given them a perfect harmony, are a thousand times more beautiful than when, carried over seas, they shame the decorations and their companion pieces, in the modern drawing-room where it is now the fashion to have them. In these quaint, old-time interiors is often seen the clock with its polished brass weights hanging clear and its face (around which a single hand slowly travels, telling of the times when seconds were not counted grudgingly) surrounded by perforated iron work; surrounded it may be by the arms of the great "Stadtholder" in tarnished gold; or the more elaborate tall stand-clock with a tinkling chime and case of elaborate inlaid wood-work as perfect and without blemish as when it came from the maker centuries ago.

By the wide high chimney, upon whose tiled back only one day's smoke is allowed to accumulate, hangs a bewildering arrangement of brass fire-irons, pewter trenchers, and copper

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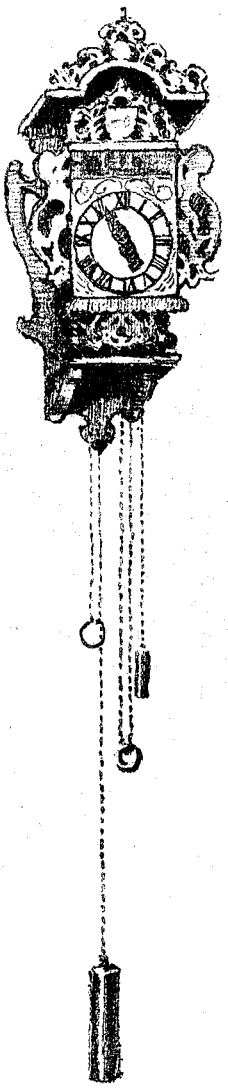
pots, adding the beauty of various metallic colors and textures to that of the shining tiles; and with all these attractions, a perfection of tone, a peculiar charm, the result of long care and cleanliness, fresh and yet rich, bright and yet deep or golden, much as De Hoog must have seen them and as he has indeed painted them.



Outside, in the spacious barns, stand the wagons: if not the veritable vehicle, at least of much the same model as that from which Mynheer Van Rijn might have received his grist at his hoary mill-door; a wagon for the most humble purposes, with a wealth of fruit and flowers carved upon its axle, surrounding the name of its owner and date of construction, its side-boards from end to end cut into the semblance of flowers and painted in semi-natural colors. The carriage for Sundays and market days is graceful in form, hung on high leather C springs, ornamented with gilded and painted carvings upon natural wood; and the curricle yet in use is richly carved, and ornamented by worsted tassels hung on stamped leather pendants, as in the days of the Louis; drawn by horses decked with a harness carrying much polished brass (or, among the richer farmers, silver), and sometimes made of red leather with small shells stitched upon it, or with a head-stall of green or blue velvet, and with reins of red cords ending in large tassels.

Picturesque as are the wagons and carriages, they do not compare with the beauty of the little-used sleighs, like the cabinets and interiors a pure survival of the best period of Dutch decorative art, swan-like in line, painted in fine color, peacock's feathers upon a blue ground or a fairly good winter landscape upon a red body. They have place for but one in the interior, the driver sitting astride a saddle at the rear, supported by iron work in really good scrolls. Many still in use are of great age, but those of to-day closely follow the ancient ones in form and color.

No part of a farmer's house is more characteristic or pleasing than the court-yards, where about the house door stand the various objects of domestic or farm use, milk-buckets, and the red or pale-green stone-ware pots; the yoke of fine color for carrying the milk-pails; pans and brooms, all interesting in color and texture, standing upon the pale yellow of the brick paving, relieved by the red of the house walls, the lines of the small fruit trees, and the bordering beds of flowers. So much of the house washing is done here about the pump or well that they become almost a part of the house proper, and are as spotlessly clean, fresh, and agreeable.

A prominent decoration in all the interiors is the blue Delft-ware, in all forms and sizes, dishes large and small, vases and bowls and, until recently, the cow and horse, now rare on account of their great value. The plaques stand upon chimney-piece and mouldings above the panelling, are hung on the walls, and in summer decorate the immaculately clean and brightly painted stalls of the cattle luxuriating in the rich grass without. From many a dark corner of the deserted stable comes an iridescent gleam from these plates, making an artistic arrangement out of what in most lands is a thing to be avoided. The local color in a Dutch house is usually good; the house painter seems to be as sensitive as the artisan, and loves a robins'-egg blue, a sea green, or cream white, all of which

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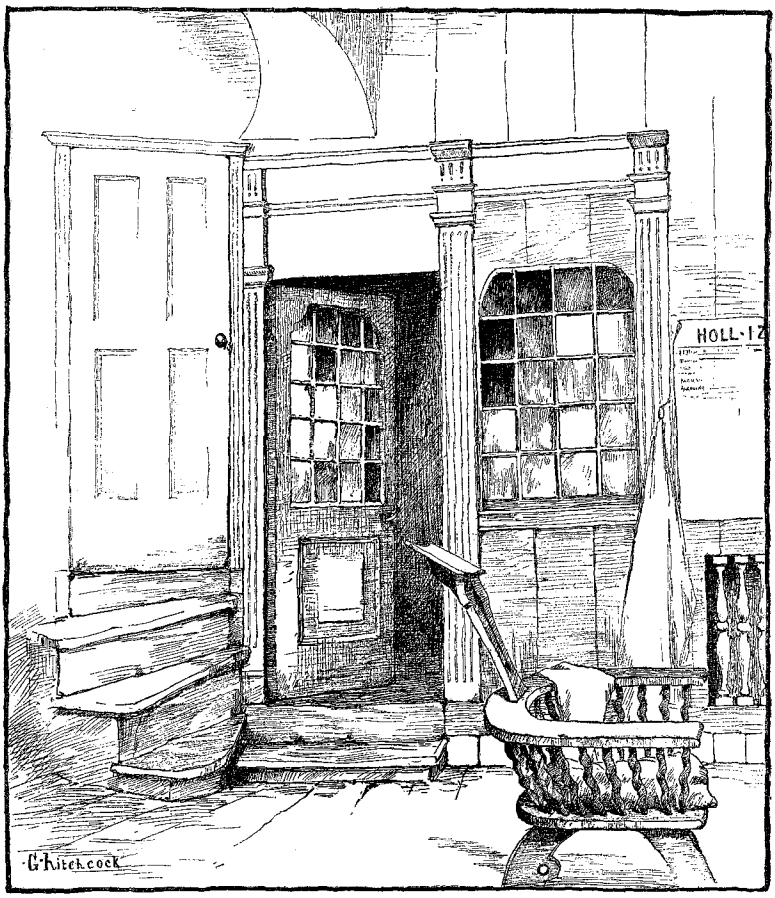
are particularly appropriate to the cold color of the tiles and whitewash; and since panelling usually fills one side of the room at least, enclosing the sleeping places, this color plays an important part in any pictorial arrangement of domestic life. The little curtain which hangs around the mantel, the hangings of the beds, the cushion of the master (the only upholstery of a simple dwelling) are invariably of fine color, and as they are often of great age and sometimes embroidered, are carefully preserved—the frequent washings having brought the perhaps too crude original colors to those soft right tones a colorist must have, which do not tire the eye, much gazed upon as they must of necessity be.

Another really sweet color now is met with in the churches, where each upholstered seat, chair, or cushion is the individual property and in the taste of the holder; such a bouquet of secondary colors is rarely met with as in these ancient velvets and brocades,—pale green, blue in the most charming and unexpected shades (no two faded to the same color and yet all harmonious), cool yellow grays, deeper orange tones, atmospheric reds like the after-glow of a warm sunset, and withal not a single color which seems out of place. In short there is the greatest abundance of color and a great variety of selection through all the varied interiors and bric-a-brac;—one needs only to supply taste in selection, and the idealization of color, one of the chiefest of pictorial beauties, is ready at hand.



A Barber's Chair of the Seventeenth Century.

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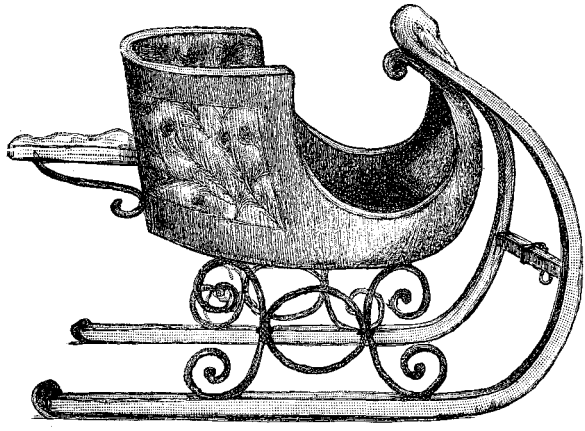
Many of the most ordinary articles of modern manufacture are full of a fine artistic quality: the haft of an ordinary knife will have an archaic lion done at its butt, supported by scroll-work bearing its date; with the lion a cage containing a minute wooden shoe; the ordinary pottery of the cheapest sort carries a beautiful pale green or rich red glaze; the copper and brass is usually hammered, and pewter is sold in simple dignified forms. Heartless nickel-plate is nearly unknown, and the tin-plated iron not used to any extent.

That which is indiscriminately old is not of necessity picturesque. Dilapidation does not presuppose artistic qualities, yet this condition of things certainly solves one of the most difficult problems of art—that of harmony; and so the interiors of the poorest of Dutchmen, the fishermen, are full of unity and most attractive to a painter. They tell of the sea in every corner, and so of the character and calling of the man; here a sea-chest or a rude model of a ship, a net, or a "sou'-wester;" the furniture proper but the fragments of a simple construction painted years ago a red or green—long since lost in the mysteries of tertiary grays; the doors and windows broken and dilapidated; a red-tiled floor and perhaps a big chimney with broken and missing tiles; all these go to make up an interior full of pathos, and illustrate a principle of pastoral art—the character of man as seen in its effects upon inanimate nature, which makes the study of so-called bric-a-brac of the highest interest to amateur and painter. It has been the debasement of this principle by the glorification of the "thing" on account of its mere beauty which has brought so much odium upon a school of painters, and put a weapon into the hands of the painters of strictly contemporary life, at the same time leading them into grave sins of omission:—since no fitting representation of the Holland of to-day is true without the introduction of some characteristically beautiful work either old or new, or some methods of labor which must appear out of date and of another period.

Terburg has painted the interiors of his land as they should be—entirely subservient to the human interest, to the character of his figures and their action; but one must forgive De Hoog his artistic sins since he has left to us such poetic bits of color, such wonderful charms of tone and light, and dealing with the most commonplace things of life, has given the substantial truth and at the same time the very highest beauty by his idealization of color, while showing the very essence of the Dutch school. Contemporary life in Holland to-day offers much of the same ideal beauty these great masters found in it, for though old it is not dilapidated or commonplace, and though the offspring of poverty is not sordid or ugly.



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THE PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN.

By D. A. Sargent.

IN the trophy room of the Hemenway Gymnasium are a number of tablets upon which are inscribed the names and records of prominent Harvard athletes. Each tablet is dedicated to some special event in athletic sports, such as "100 yards dash," "1 mile run," "Putting the shot," "Running high jump," etc., etc., and the name of no student is inscribed thereon until he surpasses in one of these performances all previous Harvard College records.

It is interesting to notice the rapid advance that has been made in these sports within the past few years as indicated by the establishing of new records. For instance, one reads that in 1874, when the Harvard Athlete Association was established, the best college record for the mile run was 5 minutes 41¾ seconds. The last performance recorded was in 1883, when the same distance was covered in 4 minutes 38¾ seconds—a difference of more than a minute, which would allow the 1883 runner to give the 1874 runner a start of nearly a quarter of a mile, and then pass him at the finish. In the record for running one half mile, there is shown a drop from 2 minutes 52½ seconds, in 1874, to 2 minutes ⅕ second in 1885. In running one quarter of a mile the best college performance in 1875 was 60 seconds. In 1885 this was reduced to 50¼ seconds. Here also is the name of a college man who in 1886 ran this distance in 47¾ seconds. In 1874 the best running high jump recorded was 4 feet 8 inches. In 1886 the height cleared was 5 feet 10¾ inches. In 1874 the best running broad jump recorded was 15 feet 8½ inches and in 1882, 20 feet 10 inches. In 1879, 33 feet 10 inches was the greatest distance that had been covered in putting the 16-pound shot. In 1886 an iron shot of the same weight was put 40 feet 1½ inch. In that year the same student threw the 16-pound hammer 90 feet 1 inch. The first performance in this event at Harvard was in 1879, when 59 feet 8 inches was the record established.

Hearing of this rapid progress in physical exercises a stranger from some land where athletes and athletics are unknown would have reason to infer that we were a very weak people twelve or fourteen years ago, or that we had discovered a new process of training that was destined to make us rival the achievements of the Greeks. As some eminent authorities in matters of education in our country have ventured to make the same prediction, let us consider a few facts in regard to our present system of athletics, and then see what are our chances, not only of rivalling the Greeks, but of making these physical exercises of some permanent value to the American people.

The records of progress that I have just recounted—one of them the best performance in the world—are certainly remarkable, considering the short time that has been devoted to the cultivation of athletics. If we could hope for anything like this progress within the next fourteen years we should certainly show promise of rivalling all nations, past or present, in the superiority of our physique. Before this expectation can be realized, however, there are difficulties to be overcome.

The problem before us is how to get the masses up to something approaching our present athletic standard. In this endeavor rest the hopes and destinies of the American people. The men who now hold the highest Harvard records for athletic performances had from four to ten years' physical training under the most favorable circumstances, while most of them were naturally endowed with the peculiar qualifications necessary to insure success in their respective events. In other words, they were picked men, trained to excel in a special sport. The students who prac-

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tised these athletic exercises in 1874 had no such preparatory training as the contestants of a later period, and as the rivalry at that time was less intense, and the special points governing the selection of athletic material comparatively unknown, it is fair to presume that the natural qualifications possessed by the record breakers of the present day were wanting. All that has been said of the progress of athletics at Harvard is equally true of other colleges and of school and city athletic associations. In every case the advancement has been rapid. That many, if not all, of the present records will be surpassed, no one familiar with the subject can consistently doubt.

It does not require a great amount of foresight, however, to see that the time is rapidly approaching when the gain will be no longer realized. At the present time it is impossible for a trainer to bring a man of ordinary ability up to the record standard with four years of persistent coaching and drilling. His preliminary training and experience must date further back, and in addition to these requisites he must be endowed by nature with a vital capacity that is not possessed by one man in a thousand. So well established has this fact become that, in the opinion of many, athletes, like poets, are born, not made. Certain it is that in great trials of strength and endurance there is a growing tendency to rely upon constitutional vigor, instead of what is termed the artificial product of the running-track and gymnasium. In our great universities and wealthy city clubs with their fine equipments for physical training, men turn to the natural athlete from the country, or to the noble product of a healthy ancestry to represent them in their athletic contests and games.

This is most strange, that our athletic institutions, organized and supported ostensibly for cultivating the physique and improving the health and constitutional power of their members, should be forced outside of their own boundaries for want of suitable material within to secure first-class competitors in athletic events. But, after all, what an eloquent plea this is for physical training in its noblest and most comprehensive sense! It is a tacit admission that were the great aim of all this athletic work to produce a class of men capable of performing the greatest feats of skill, strength, or endurance, we should be obliged not only to put them under the most favorable sanitary conditions, and insist upon correct habits of living, but to secure to them as far as possible a right which would seem to belong to every human being, the *right of being well born*. This privilege has been secured for the better class of animals through the intelligent intervention of men. As Herbert Spencer says: "Consider the fact from any but the conventional point of view, and it will seem strange that while the raising of first-rate bullocks is an occupation on which men of education willingly bestow much time, inquiry, and thought, the bringing up of fine human beings is an occupation tacitly voted unworthy of their attention. Infinite pains will be taken to produce a racer that shall win the Derby; none to produce a modern athlete."

We are forced to believe that our neglect to apply the truths of modern science to the nurture of human beings as well as to the rearing of dumb animals is one of the most serious obstacles in the path of human progress. Now that our country has passed through its infancy and our material structures and institutions are beginning to assume an air of solidity and permanence that will outlast several generations, would it not be well for us to interest ourselves in the well-being of those who are to perpetuate our institutions? When we consider that the results of most of the time and labor of this generation will reach out far beyond the limits of its own brief existence, and that the wealth accumulated, the position attained, and the physical and mental characteristics developed by our present efforts will naturally be transmitted to others—is it not reasonable that we should wish to endow them with sufficient physical vigor to maintain a footing in the world, and to carry on the work to which our lives have been devoted? If we deny this conclusion, we tacitly admit that all of our present endeavors are simply exciting pastimes, having no more future significance than idle games of chance or children's pleas-

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ures. For what and for whom are we striving?

If, on the other hand, we admit that the present is a link in the great chain that binds the past to the future, and that what we are, we are largely by inheritance, and that what our descendants shall be in mind and body, as well as what they shall enjoy in material blessing, must depend upon us—then life assumes a deeper significance, and our duties and responsibilities to the next generation grow in magnitude and importance.

In the present revival of interest in health topics and the physical training of men and boys there is an indication that we are beginning to realize the necessity for better bodies to perpetuate our institutions, insure a higher development of the individual, and advance the conditions of the race. In order that this result may be attained, we must not only extend the movement further among men, but we must give equal attention to the physical training of women. All agree that both the parents are represented in the offspring, and probably to the same extent, though many biographers credit the maternal ancestor with the qualities that have made most men illustrious. In some cases it is easy to recognize the characteristics that have been inherited from the mother or from the father. In other cases the transmitted qualities are not so readily traced to either parent, and probably come from more distant ancestors.

It is fair to presume that most offspring will represent the average condition of their progenitors. Thus, in a physical sense, if the father is 5 feet 8 inches in height and the mother is 5 feet 4 inches the probability is that a child born to those parents would have a stature of about 5 feet 6 inches. This I understand to be Francis Galton's theory; but he states in the same paper that the height of the daughter resembles the height of the father more than it does that of the mother. If this statement is true, it would not be an unfair inference to assume that the height of the son is largely influenced by that of the mother.

But we will not attempt to claim any specific inheritances from either parent. Let us accept Mr. Galton's theory in regard to stature as the correct one, and assume that the entire physical condition of the children will depend closely upon the average physical condition of the parents. With this theory in mind, I purpose making some general inquiries into the physical condition of women, in order to ascertain its probable influence upon the physical development of the race. At the outset I must apologize for the meagreness of the material that is available for deductions at this time, as I shall arrive at conclusions that might not seem to be justified by the amount of data at hand.

In order that we may form some idea of the physical condition of women, I shall first compare the physical condition of girls with that of boys of the same age and condition in life. For this comparison I have taken for tabulation the measurements of twelve hundred girls and boys from the student class of the community—the age of each class ranging from 13 to 16 inclusive, the mean age being 15. When plotted on a chart by themselves all the mean measurements of the girls come upon the 50 per cent. line, for their chart, and all the mean measurements of the boys upon the same line for the boys' chart. When the mean measurements of the girls, however, are plotted on the boys' chart, they fall at the points indicated by the irregular full line (Chart I.), and the mean measurements of the boys fall on the girls' chart at the points indicated by the broken line on the same chart.

In following the two lines on the chart, some interesting facts are brought to light. We find that at the age of 15 the mean weight of the girls and boys is the same. At the age of 13 the girl is heavier and taller than the boy of the same age. It will be observed, however, that at the age of 15 the boys exceed the girls in height about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. The height of the knee is only a trifle lower than that of the boys, while the sitting height of the girls is actually greater than the mean sitting height of the boys. How, then, shall we account for the superior total height of the boys? In looking on the chart for the height of the pubic arch in girls we find it on

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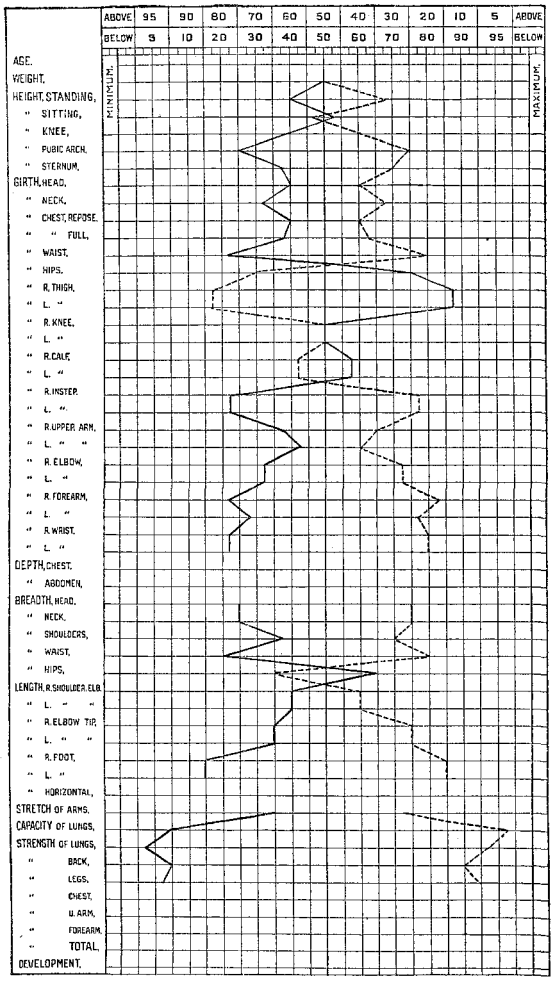

Chart I.

the 25 per cent. line of the boys' chart. This means that 75 per cent. of the boys surpass this measurement, while only 60 per cent of them surpass the mean total height of the girls. The difference in height, then, is due to the shortness of the bones below the pelvis. I have already shown that the height of knee is nearly equal to that of the boys, so we must look to the comparative shortness of the thigh-bone in girls to account for the difference in stature. Although the body-length in girls is greater than that in boys, the difference as shown by the sitting height is largely due to the greater length of neck and head in girls, as shown by the superiority in boys in the height of the sternum.

In girths the differences are more marked, the mean girth of head in the girls being only about $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch below that of the boys, while the neck is about $\frac{2}{5}$ of an inch smaller. There is but little difference in the natural chest of the two sexes at this age. The boys, however, show a superior expansive power when the chest is inflated. In the girth of waist the measurement of the girls is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch smaller than that of boys, while the girth of the hips is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch larger. The greatest difference, however, is in the girth of the thighs. Here the actual measurements exceed that of the boys by 2 inches, while the relative difference is much greater. It will be observed that the mean girth of the knee is the same in both sexes, but that the girth of the calf is $\frac{2}{5}$ of an inch greater in the girl. In the bone measurements, as indicated by the instep, elbow, and wrist, the superiority of the boys becomes more manifest. There is but a slight difference in the girths of the upper arm, but the right arm of the boys is $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch larger than the left. This makes the left arm of the girl appear larger than the right, though both are of the same size.

At the time these measurements were taken the depth of the chest and abdomen had not been added to the list, and have consequently been omitted in the plotting. The difference in the mean measurements of the breadth of the head and neck is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch for each part. The shoulders of the boys are about $\frac{3}{5}$ of an inch wider than the shoulders of the girls, while the hips of the girls are $\frac{2}{5}$ of an inch broader than those of the boys. The actual difference in the breadth of the waist in the two sexes is quite marked. Even at this age the girls' waist is $\frac{3}{5}$ of an inch narrower than the boys'. The relative difference between breadth of waist and breadth of hips of the girls is greater, when compared with the same measure-

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ments of the boys, than the relative difference between the breadth of waist and breadth of shoulders in the two sexes.

The length of upper-arm of the girls is about $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch less than that of the boys, while the forearm and hand is $\frac{3}{5}$ of an inch shorter. In length of foot the boys have the start of the girls at this age by over $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch, and in stretch of arms by fully 2 inches. The girls compare less favorably with the boys in the point of strength. In capacity of lungs the girls are 70 cubic inches behind the boys, and in the strength of expiratory muscles the weakest boys, in the 5 per cent. class, are stronger than the average girl. In strength of back, legs, chest, and arms the showing is a little better for the girls, though considerably below what it should be.

It will be seen that the mean strength tests of the girls falls below the 10 per cent. line of the boys' table, while the mean strength of the boys exceeds the 90 per cent. line on the girls' table. This indicates that 50 per cent. of the girls fail to reach a point in strength that is surpassed by 90 per cent. of the boys.

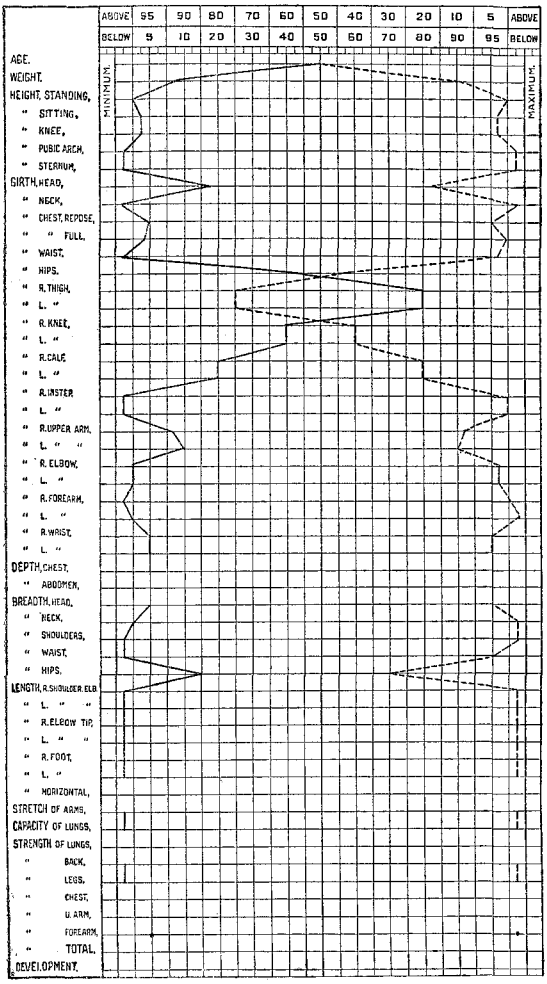

Chart II.

In taking the sum of certain important measurements, such as the head, chest, waist, legs, and arms, we find that the mean total of the girth dimensions of these parts in the girls are equal to those of the boys. We are accustomed to regard the sum of these measurements as indicative of the potential strength of the individual. Why, then, is not the girl of this age equal to her brother in strength, activity, and endurance?

Before attempting to answer this question we wish to pass to the consideration of Chart II., upon which is plotted the mean measurements of college students of both sexes. In this case the ages range from 17 to 35, the mean age being 20 years, and the number plotted about four thousand. Here, as on the previous chart, the irregular full line to the left represents the mean measurement of the women plotted on the men's chart, while the broken line to the right represents the mean of the men's measurements plotted on the women's chart. In both cases the mean measurements fall on the centre or 50 per cent. line, but with different values for each table, and when one is expressed in terms of the other we get the line tracing as represented on Chart I. Now it will be noticed that the mean weight of the two sexes is no longer equal, as the weight of the man of the same age exceeds the woman by about 20 pounds. The relative

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difference in the height is still greater, as the mean of the woman falls below the 5 per cent. line on the man's chart. The actual difference is 5 inches. The woman still has a slight relative advantage, as far as it relates to her own stature, in superior length of body, and a corresponding disadvantage in relative shortness of thighs.

In girth of head the woman has only dropped from the 40 to the 20 per cent. line, the real difference in the mean measurement being only $\frac{3}{5}$ of an inch. The chest and waist girths are smaller proportionally in women, even when of the same weight and height. Contrary to the prevailing notion the actual hip girth of the average woman is shown to be smaller at this age than that of the average man by nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. In proportion to the same weight, however, this measurement in women exceeds the same measurement in men by about 4 inches, and in women of the same height as men the hip girth is nearly 6 inches larger. The girth of thigh is the only measurement of women which actually exceeds that of man from the age of thirteen onward. At the age of fifteen the difference is nearly 2 inches, but as the boy continues to develop for a year or two longer than the girl this difference is gradually reduced to about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in the adult. In girth of knee and calf the measurements of men exceed those of women after the age of eighteen, though for the same height and weight the women still surpass the men in the size of these parts. With the exception of the girth of upper arm and breadth of hips, all the other measurements of the woman as compared with the man are very small. The upper arm falls on the 10 per cent. line on the man's chart, and the breadth of hips measurement on the 15 per cent. line. There is a difference of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in the girth of the former in the two sexes, but only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the breadth of the latter. In relation to the height and weight, however, the hips are larger in women than in men.

The mean length from shoulder to elbow is $1\frac{7}{10}$ inch, and from the elbow to the tip of fingers $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch less at this age in women than in men. But for the same height these measurements, as well as the length of feet, correspond very closely. The total stretch of arms is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches greater in the mean man than in the mean woman. The difference, however, is only $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the man's favor when both are of the same stature.

In considering the strength of the two sexes, the superiority of the male becomes much more apparent than at an earlier period. There is, for instance, a difference of 90 cubic inches in the capacity of the lungs, and 143 pounds in the strength of legs, while the muscular power of the arms and chest is more than double that of the female. For equal height and weight these differences in the strength of the two sexes are much less, though still proportionately greater than the difference in measurement would warrant, and they are far below the strength of the average man. It may be urged that these charts were made up from the measurements of college students, many of whom were in the growing period of life, and consequently the proportions and differences stated would not hold good of the sexes in the world at large.

The acknowledged difference in height weight, etc., due to race distinction, I do not purpose discussing in this article, nor the influence of nurture or occupation upon the physique of different classes of both sexes. In order, however, that my readers may have some basis for comparing the data from which my deductions are made, and that they may have some means of judging of the great law of variation that runs through the human family, pointing so suggestively to a unity of origin, I have printed the tables of Francis Galton which were compiled from the measurements taken in England at the International Health Exhibition in 1884. Mr. Galton's percentage tables were made up from fewer measurements than my own; in some cases the range of age is greater, and in all cases the individuals examined were above the age (22 years) which is usually allotted for completion of growth. In my own tables the age ranges from 16 to 26 years inclusive, and the persons examined are from one class in the community, while Mr. Galton's tables represent all classes attending the Health Exhibition.

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The further question might be raised whether the student body of America may be said to represent a class, as well as a period of life. Certainly all classes are represented, and now through the aid of scholarship funds the son of the day-laborer may be pursuing his studies in company with the better-nurtured son of the banker or wealthy manufacturer. Perhaps these class differences are less marked in colleges for women than in colleges for men. Let it suffice to say that I have every reason for believing that the student class of both sexes are fair representatives of the physique of all Americans of the same age. A comparison of the two tables, therefore, will not be without interest to those who think that the race on this side of the Atlantic is deteriorating. When it is considered that the average age of those persons composing the American table was two years less than the youngest one accepted for the English measurements, the American does not suffer much in comparison with his English cousin. It should be borne in mind, however, that this table is not given here as a means of comparing the representatives of two nationalities. For obvious reasons such a comparison would not be strictly correct. The object of the table is to show the relation which exists between the different measurements of the two sexes in England; and the facts brought out by the comparison with my own data go far to confirm my deductions.

It will be observed that the Americans of both sexes are slightly heavier and a little shorter in stature than the English. The relative difference between the mean weight of the two sexes in both nationalities is very nearly the same, being 21.5 pounds for the American, and 22 pounds for the English. The relative difference in the height of the sexes is shown to be 5.1 inches for the American and 4.6 inches for the English. Nearly the same proportion maintains for the sitting height, the difference being 2.3 inches for the American and 2.1 inches for the English. The closeness of the correspondence in the percentages representing the stretch of arms is very striking. That there should be an exact agreement in many of the measurements and a difference of but $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in so many others, not reached or surpassed by given per cents of the numbers examined in both countries, is remarkable. In the arm stretch the relative difference between the sexes is 6.7

TABLE I.—*Showing comparisons in certain measurements of American and English men and women.*

Subject of measurement.	Unit of measurement.	Sex.	Nationality.	Number measured.	Age.	ABOVE 95	90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	10	5
						BELOW 5	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	95
Weight *	Pounds	Male	American	2,235	16-26	111.3	116.3	122.6	127.2	131.2	135.1	139.1	143.3	149.2	156.9	165.3
			English	520	23-26	111	115	121	125	129	133	137	140	146	155	162
						+.3	+1.3	+1.8	+2.2	+2.2	+2.1	+2.1	+3.3	+3.2	+1.9	+3.3
		Female	American	1,901	16-26	92.6	97	102	106	111	114.6	119	122	129	137	145
			English	276	23-26	92	95	100	104	108	112	119	122	126	132	139
						+.6	+2	+2	+4	+3	+2.6	0	0	+3	+5	+6
Height, standing	Inches	Male	American	2,235	16-26	64	64.6	65.7	66.5	67.1	67.7	68.3	69.1	69.1	70.9	71.7
			English	211	23-51	63.2	64.6	65.7	66.5	67.3	67.9	68.5	69.2	70	71.3	72.4
						+.8	0	0	0	-.2	-.2	-.2	-.1	-.9	-.4	-.7
		Female	American	1,685	16-26	59.1	59.8	60.6	61.4	62	62.6	62.2	63.3	64.6	65.6	66.3
			English	770	23-51	58.9	59.9	61.3	62.1	62.7	63.3	63.9	64.6	65.3	66.4	67.3
						+.2	-.1	-.7	-.7	-.7	-.7	-.7	-.8	-.7	-.8	-1
Height, sitting	Inches	Male	American	2,225	16-26	33.3	33.9	34.5	34.8	35	35.4	35.8	36	36.4	37	37.4
			English	1,013	23-51	33.6	34.2	34.9	35.3	35.4	36	36.3	36.7	37.1	37.7	38.2
						+.3	-.3	-.4	-.5	-.4	-.6	-.5	-.7	-.7	-.7	-.8
		Female	American	1,832	16-26	30.7	31.5	31.9	32.3	32.7	33.1	33.3	33.7	34.1	34.6	35
			English	775	23-51	31.8	32.3	32.9	33.3	33.6	33.9	34.2	34.5	34.9	35.6	36
						-1.1	-.8	-1	-1	-.9	-.8	-.9	-.9	-.8	-1	-1
Stretch of arms	Inches	Male	American	2,216	16-26	65.4	66.1	67.3	68.5	68.9	69.7	70.5	71.3	72	73.2	74.4
			English	519	23-51	65	66.1	67.2	68.2	69	69.9	70.6	71.5	72.3	73.6	74.8
						+.4	0	+.1	+.3	-.1	-.2	-.1	-.2	-.3	-.4	-.4
		Female	American	1,854	16-26	58.7	59.5	60.8	61.6	62.4	63	63.8	64.6	65.4	66.5	67.7
			English	276	23-51	58.6	59.5	60.7	61.7	62.4	63	63.7	64.5	65.4	66.7	68
						+.1	0	+.1	-.1	0	0	+.1	+.1	0	-.2	-.3
Capacity of lungs	Cubic inches.	Male	American	1,113	16-26	170	180	200	210	220	230	250	260	270	290	310
			English	212	23-26	161	177	187	199	211	219	226	236	248	277	290
						+9	+3	+13	+11	+9	+11	+24	+24	+22	+13	+20
		Female	American	1,045	16-26	80	95	110	125	135	140	150	160	170	185	200
			English	277	23-26	92	102	115	124	131	138	144	151	164	177	186
						-12	-7	-5	+1	+4	+2	+6	+9	+6	+8	+14
Strength of forearms	Pounds	Male	American	2,112	16-26	44.7	50.7	59.5	64.7	68.8	72.8	77.3	83.8	86	97	103.6
			English	519	23-26	67	71	76	79	82	85	88	91	95	100	104
						-22.3	-20.3	-16.5	-17.3	-13.7	-12.2	-10.8	-7.2	-9	-3	-.4
		Female	American	1,923	16-26	26.5	29.8	35.3	38.6	41.9	44.1	47.4	50.7	55.1	60.6	65
			English	276	23-23	36	39	43	47	49	52	55	58	62	67	72
						-9.5	-9.2	-7.7	-8.4	-7.1	-7.9	-7.6	-7.3	-6.9	-6.4	-7

* A deduction of 10 pounds for clothing was made from the original weights of the English men and women.

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inches for the Americans and 6.9 inches for the English.

The figures indicating the capacity of lungs are much more favorable to the Americans than to the English. This may be due to a difference in the spirometers, although both were designed to register cubic inches, or it may be due to the fact that all of the American tests were made either without clothing or with that about the chest loosened. Here it will be noticed that the mean of the capacity of lungs is 11 cubic inches larger in the American male, while the mean for the same test is only 2 cubic inches larger in the American female. The difference, therefore, between the lung capacity of the men and women tested in America is much greater than the difference between the lung capacity of the two sexes in England—the former being represented by a difference of 90 cubic inches, while the latter show a difference of 81 cubic inches.

The figures indicating the strength of forearm would seem to show that the men and women of England have a better "grip" than those tested in America. It must be borne in mind, however, that the English figures give the test for the strongest arm, presumably the right, while the American figures indicate the average strength of both forearms. The difference between the mean of the American and English tests for strength of forearm in men is $12\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and that for the women of the two nationalities 7.9 pounds. The difference between the forearm strength tests of the sexes in America is 28.7 pounds, while 33 pounds are registered as the difference existing between the strength of forearm in the men and women in England. This is very interesting, but it would be much more gratifying and instructive if the same tests could be made with similarly constructed instruments, on a larger number of persons of the same age.

What are the practical lessons to be learned from these observations?

It must be noticed, I think, by all who have studied the charts and tables that women are physically inferior to men in almost every particular. The anthropometrist accounts for this difference from the fact that women are born smaller than men, grow more slowly after the age of fourteen, and complete their growth two years earlier. The biologist tells us that this earlier arrest of individual evolution in women is necessitated by the reservation of vital power to meet the cost of reproduction, whereas in man individual evolution continues until the physiological cost of self-maintenance very nearly balances what nutrition supplies. Hence the chief contrasts in bodily form, the masculine figure being distinguished from the feminine by the greater relative size of the parts which carry on external actions and entail physiological cost—the limbs, and those thoracic viscera which their activity immediately taxes; and hence, too, the physiological truth that throughout their lives women exhale smaller quanties of carbonic acid relatively to their weights than men do—showing that the evolution of energy is relatively less as well as absolutely less.

To these deductions of the biologist I cheerfully accede. We admit that woman has been retarded in her development to a certain extent by nature, but we are not prepared to believe that the necessary preparations for maternity have entailed such differences in strength and physical formation as exist at the present day between the two sexes. Throughout nature the female is not uniformly smaller than the male, for in many of the lower forms of life the reverse is true. In the more highly developed mammals, however, the male is generally the larger. Whether this is true of the whole human family has never been satisfactorily shown for want of sufficient data. Travellers have observed in the lower races of mankind a much greater similarity in physical characteristics of the sexes than exists in the highly civilized races. Certainly in those nations which are now called the most advanced the peculiar bodily formations which distinguish men from women are to-day well marked. But whether the physical characteristics which our civilized women are assuming and perpetuating are the ones best calculated to further their own development in the race and to advance the progress of humanity is a question worthy of grave consideration. I do not at this time in-

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tend to discuss the subject fully, or to use all the material at hand. My object is to call attention in a popular way to what appear to me to be serious defects in the physical structure of woman, and after reviewing the aggravating cause to suggest a remedy.

The principal characteristics of general form that distinguish women from men are smaller muscles, sloping shoulders, broader hips, and shorter legs. Of these characteristics the smaller muscles and shorter legs may be said to be embryonic, while the superior breadth of hips indicates a greater evolutionary advancement in this part of the body than has taken place in man. The constricted waist we must regard as a deformity artificially produced, and it may be likened to the cramped feet of the Chinese and the flattened heads of the Peruvians. Where the hips are broad in the male or female the waist will be naturally large if the muscles that connect the trunk with the pelvis have nothing to constrict them.

Since the hips of woman are much wider than those of men of the same stature we should expect to find the waist proportionally larger in women than in men. In women of the primitive ages there could have been no waist, and in some of the Indian tribes of the present time there is no evidence of the slightest bodily constriction in this region. What, then, is the primary cause of the narrow contracted waist as seen in woman throughout the civilized world to-day?

In the early history of the primitive races women were often subjected to the brutality of conquering tribes, and only lived at the mercy of men they were able to please. Through centuries of personal contact with merciless savages and bold, unscrupulous, and intensely egoistic men, women have acquired certain mental traits, such as the ability to please and the love of approbation, which have helped them to survive in the struggle for existence.

At the time of the worship of the beautiful by the Greeks, women quickly discerned the harmonious curves and symmetrical lines that received the approval of the men of that age, and they fashioned themselves accordingly. The ideals predominating at that time have been transmitted to us in marble and bronze, and illustrate the highest ideals of feminine beauty and loveliness of figure. As soon as the moral fibre of the Greeks grew lax the courtesans set the fashion, and in order to make the hips more prominent the graceful curve of the pelvis was gradually increased by constricting the waist with a many-layered girdle. This custom was then carried to such an extent that, according to Cerviotte, Hippocrates "vigorously reproached the ladies of Cos for too tightly compressing their ribs and thus interfering with their breathing powers." The custom was imitated by the Romans, and the works of Martial and Galen frequently allude to the unnaturally small waist of the women of their times. In fact, stays and breast-bands were regarded by Galen as the cause of many of the evils attributed to them at the present day.

This art of constricting the waist has flourished at different periods in different ages for the past three thousand years. The reason of the masses has been so warped and twisted on this subject in times gone by, that women have laced their children, and men, yes, even soldiers, the athletic defenders of a nation's welfare, have worn corsets to enhance the elegance of their figure. In thinking over the origin of this custom and the moral significance of it, we simply marvel at its prevalence in a civilized community.

From an anatomical point of view the tissues of a woman do not differ materially from the tissues of a man. The bones, muscles, arteries, and nerves are similarly constituted, and are governed by the same laws in their development. So, also, are the heart, lungs, stomach, and brain. Anything that will impair the function of an organ in one sex will certainly interfere with its action in the other. If you put a tight bandage around the waist of a man, the physiological functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs are for the time impaired and the man is unable to make more than two-thirds of the mental and physical exertion of which he is capable. When we reflect that woman has constricted her body for centuries, we believe that to this fashion alone is due

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much of her failure to realize her best opportunities for development, and through natural heritage to advance the mental and physical progress of the race. We are the more firmly convinced of this fact from the rapid advancement that women make in health, strength, and physical improvement under favorable circumstances. This would seem to indicate that their bodies had been held in arrears and were pining for freedom of movement and exercise.

In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart during exercise a dozen young women consented this summer to run 540 yards in their loose gymnasium garments, and then to run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was two minutes and thirty seconds for each person at each trial, and in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running the average heart impulse was 84 beats to the minute; after running the above-named distance the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute; the average natural waist girth being 25 inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to 24 inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 168 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race whose heart impulse was 160 beats per minute after a little exercise, even though there were not the slightest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear on this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system in women who force it to labor for over half their lives under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.

In order to ascertain the effect of tight clothing upon respiration, the spirometer was tried. The average natural girth of the chest over the ninth rib was 28 inches, and with corsets 26 inches. The average lung capacity when corsets were worn was 134 cubic inches; when the corsets were removed the test showed an average lung capacity of 167 cubic inches—a gain of 33 cubic inches. Who can estimate its value to the entire system? Why preach the gospel of fresh air to women who deliberately throw away 20 per cent. of it by the use of tight stays and corsets?

But there are other evils arising indirectly from this interference with the action of the heart and lungs. I refer to the malnutrition of all parts of the body in consequence of imperfect circulation. From long-continued observation, with the history of the individual before me, I have come to associate disproportionately large lower limbs with what is termed a feeble aspiration of the thorax. This means a failure of the heart and lungs to draw the blood back to the centre of the body. It tends to linger in the extremities through force of gravity; oxidation of the tissues is interfered with, and an accumulation of adipose below the waist is frequently the result. This tendency is much more common in women than in men. In my opinion this is largely due to the want of a sufficient aspiration of the thorax in consequence of the usual constriction about the waist. In some cases this accumulation of adipose in the lower extremities has become so excessive that the girth of the thighs actually exceeds the girth of the waist. It would hardly seem necessary to state to any one that a woman so formed is incapacitated not only for all gymnastic and athletic work, but for the common enjoyments of active life.

It is the symmetrical and proportionate development of parts, with adipose enough to cover the angles and hollows, that constitutes true beauty. This is the style of development that is likely to accompany the active gyrations of the première danseuse, the skater, and the lady fencer. It may be attained by such exercises as running, walking, rowing, swimming, tennis, or gymnastics where the lower limbs and body are actively used and the circulation and respiration are not impeded by tight clothing.

In the opinion of many physiologists the respiration of women is largely

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thoracic, in distinction from that of men and children, which is principally diaphragmatic or abdominal. On this ground many have argued that corsets do not necessarily interfere with respiration. I am of the opinion that this deduction of the physiologists is a mistake, and that the habit of thoracic breathing has been brought about by constricting the waist and lower ribs. This opinion is held by many observers in this country and in Europe.

The effect of tight clothing upon the functions of the stomach, liver, and other abdominal viscera has long been known to physicians, and their observations have been published at length. Could my fair readers know the importance of the organs compressed and displaced by the waist-band, and the part they play not only in administering to the welfare of the body, but in influencing thoughts and feelings and really enhancing life's pleasures, they would certainly need no argument to convince them that it would be worth while to give these agents a fair chance to perform the work that nature imposes upon them.

The proportion that the length of body bears to the length of legs is a matter of interest to scientific men as indicating the progress of evolution in the human race. According to Mr. Darwin short, weak legs are a Simian characteristic. In nearly all of the inferior races the bones of the legs are smaller and shorter and the muscles are wanting in strength and development as compared with the civilized races.

Mr. Spencer says that during the struggles between races, ever invading one another's localities, an advantage must have been gained by those having the legs somewhat developed at the expense of the body at large. In combat, the power exercised by arms and trunk is limited by the power of the legs to withstand the strain thrown upon them. Hence, apart from the advantages in locomotion, the stronger-legged races have tended to become, other things equal, dominant races. In the human species short legs are considered embryonic and characterize the infant stage.

In cases of arrested growth it is generally the legs that are undeveloped.

In another table (II.) we have the percentage of sitting height and of stretch of arms to total height, obtained from the measurements of about two thousand males and the same number of females, of the mean age of 20 years.

TABLE II.—*Showing the percentage of sitting height and stretch of arms to standing height, in both sexes, so arranged as to indicate the values surpassed and values unreached by the various percentages of the persons measured.*

Subject of measurement.	Sex.	95	90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	10	5
		5	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	95
Sitting height	Female	.506	.511	.516	.521	.524	.527	.531	.534	.539	.544	.549
	Male	.502	.505	.511	.516	.520	.522	.526	.529	.533	.538	.543
Stretch of arms	Female	.970	.979	.988	.997	1.003	1.008	1.013	1.019	1.029	1.038	1.045
	Male	.991	1.000	1.009	1.017	1.022	1.028	1.034	1.040	1.048	1.060	1.068

The table has been arranged in accordance with Mr. Galton's plan of showing the values surpassed and values unreached by various percentages of the persons measured. Thus, in the first column on the left of the table we find among the females 5 per cent. in whom the sitting height was $50\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. of the total height, and among the males 5 per cent. where the sitting height was $50\frac{2}{10}$ per cent. of the total height. In other words the ratio of the length of legs to the length of body in this class is nearly the same for both sexes, among the females being as 494 : 506, and among the men, as 498 : 502. If we look at the centre of the table, in the 50 per cent. column we find that the relative difference between the legs and body of the sexes is greater than at the 5 per cent. line; the figures showing that the ratio among the women of this class is as 473 : 527 and among the men, as 478 : 522. Passing to the right to the 95 per cent. class, we find that the percentage of sitting height to total height is still greater, and that the

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ratio of leg to body in the two sexes is as 451 : 549 and 457 : 543. It would not be safe to conclude that this change in the ratio of sitting height to total height uniformly accompanies increase in stature as might be inferred from the arrangement of the figures in the percentage columns. As a matter of fact we frequently find persons of both sexes who are of small stature with long legs and a short body, or of large stature with short legs and a long body. The ratio which the lower limbs bear to the trunk in a large number of men and women of the same height is yet to be determined. The figures would seem to refute the opinion of the English anthropologist that the ratio of height sitting to height standing is uniform in men up to 6 feet, and to establish conclusively that in both sexes increase of stature is accompanied by a greater increase in length of leg compared with length of body. The relative gain, however, in length of leg is shown to be much greater in women than in men, as the total height increases.

In comparing the percentage of the stretch of arms to the stature in the same table we find that the relation of the two measurements in the two sexes curiously differs. Here it will be seen that among men the stretch of arms of only 10 per cent. of those measured was less than the total height, while among women over 35 per cent. of them showed an arm-stretch less than the height. As a general rule the arms increase in length with the legs, and a gain in one part is usually accompanied by a gain in the other. But in this instance, though the arm-stretch tends to exceed the height in both sexes as the stature advances, it would seem that the relative gain in stretch of arms to height was greater in men than in women. From my observations I am inclined to the belief that where the length of legs and arms of women are above the average of their sex, this advantage is largely inherited from the father. But why should the limbs of the average woman be shorter than the limbs of the average man? Is there anything in the physiological function peculiar to women that should call for this difference? Increased weight of body and prolonged standing during the formative period of the bones of the legs might hinder their rate of growth, as is seen in factory children and those who are compelled to be on their feet in constrained positions for most of the day. But it is hardly probable that such a cause should have extended its influence so far.

Here again to woman's peculiar mode of dress and to the many constraints to which she has been subjected for centuries, we must look for the constant factors that have tended to retard her development. The most powerful agents in giving shape to the bony framework and accelerating its growth and development are the muscles that are attached to it. Muscles grow large and vigorous from use, and from disuse become weak, flabby, and relaxed. If the muscles are inactive the nutrition of the bones to which they are connected will be impaired. Put a restriction around the waist of a boy or girl so that the arms cannot be raised above the head, or issue an edict that the legs shall never be raised above a certain angle, and you will as certainly retard the growth and development of the limbs of your boy and girl as you would the limbs of a tree similarly interfered with. Remove the restriction from the waist of the boy and place still another around the legs of the girl, merely to remind her that she is a girl, and in a year or two you will find a difference in their development. The arms and legs of the boy will be stronger and longer, and the muscles of his chest, shoulders, and back increased in size from frequent practice in rowing, ball-playing, running, jumping, and such general gymnastics as boys indulge in. If the girl were allowed to enjoy the same privileges she would realize the same physical advantages to just such an extent as her clothes would render it possible for nature to work upon her body.

On the other hand, through a too rigid regard for the proprieties that must be observed just to remind the girl of her sex (as though her whole life afterward was not to be a continual reminder of it), the young lady will probably not touch a ball, or row, run, swim, or enter the gymnasium. As a consequence she will probably not enjoy the physical and mental advantages of these invigorat-

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ing exercises, but she will have relatively shortened limbs, a weak back, drooping head, flat chest and all the mental and nervous characteristics of a girl wanting a good physical tone.

Should girls and boys then engage in the same exercises? Up to ten years of age any exercise that will be beneficial to a boy will be just as valuable to a girl. Between ten and fourteen years of age girls should take lighter exercise with more frequent intervals of rest. After that age it is simply a question of time, amount, and degree rather than of quality. As a general rule girls need more muscle-making exercise than they get, not so much for the sake of acquiring greater strength, as for the influence that well-developed muscles have upon the brain, nerve-centres, and other parts of the system. For this reason many of the so-called calisthenic movements do not meet the demands of the female organism. They weary and exhaust without giving sufficient compensation in return. These matters can safely be left to the judgment of a well-trained teacher.

One hour's physical exercise, however, even though it be of the best kind and under the most favorable circumstances, will not make amends for ten to fourteen hours of unfavorable treatment. The girl's corsets must be taken off, in order that the heart, lungs, stomach, and viscera may have an opportunity to build up the body with the new material that will come to it as a result of the exercise, and to eliminate the old broken-down tissue from the system.

Appropriate exercise for the waist will soon reduce superfluous flesh, and healthy muscle will take the place of the corsets in supporting the bust and giving uprightness to the figure.

Tight sleeves that interrupt the circulation in the arms should never be worn in exercising; and those who are ambitious to realize a good muscular development in the arms can afford to dispense with sleeves altogether.

As to skirts—what shall we say of them? They have hampered the progress of civilized women for three thousand years. If they must be worn let them be reduced to the minimum in number if not in thickness, so as to restrict the free movement of the limbs as little as possible. The lower garments should be fastened to a waist so that the support shall come from the hips at the rim of the pelvis, and not from the shoulders. If the waist jacket is properly made it will support the abdominal walls in front, and not allow the weight of the garments to drag on these parts, as is generally the case in garments supported from the waist.

During exercise the skirt should be worn to the knee, or should be exchanged for the bloomer costume, such as is now in use in the college gymnasia for women.

The common-sense garments that are now being worn by hundreds of young ladies throughout the land who are practising and teaching physical exercises, are having a great influence in bringing about the much-needed dress reform. The girl of athletic taste finds much enjoyment in garments that allow her plenty of air to breathe and freedom of movement.

But why waste so much time and energy in talking about the physical development of women? Do they not already outnumber the men in the civilized world? and are they expected to engage in occupations requiring great muscular strength or exertion? My first answer would be that, for their own sakes, they ought to have an equal chance with men for realizing the full perfection of their being. If physical training is necessary to secure the best types of men, it is equally important as an agent toward securing the fullest development of women.

Furthermore, most men are engaged in the struggle for material gains, and are obliged to confine themselves to efforts prescribed for them by the division of labor. The tendencies of our civilization is to warp, twist, and belittle men with the stamp of their occupation. Leisure for physical culture for its own sake can only come with increase of wealth, and this will ever be in the possession of the minority.

At the present time women as a class have more leisure than men for self-improvement, and we must look to them to help on the higher evolution of mind and body, not only in perfecting them-

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selves, but in helping to perfect others. Already three-fourths of the school-teaching force in the United States is composed of women, and they will soon be in the majority as instructors in physical training. The gospel of fresh air and physical improvement is being slowly imbibed by our best families, and the stock of fine specimens of physical womanhood is slowly and steadily improving. When the young women throughout the land shall have felt the influence of this new religion, and become thoroughly aroused to the importance of making the most of themselves in body as well as in mind we shall not only elevate the average mental and physical condition of the masses, and so raise the athletic standard, but we shall be much more likely than at the present time to produce a few of the intellectual giants that are needed to grapple with the great problems of our complex civilization.

OLD VAUXHALL GARDENS.

By Austin Dobson.

In gay *Vauxhall* now saunter beaux and belles,
And happier cits resort to Sadler's Wells.

THUS sings one of Sylvanus Urban's poets, in the year of grace 1754, describing the pleasures of spring in the London of George the Second. There is "the least little touch of spleen" in the epithet "happier"—an epithet probably suggested by the not very profound observation that the middle classes as a rule took their pleasures less sadly than mere persons of quality. But the social distinction implied between the fashionable gardens on the Surrey side of the water and the more popular place of entertainment to which the tired dyer and his fat wife are trudging wearily in Hogarth's *Evening* is practically preserved in the advertisements to be found between May and October in the newspapers of the time. Sadler's Wells is specific in its attractions—its burletta or its rope-dancer; Vauxhall, on the contrary, with a disdainful reticence—a *superbia quæsita meritis* befitting the "genuine and only Jarley"—shortly sets forth that its "Evening Entertainments" will begin on such a date, that the price of admission is one shilling, and that the doors will be open at five. After this notification it continued, at rare intervals, to repeat that the gardens were at the service of the public, but made no more definite sign. Obviously the thing to do was to go. With the help of a few old prints it is proposed to invite the reader to make that expedition, and to revive, if it may be, some memory of a place, the traces of which are strewn broadcast over the literature of the last century. It is true that Vauxhall Gardens survived to a date much later than this. But it was Vauxhall "with a difference," and the Vauxhall here intended is Vauxhall in its prime, between 1750 and 1790—the Vauxhall of Walpole and the "Connoisseur," of Beau Tibbs and the pawnbroker's widow, of Fielding's *Amelia* and Fanny Burney's *Evelina*.

Medallion in Lead, from the Statue of Handel by Roubiliac, formerly in Vauxhall Gardens, now in the Possession of the Rev.d D.r Jonathan Eyre Barrett.

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In 1750, the customary approach to this earthly paradise was still along that silent highway of the Thames over which, nearly forty years before, Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator had been rowed by the wooden-legged waterman who had fought at La Hogue. There was, indeed, a bridge built or being built at Westminster, but more than half a century was to elapse before there was another at Vauxhall. This little preliminary boating-party, especially to the accompaniment of French horns, must have been one of the delights of the journey, although, if we are to believe a Gallic poet who, in 1769, addressed a copy of verses upon *Le Vauxhall de Londres* to M. de Fontenelle, "*le trajet du fleuve fatal*" was not without its terrors to would-be visitors. Goldsmith's Mrs. Tibbs, at all events, had "a natural aversion to the water," and when Mr. Matthew Bramble went, in 1771 or thereabouts, he went by coach for fear of cold, while the younger and bolder spirits of his party took ship from Ranelagh in "a wherry so light and slender" that, says poetical Miss Lydia Melford, they looked "like fairies sailing in a nutshell." They were four in the boat, she nevertheless adds, besides the oarsman; and if, instead of antiquarian documents this paper were to be illustrated by fancy pictures, the artist's attention might be particularly invited to that very fantastic fairy, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, who, we are told, "with her rumpt gown and petticoat, her scanty curls, her lappet-head, deep triple ruffles and high stays" was (in Lady Griskin's opinion) "twenty good years behind the fashion." What the waterman charged, Miss Lydia does not tell us, but he probably asked more than his ordinary fare for so exceptional a cargo. The old rates shown in the "Court and City Registers" of the time are, however, moderate enough. From Whitehall Stairs, the favorite starting place, the cost of a pair of oars was sixpence; from the Temple eightpence. For sculls you paid no more than half.

When, after passing Lambeth Palace on the left—and possibly undergoing from neighboring boats some of those flowers of rhetoric to which Johnson once so triumphantly retorted—you reached Vauxhall Stairs, your experiences were, in all probability, still those of Lydia Melford and her friends. There would be the same crush of wherries and confusion of tongues at the landing-place, and the same crowd of mud-larks and loafers would come rushing into the water to offer their unsolicited (but not gratuitous) services. Once free of these, a few steps would bring you to the unimposing entrance of the garden—a gate or wicket in the front of an ordinary-looking house. Here you either exhibited your ticket, or paid your shilling, hurried (not without a throb of anticipation) down a darkened passage, and then, if you were as young and unsophisticated as Fanny Bolton in *Pendennis*, probably uttered an involuntary exclamation of wonder as, with a sudden sound of muffled music, the illuminated enclosure burst upon your view. There seems to be no doubt as to the surprise—heightened of course by the mean approach, and the genuine fascination of this first impression. The tall elms and sycamores, with the colored lamps braced to the tree-trunks or twinkling through the leaves, the long ranges of alcoves with their seductive supper-tables, the brightly lighted temples and pavilions, the fading vistas and the ever-changing groups of pleasure-seekers, must all have combined to form a whole which fully justified the enthusiasm of contemporaries, even if it did not, in the florid language of the old guide-books, exactly "furnish the pen of a sublime and poetic genius with inexhaustible scenes of luxuriant fancy."

The general disposition of the gardens, which covered about ten acres, was extremely simple and, in Miss Burney's opinion, even "formal." Opposite you as you entered, was the Grand Walk extending the entire length of the garden for a distance of 900 feet, and terminated, at the farther end, by a gilded statue of Aurora, apparently "tip-toe on the mountain tops." For this was afterwards substituted "a grand gothic obelisk," at the corners of which were painted a number of slaves chained, and over them the inscription :—

SPECTATOR
FASTIDIOSUS
SIBI MOLESTUS.

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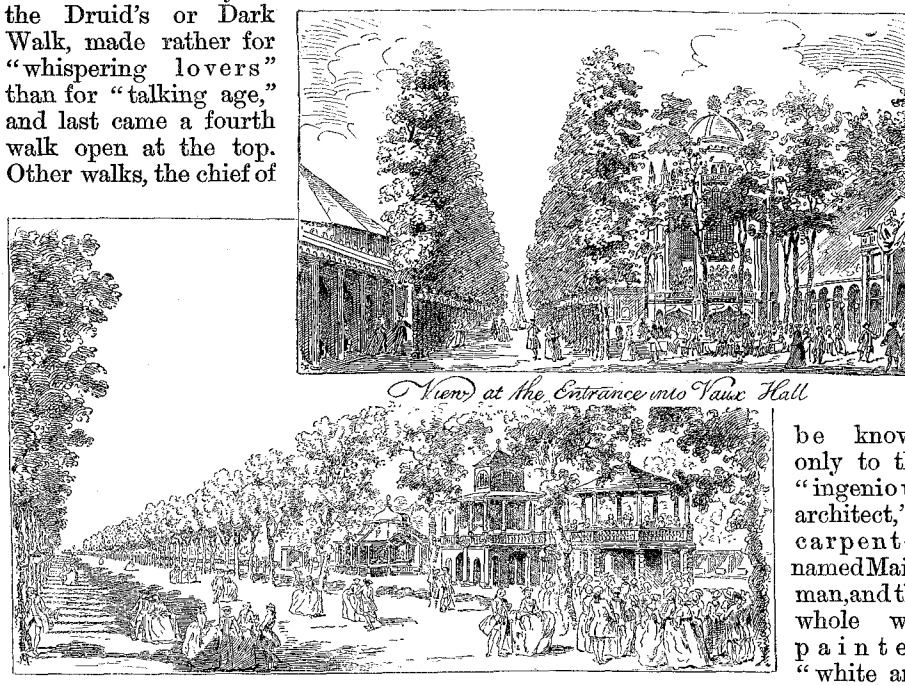
Beyond the end of this walk was a *ha-ha* which separated the gardens from the hayfields then adjoining it. Parallel to the Grand Walk ran the South Walk with its triumphal arches; next to this again was the covered alley known indifferently as the Druid's or Dark Walk, made rather for "whispering lovers" than for "talking age," and last came a fourth walk open at the top. Other walks, the chief of which was the Cross Walk, traversed the garden from side to side; and in the quadrangle formed by the Grand Walk, the Cross Walk, the South Walk, and the remaining side of the grounds, [See p. 193] was a space of about five acres. This, which lay to the right of the entrance, was known as The Grove.



A View of the Grand Walk in Vauxhall, taken from the Entrance.—The Orchestra.
(From old prints.)

The chief feature of The Grove was its open air orchestra, at first no more than the modest structure shown in Canaletti's print of 1750, and bearing the unambitious title of the "rustic music house." But about 1758, this made way for a much more ornate building "in the Gothic manner," having, like its predecessor, pavilions beneath for the accommodation of supper parties. Above, it contained a magnificent organ, in front of which, encircling an open space for the singers, were ranged the seats and desks of the musicians. This second orchestra, which was lavishly ornamented with niches and carvings, was surmounted by the ostrich plumes of the Prince of Wales. The decorations were modelled in a composition said to be known only to the "ingenious architect," a carpenter named Maidman, and the whole was painted "white and bloom color." Immediately behind the orchestra was a building described as "a Turkish tent," with a carved blue and gold dome supported on eight internal Ionic, and twelve external Doric columns. This was profusely embellished, both within and without, by rich festoons of flowers. A good idea of the orchestra in its renovated form may be gathered from the little plate by Wale, here copied, in which the supper-tables are shown laid out in front. These for a long time were covered with red baize, an arrangement that added greatly to the general effect, which was enhanced by arches of colored lamps and other contrivances. There is a tinted design by Rowlandson—one indeed of his most popular efforts—depicting a motley group in front of the orchestra during the performance of a favorite songstress, and numbering among the crowd of

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listeners the Prince of Wales and Perdita. But its unusually large size would make reproduction difficult, even if it were not, as it is, a little too late for the period here concerned.

The musical performances in the orchestra generally began at six. At first they were wholly instrumental, and confined to "sonatas and concertos." In time, however, songs were added to the programme; and later still, in 1775, these were diversified by catches and glees, which generally came in the middle and at the end of the sixteen pieces to which the entertainment was restricted. Before the introduction of glees and catches, it was the practice to wind up with a duet or trio, accompanied by a chorus. In the old Vauxhall song-books may be studied the species of lyric which was trilled or quavered nightly from the Gothic temple in the Grove. There is not much variety in these hymns to "Jem of Aberdovey" or "Kate of Aberdare," and the prevailing tone is abjectly sentimental. A favorite form was the "Rondeau," a much more rudimentary production than the little French plaything now known by that name, and characterized chiefly by its immoderate use of the refrain.

"Tarry awhile with me, my Love,
O tarry awhile with me."

This is the artless burden of one of the "celebrated Roundelays" sung at Vauxhall by the celebrated Mrs. Bland to the music of the equally celebrated Mr. Hook, and the "young Shepherd by Love sore opprest, When the Maid of his heart he fondly addrest" can scarcely be acquitted of needless iteration. But the music was often of a much higher kind, and the beautiful Shakespearean songs of Arne, "When daisies pied" and "Where the bee sucks," or "Water parted," from the same composer's Opera of *Artaxerxes*, alternated occasionally with the more popular ditties which delighted the average listener. Hook, who was organist for upward of forty years, and Arne, who often conducted, were the most assiduous composers. Among the female singers were many vocal celebrities of the last century, Mrs. Vincent and Miss Brent (of whom Goldsmith writes in *The Bee*), the above-named Mrs. Bland (*blandior Orpheo!*), Mrs. Weichsell, fair mother of the fairer Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Mountain; and for men, Denman, Vernon, the "great Dignum," and the famous tenor Beard, whose name, as well as that of one of his gentler colleagues, survives in Churchill's hectoring couplets:

"Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To BRITONS far more noble pleasures spring
In native notes while BEARD and VINCENT sing."

The poet of the *Rosciad* himself, it may be added, was one of the constant frequenters of the garden, where he was wont to appear, not in clerical black, as in the pit of Drury Lane, but resplendent in a blue coat, white silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles, and a gold-laced hat.

The "native notes" of the Orchestra, however, could only be comfortably enjoyed in fine weather. When it rained (and the eighteenth century had no immunity in this respect), the company, like Mr. Bramble, took shelter in the Rotunda [p. 194]. This, first built about 1750, was a large circular room, standing nearly opposite to the Orchestra, and entered through a colonnade to the left of the Grand Walk. It was freely furnished with busts, mirrors, sconces, and the like. But its chief glory was its roof, known popularly as "the umbrella," and specially constructed for musical purposes. Profusely ornamented with gilding and festoons, it seems to have presented something of the appearance of a large fluted shell. When the "new music room," as it was at first called, was erected, the organ and orchestra it contained fronted the entrance through the colonnade in the Grove. By and by these were moved to the left, so as to face a new room which was added to the Rotunda, and ran forward into the garden at the back of the colonnade, parallel to the Grove. This room or saloon, supported by elaborate columns, and lighted from two cupolas painted with gods and goddesses, must have added considerably to the attractions of the Rotunda when entered through it. In course of time the spaces between

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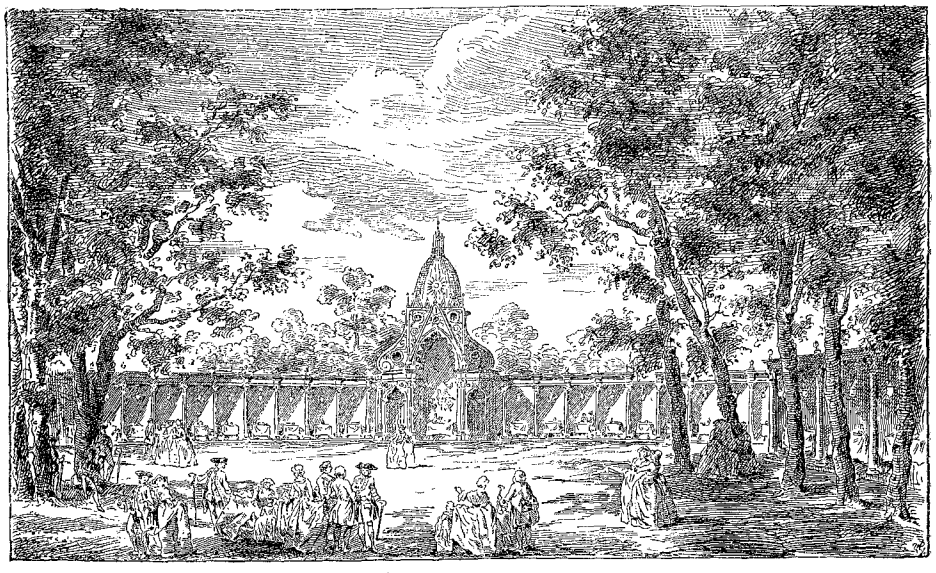
the side-columns were filled with large pictures representing national subjects, from the brush of Hogarth's friend, the history-painter, Frank Hayman. In one, Britannia distributed laurels to Lord Granby and other distinguished officers; in another, Clive received the homage of the Nabob; in the third, Neptune rejoiced over Hawke's victory of 1759. But the best known, and the first finished of the group—it was exhibited in 1761—was the surrender of Montreal to Amherst. Whether copies of these still exist is not clear, but, to judge from its effect upon a simple young German pastor, this last, at all events, must have had its merits. "Among the paintings," says Moritz in his "Travels through Several Parts of England, in 1782," "one represents the surrender of a besieged city. If you look at this painting with attention, for any length of time, it affects you so much, that you even shed tears. The expression of the greatest distress, even bordering on despair, on the part of the besieged, the fearful expectation of the uncertain issue, and what the victor will determine concerning those unfortunate people, may all be read so plainly and so naturally in the countenances of the inhabitants who are imploring for mercy, from the hoary head to the suckling whom his mother holds up, that you quite forget yourself, and in the end scarcely believe it to be a painting before you."

The new saloon was entered through a Gothic portal or temple, which contained portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, and also formed the starting-point of a semi-circular piazza or colonnade that swept round to a similar terminal temple at the end of the arc. Between these two, in the middle of the semi-circle, was a higher central structure denominated in old prints the Temple of Comus. This is said (rather vaguely) to have been "embellished with rays," and had above it a large star or sun, which, from the description, would seem to have been illuminated at night. Inside, it was painted with a composition "in the Chinese taste" representing Vulcan catching Mars and Venus in the historical net, the painter being named, not inappropriately, Risquet. The two pavilions or alcoves immediately adjoining also contained pictures. To the right a lady and gentleman were shown entering Vauxhall; to the left was a (presumably) emblematic design of "Friendship, on the grass,



A View of the Temple of Comus in Old Vauxhall.
(From a print published in 1753.)

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drinking." Other boxes fitted for the accommodation of supper-parties, but having no pictorial decorations, extended on either side of the Temple of Comus.

One of the terminal temples, as already stated, served as the porch to the new saloon; its fellow at the farther end ultimately formed the entrance to a famous and popular entertainment mentioned in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," and known indifferently as the "Waterworks" or the "Cascade." Some of the earlier references to this, or to the earliest form of this, are more or less contemptuous, as the *World*, the *Connoisseur* and the *Gray's Inn Journal* all speak of it slightingly as the "Tin Cascade." But it must have been greatly improved as time went on. Here is Pastor Moritz's description of it in 1782. "Latish in the evening, we were entertained with a sight, that is indeed singularly curious and interesting. In a particular part of the garden, a curtain was drawn up, and by means of some mechanism, of extraordinary ingenuity, the eye and the ear are so completely deceived, that it is not easy to persuade one's self it is a deception; and that one does not actually see and hear a natural waterfall from a high rock." The next sentence adds a characteristic detail. "As every one was flocking to this scene in crowds, there arose, all at once, a loud cry of 'Take care of your pockets.' This informed us, but too clearly, that there were some pickpockets among the crowd, who had already made some fortunate strokes." Ten years later, still many other details and effects must have been added, since the descriptions speak of representations of trees blown by the wind, of thatches torn off, of wagons and troops of soldiers crossing bridges, etc. By this time, in fact, it was a monster "moving picture" of the kind which Pinchbeck and Fawkes were in the habit of exhibiting at Bartholomew Fair. But in Goldsmith's day it was still in the elementary stage described by Sylvanus Urban in 1765—of "water flowing down a declivity, rising up in a foam at the bottom, and then gliding away." This was the so-called "Waterworks" of which, to her not unnatural disgust, the pawnbroker's widow "in green damask," immortalized in the "Citizen of the World" was defrauded by the inopportune vocalization of Mrs. Tibbs. The company—it will be remembered—were in a supper-box at Vauxhall Gardens, and the little beau's wife was regaling the guests with a melody to which they were hearkening with far more politeness than good will. "In this mortifying situation (proceeds Lien Chi Altangi) we had continued for some time listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us that the water-works were going to begin. At this information, I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but, correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs who had seen the water-works an hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had she the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and she seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life or high-lived company ever after: Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing and we continued to listen, till at last when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over! 'The water-works over!' cried the widow, 'the water-works over already? that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!' 'It is not my business,' replied the fellow, 'to contradict your ladyship, I'll run again and see.' He went and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress, she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns."

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Beyond the terminal temple which served as the approach to the waterworks a sweep of pavilions led back to the Grand Walk. In the last of these was a picture of Gay's "Black Eyed Susan," taken apparently at that affecting moment when, returning to shore from her faithful William, she "waved her lily hand." A little higher the Grand Walk was intersected at right angles by the Grand Cross Walk, which, as already stated, traversed the gardens. To the right this was terminated by the Druid's Walk and a statue of Apollo; to the left, by one of the favorite illusions of the place, a large painting representing ruins and running water. In this part of the garden, as far as it is possible to make it out from the descriptions, extending on the left towards the bottom, were, on one side, a wilderness, on the other rural downs "with several little eminences . . . after the manner of a Roman camp." These were "covered with turf, and pleasingly interspersed with cypress, fir, yew, cedar, and tulip trees." On one of these heights, the attentive spectator soon discovered, like Pastor Moritz, the statue of Milton (in lead) by the celebrated Roubiliac, "and seated on a rock, in an attitude listening to soft music, as described by himself, in his "Il Penseroso." At night this statue was lighted with lamps. From the downs, say the old guide-books, you had a good view of Lambeth, Westminster, and St. Paul's. It was in this part of the garden, from some of the bushes of the Roman camp, that proceeded the subterranean entertainment known as the "Fairy Music." But this "lodging on the cold ground"—to quote the old Caroline song—was found prejudicial to the instruments (probably also to the instrumentalists) and it was ultimately discontinued.

If, turning your back upon the picture of ruins and running water, you followed the Cross Walk behind the pavilions which formed the north side of the Grove, you came upon the South Walk, which ran parallel to the Grand Walk. The specialty of this promenade was its "three splendid triumphal arches" [p. 193], and its statue of Handel. The vista through the arches was, at first, closed by a pictorial representation of the Ruins of Palmyra. But the simulated ruins themselves grew ruinous, and finally made way for "a noble view of architecture designed by Sandby [no doubt Hogarth's enemy of that name], and painted by Mortimer." At night the same painter's work was exhibited in the form of an illuminated transparency. Where the South Walk ran parallel to the right side of the Grove was a further range of pavilions, part of which formed a semicircle shaded in front by lofty trees. In the centre of this semicircle stood, for some time, the cynosure of Vauxhall, Roubiliac's statue of Handel, rather less than life-size, in the character of Orpheus playing on his lyre [p. 185]. It was, however, frequently moved, and its different positions are a source of considerable mystification to the student of the old prints of the place. In 1744, according to Smith's "Nollekens," it had its habitat "under an inclosed lofty arch, surrounded by a figure [of St. Cecilia] playing the violoncello, attended by two boys, and it was then screened from the weather by a curtain, which was drawn up when the visitor arrived." In Canaletti's view of six years later it is disporting itself in the open, as above described; but after the new Gothic Orchestra was erected, it seems to have returned to its original retreat, and later still had found an asylum in a new supper-room which was added to the Rotunda. Bartolozzi is credited with a fine engraving of this statue, which was the first work Roubiliac carved in England, but the print has escaped us. The statue is also said to have been specially "approved of by Mr. Pope;" and it may be added that the ears, which, as becoming a composer, were especially beautiful, were modelled from those of the daughter of the patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, the Miss Rich of whom Hogarth has left so charming a portrait. From the descriptions of critics, the statue must nevertheless have been a reposeless and somewhat "tortured" performance. It did not always remain at Vauxhall, and ultimately passed into the keeping of the descendants of the proprietor of the garden, where we need no further follow its fortunes.

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As already stated, each of the four sides of the quadrangle which enclosed the Grove was occupied by pavilions, alcoves, or booths fitted up for the accommodation of supper-parties. These were of varying importance, since we are expressly told, in the "Citizen of the World," that some were more "genteel" than others, and that those in that "very focus of public view" affected by Goldsmith's Beau and his lady were appropriated more or less by persons of quality. The one that fronted the Orchestra was larger than the rest, having been specially built for Frederick, Prince of Wales. It was decorated by Hayman with paintings from "The Tempest," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Henry V.," and had behind it a handsome drawing-room.

The mention of the decorations in the Prince of Wales's pavilion recalls one of the traditional attractions of the gardens, the pictures in the other supper-boxes. A story which has always seemed to us a little mythical, traces the suggestion of these to Hogarth, and, upon the precedent of the ingenious M. Josse, nothing indeed could be more appropriate than that a painter should put forward paintings as an indispensable method of adornment. But one of the earliest and most trustworthy of the guides—the "Sketch of the Spring Gardens Vauxhall: In a Letter to a Noble Lord"—seems to imply that Hayman was the true originator in this matter. It is certain, however, that Hogarth contributed specimens of his own works to the cause, and that others were copied. According to Nichols, his first annotator, Hayman reproduced the Four Times of the Day for Vauxhall, and in 1782 two of these, Evening and Night, were still there, and must have been seen by Pastor Moritz, while in the portico of the Rotunda was an unquestioned picture from Hogarth's own brush, Henry VIIIth and Anna Bullen, names which, it is whispered, but thinly veiled the likenesses of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his mistress, Anne Vane, not to be confused with the notorious "Lady of Quality" of the same surname in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." Another work claimed as Hogarth's when, years after, obscured by dirt and slashed by sandwich knives, the relics of the gallery came to the hammer, was Harper and Mrs. Clive (then Miss Raftor) as *Jobson the Cobbler* and his wife *Nell* in Coffey's farce of "The Devil to Pay; or, the Wives Metamorphosed" [p. 196]; but this, as well as a *genre* picture called The Wapping Landlady [p. 195], in which a short-trousered tar of the Tom Bowling era is deliberately executing a marine *pas seul* in the parlor of a waterside alehouse, with the aid of a whangee, is plainly attributed to Hayman in the old prints published by Sayer, copies of which are here given. It is probable also that Hayman had the chief hand in Mademoiselle Catherina [p. 198], a diminutive lady whose history has escaped the chroniclers, and Building Houses with Cards [p. 197], although the two children in the latter have certainly a look of his more illustrious contemporary. But, on the whole, it may be concluded that there was little of Hogarth's original work among the sea-fights, popular games (*e.g.* the ancient pastimes of "Bob Cherry" and "Hot Cockles") and the other engaging compositions which delighted the simple soul of the pawnbroker's widow and disgusted the eclectic Mr. Tibbs, full of Grisoni and the grand *contorno*. But Hogarth's picture in the Rotunda portico, coupled with his permission to reproduce his other works, would be ground enough to justify the gold ticket *In perpetuam Beneficii memoriam* with which he was presented by the grateful proprietor. This ticket, which admitted "a coachful," that is, six persons, was, in 1808, in the possession of the painter's niece, Mary Lewis, in whose arms he died. It had passed into other hands in 1825, when, with half a dozen silver tickets, all said to be struck from Hogarth's designs, and including among the rest that of George Carey, the author of many Vauxhall songs, it was engraved for Wilkinson [p. 199].

The greater part of the literary memories of Vauxhall Gardens cluster round these gaily painted boxes from which, at some moment of their careers, most of the notabilities of the day had taken their view of "many-colored life." Churchill we have already seen there in his habit as he lived; and Collins is said to have divided his attentions between Vauxhall and the playhouses. Goldsmith and Reynolds, we know, were fre-

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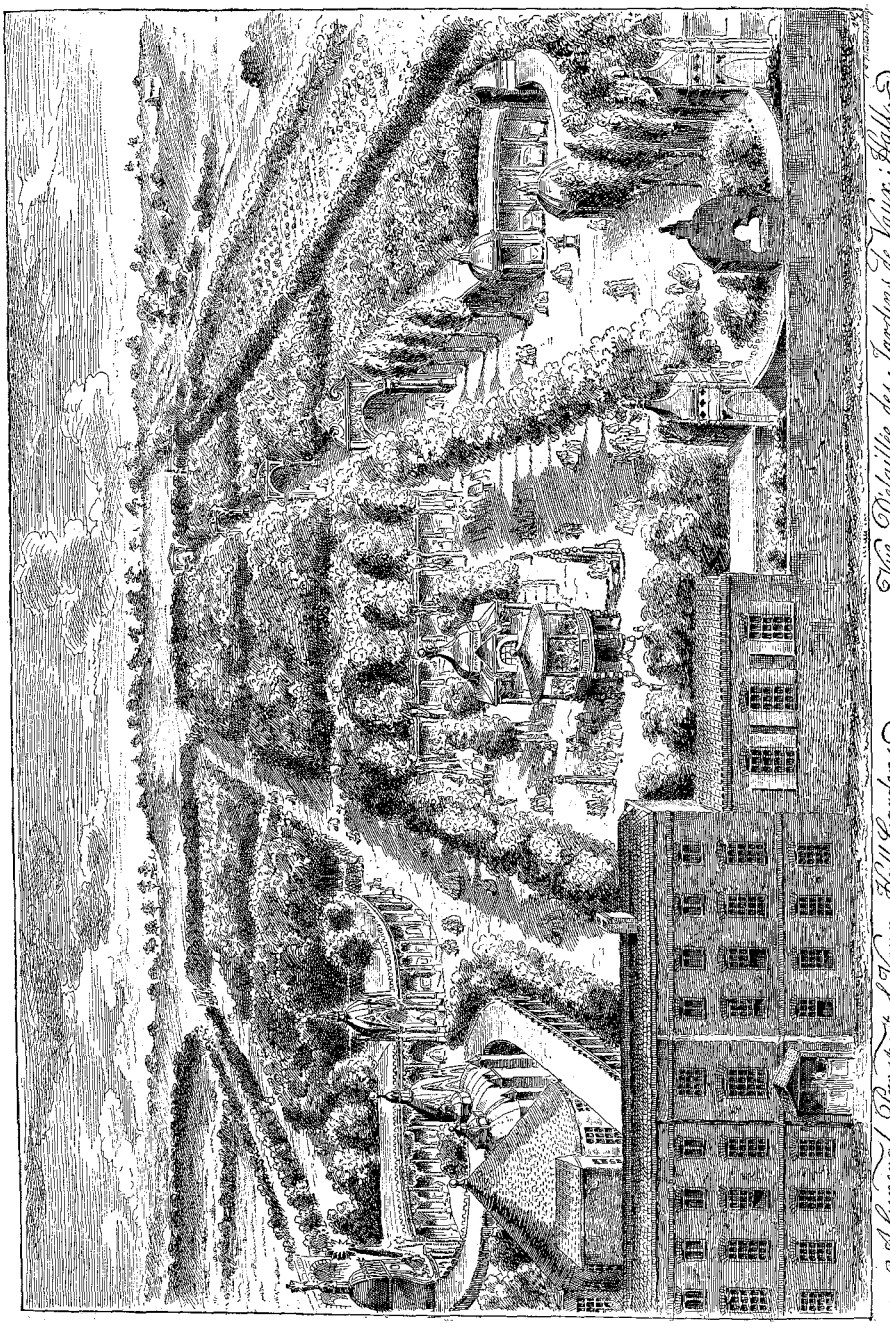

A General Prospect of Vaux Hall Gardens. Vue Detaillée des Jardins de Vaux Hall.

(From a print after a painting by Wale.)

quent visitors; Johnson, according to Dr. Maxwell, was more partial to Ranelagh. It is in the "proud alcoves of Vauxhall" that Fielding places one of the scenes of "Amelia," prefacing it with a handsome compliment to the extreme "elegance" and "beauty" of the place. The account of the rudeness which his heroine and her party suffered from *Captain Trent* and his companions is scarcely separable from its context, although it conveys a graphic idea, confirmed

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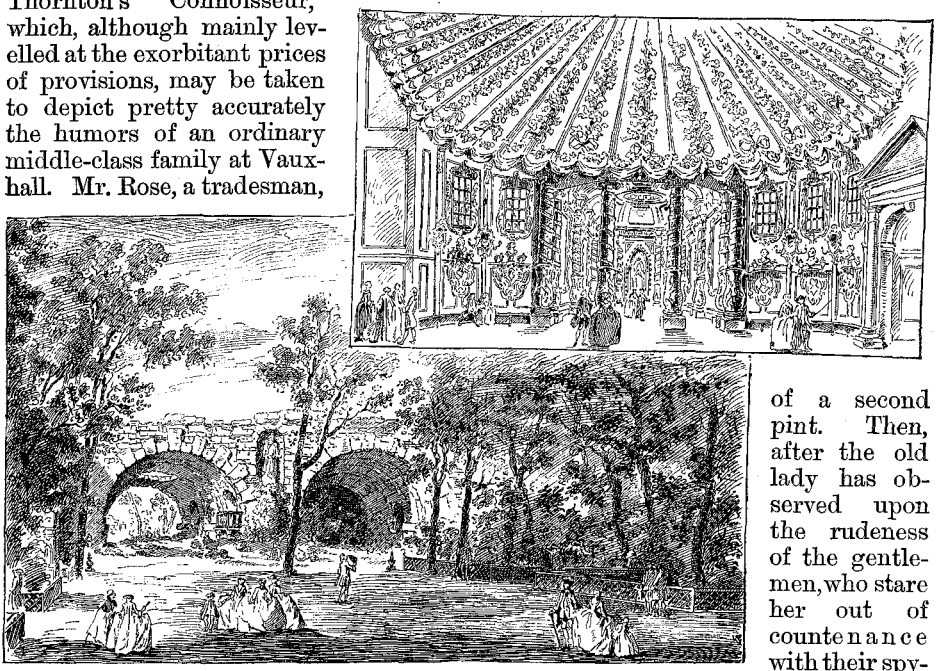
by other records, of the annoyances to which the more peaceable visitors were occasionally exposed at the hands of the Georgian man about town. But there is a pen-and-ink picture in Colman and Thornton's "Connoisseur," which, although mainly levelled at the exorbitant prices of provisions, may be taken to depict pretty accurately the humors of an ordinary middle-class family at Vauxhall. Mr. Rose, a tradesman, his wife and his two daughters, make the turn of the place, and then sit down to supper. "Do let us have a chick, papa," says one of the young ladies. Papa replies that "they are half a crown apiece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Thereupon he is very properly rebuked by his wife for stinginess. "When one is out upon pleasure" (she says), "I love to appear like somebody; and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?" So the chick is ordered, and brought. And then ensues a dialogue between the cit and the waiter, in which the former, from the price of the sample before him, ironically estimated the price of an entire Vauxhall ham to be about £24, and after being decorated by his wife with a clean handkerchief by way of bib, proceeds to eat, saying at every mouthful, "There goes two pence—there goes three pence—there goes a groat." Beef and tarts, which are also freely criticised, follow, and finally Mr. Rose calls for a bottle of port, the size of which does not escape invidious comparisons, although the contents have the effect of soothing the critic into the unwonted extravagance of a second pint. Then, after the old lady has observed upon the rudeness of the gentlemen, who stare her out of countenance with their spy-glasses, and the younger girl is speculating whether, if she buys the words of the last new song, she can carry home the tune, arrives the reckoning, which is exactly thirteen and two pence. The last glimpse we get of the little party shows them leaving the gardens in a shower, the wife and daughters with their skirts thrown over their heads, and paterfamilias with his flapped hat tied round with a pocket handkerchief, his coat buttoned to save his laced waistcoat, and his wife's cardinal spread wrong side out over his shoulders to save his coat. So they sally out to their hack—he lamenting half humorously, half ruefully, that he might have spent his evening at Sot's Hole for four pence halfpenny, whereas Vauxhall, with the coach hire, will have cost him "almost a pound." In the *Wits' Magazine* for 1784 you may see the whole group depicted to the life after the broad ungentle fashion of the time.



View of the Centre Cross Walk (1751).—Interior of the Rotunda (1752).

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That the cost of the refreshments was a fertile topic of discussion is—to cite but one of many witnesses—confirmed by Miss Burney in "Evelina," and the popular legend that an expert Vauxhall carver could cover the entire garden (eleven acres) with slices from one ham may be accepted as corroborative evidence. Old frequenters, indeed, pre-

"The Wapping Landlady."
(From a painting in Old Vauxhall by F. Hayman.)

tended to remember the particular angle at which the plates had to be carried to prevent their leaf-like contents from becoming the playthings of the wind. But the above picture from the "Connoisseur," it must be noted, is a picture of the occasional visitor—the visitor who made but one annual visit, which was the event of the year. The real supporters of the place were the persons of honor, of whom Walpole gossips so delightfully in his correspondence, and it is to his pages that one must go for a faithful representation of high life at Vauxhall. In one of his letters to George Montagu, he describes, with his inimitable air of a fine gentleman on a frolic, a party of pleasure at which he has assisted, and which (he considers) exhibits "the manners of the age." He tells how he receives a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. Thereupon he repairs to her house, and finds "her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her," having "just finished their last layer of red," and looking as handsome as crimson could make them. Others of the company are the Duke of Kingston, Lord March (of Thackeray's "Virginians"), Mr. Whitehed, "a pretty Miss Beauclere, and a very foolish Miss Sparre." As they "sail up the Mall," they encounter crossed-grained Lord Petersham (my lady's husband) "as sulkily as a ghost that nobody will speak to first," and who declines to accompany his wife and her friends. So they march to their barge, which has "a boat of French horns attending," and little Ashe sings. After parading up and down the river, they "debark" at Vauxhall, where at the outset they narrowly escape the excitement of a duel. For a certain Mrs. Lloyd, of Spring Gardens (afterwards married to Lord Haddington), seeing Miss Beauclere and her companion following Lady Petersham, says audibly: "Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company," a remark which "the foolish Miss Sparre" (she is but

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fifteen) for the fun of seeing a duel, endeavors to make Lord March resent. But my Lord, who is "very lively and agreeable," laughs her out of "this charming frolic with a great deal of humor." "At last," says Walpole—and here we must surrender the story to him entirely—"we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the Hussey if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry;' she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussey.' You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would

Harper and Mrs. Clive as "Jobson" and "Nell," in "The Devil to Pay."
(From the painting by F. Hayman.)

vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Oxford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. spoil this story that was to repeat it and say, I won't, you jade!' In short the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Whether these "high jinks" in high life included the passage of the Dark Walk, their chronicler has not related. But this, also known as the "Druid's" or "Lover's Walk," is almost the only feature of the gardens which now needs

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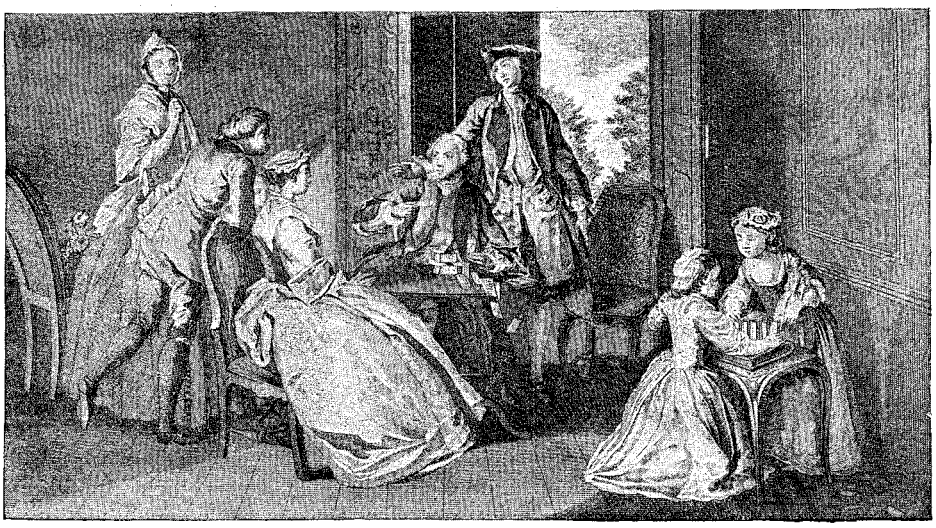
to be particularized. Its position has already been roughly indicated. It was formed by tall overarching trees which met at the top, and in which, in the place's palmiest days, blackbirds, thrushes, and nightingales, made their nests. A visit to this *selva oscura* was the prime ambition of the more inquiring visitor to Vauxhall, either upon the simple ground put forward by the elder Miss Rose in the "Connoisseur" that it was "*solentary*," or upon the more specious excuse, advanced by the generality, that the music of the Orchestra sounded better through the thick foliage of the trees. But the pretexts for seeking these attractive shades were probably as manifold as the old reasons for drinking, the last of which was "any other reason." In Miss Burney's "Evelina," that charming heroine is decoyed into the Dark Walk by her vulgar friends the Branghtons. There she is insulted by a gang of rakes, and is rescued by Sir Clement Willoughby, who, apparently under the influence of the *genius loci*, proceeds, after certain impertinences, to make her a spasmodic declaration, freely decorated with dashes in this wise—"O Miss Anville,—loveliest of women,—forgive me; —my—I beseech you forgive me;—if I have offended—if I have hurt you,—I could kill myself at the thought! etc." Thus this "most impetuous of men;" and thus did they make love in Vauxhall's "green retreats" "when George was King." Nor love alone apparently; —for if the old descriptions are accurate in representing some of its frequenters as yelling "in sounds fully as terrific as the imagined horrors of Cavalcanti's blood-hounds," there must have been a considerable amount of more than questionable horse-play beside, and the licensing magistrates, who, in 1763, bound the proprietors to do away with the "dark walks" and to appoint proper watchmen, were no doubt well advised.



"Building Houses with Cards."
(From a painting in Old Vauxhall, probably by Hayman.)

From the use of the plural, it may be that the prohibition also included the numerous wildernesses which occupied the north of the enclosure—wildernesses so intricate that, even in the prehistoric era of the place, the most experienced mothers—to use the expressive words of Tom Brown "of facetious memory"—have often "lost themselves in looking for their daughters." And this brings us to the final item in our catalogue, the walk which bounded the garden on the north, closing and terminating the four great promenades that crossed it from top to bottom. This, shaded like the rest by trees, had at each end one of the favorite "scenes." That to the east was a view in a Chi-

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nese garden; that to the west a building with a scaffold and a ladder before it, which at a distance "often deceived the eye very agreeably." History has neglected the artist of these performances. But Hayman had begun with stage decoration, and may perhaps have executed them. Or they may have been

"Mademoiselle Catherina."
(Probably by Hayman.)

from the brush of George Lambert, the well-known scene-painter of Covent Garden, who, like Hayman, was a friend of Hogarth, and is reported to have borne his part in the beautifying of the place.

Taking advantage of the fact that this article is freely illustrated, we have endeavored, in the foregoing passages, rather to revive some specific idea of the aspect of a forgotten place of amusement than to produce that indefinite patchwork of anecdote which, with a judicious sprinkling of shoe-buckles and periwigs, of hoops and gipsy hats, so often does duty for "a picture of the time." But a final word must certainly be devoted to the proprietor and presiding spirit, Jonathan Tyers. Little seems to be known of him before he acquired the site of the old Spring Garden of the *Spectator* from one Elizabeth Masters, of London, upon a thirty years lease in March, 1728. It must even then have had many of the appurtenances of a public garden, for the deed enumerates a Ham-room and a Milk-house, and there were already primitive alcoves in the shape of tiled arbors entitled Royal George, Ship, Eagle, Phœnix, Checker, and the like. Nay, there were already lofty trees which dated from the seventeenth century and the days of an earlier possessor, the Sir Samuel Morland of Pepys's Diary. The rent which Tyers paid was £250. He added music, then by degrees the orchestra and organ, the statues, the pictures, and the other adornments. He opened the garden in June, 1732, with illuminations and a *Ridotto al Fresco*, at which Frederick, Prince of Wales, was present; and the company, numbering four hundred, wore masks, dominoes, and lawyers' gowns. Order was kept by a detachment of footguards, and the admission ticket was designed by Jack Laguerre, son of the Louis, whose saints sprawl in Pope's verse upon the ceilings of "Timon's Villa." Payment was subsequently made at the gate, but in 1738, apparently with a view to make the attendance somewhat more select, a thousand silver season tickets were issued. In 1752 Tyers purchased part of the estate out and out, and a few years afterwards acquired

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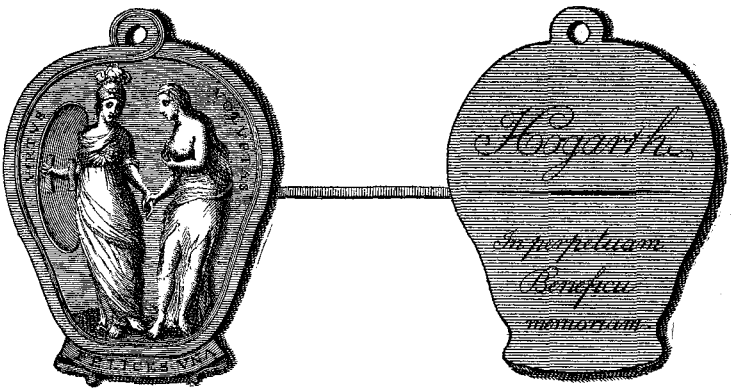
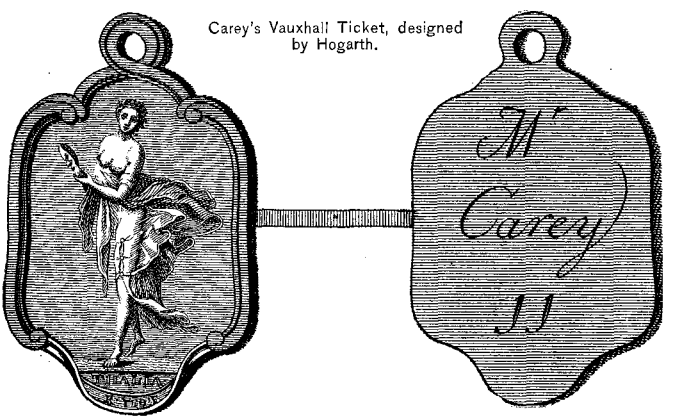
the remainder. To the last day of his life he retained the keenest interest in the place, and only a few hours before his death caused himself to be carried into the gardens to take a last look at them. At his country seat of Denbighs near Dorking in Surrey, he had another private garden, in the embellishment of which he must have found an outlet for some otherwise obstructed eccentricity, since it contained a representation of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where, in an alcove, had been depicted, in two compartments, the ends of the infidel and the Christian. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Tyers passed through the Valley himself in July, 1767. His descendants long continued to manage Vauxhall. Perhaps the most notable of these was his eldest son Tom, the friend and biographer of Johnson, and the "Tom Restless" of the *Idler*.



Hogarth's Gold Ticket for Vauxhall, from his own design.



Carey's Vauxhall Ticket, designed by Hogarth.

SNOW.

By Anne R. Aldrich.

LAST year I watched it drift, and said
With leaping heart, and happy sigh,
"The fair earth wears her bridal robe,
So, soon, please God, shall I."

To-day, with quiet heart, I see
The little flakes go whirling by,
"The fair earth wears her winding-sheet,
So, soon, please God, shall I."

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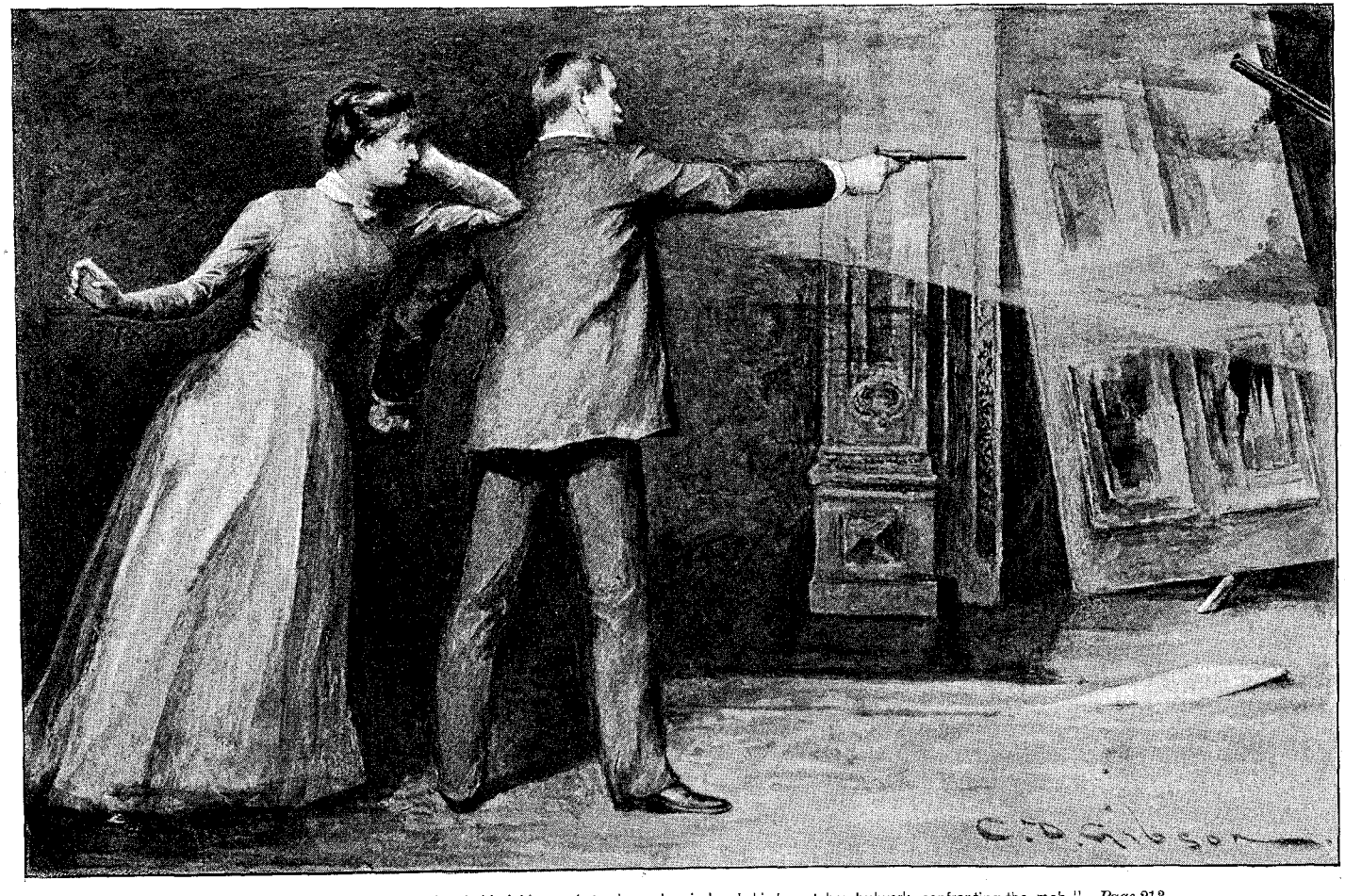

"In an instant Harold had swept her behind him, and stood, revolver in hand, his breast her bulwark, confronting the mob."—*Page* 213.

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THE EMERGENCY MEN.

By George H. Jessop.

THE fourth morning after his arrival in Dublin, Mr. Harold Hayes, of New York, entered the breakfast-room of the Shelbourne Hotel in a very bad humor. He was sick of the city, of the people, and of his own company. Before leaving London he had written to his friend, Jack Connolly, that he was coming to Ireland, and he had expected to find a reply at the Shelbourne. For three days he had waited in vain, and it was partly, at least, on Jack's account that Mr. Hayes was in Ireland at all. When Jack sailed from New York he had bound Harold by a solemn promise to spend a few weeks at Lisnahoe on his next visit to Europe. Miss Connolly, who had accompanied her brother on his American tour, had echoed and endorsed the invitation.

Harold had naturally expected to find at the hotel a letter urging him to take the first train for the south. He had seen a great deal of the Connollys during their stay in the United States, and Jack and he had become firm friends. He had crossed at this unusual season mainly on Jack's account—on Jack's account and his sister's; so it was little wonder if the young man considered himself ill-used. He felt that he had been lured across the Irish Channel—across the Atlantic Ocean itself, on false pretences.

But in a moment the cloud lifted from his brow, a quick smile stirred under his yellow mustache, and his eyes brightened, for a waiter handed him a letter. It lay, address uppermost, on the salver, and bore the Ballydoon postmark, and the handwriting was the disjointed scrawl which he had often ridiculed but now welcomed as Jack Connolly's.

This is what Hayes read as he sipped his coffee:

LISNAHOE, December 23d.

MY DEAR HAROLD: Home I come from Ballinasloe yesterday, and find your letter, the best part of a week old, kicking about among the bills and notices of meets that make the biggest end of my correspondence. You must be destroyed entirely, my poor fellow, if you've been three days in dear dirty Dublin, and you not knowing a soul in it. Come down at once and you'll find a hearty welcome here if you won't find much else. I don't see why you couldn't have come anyhow, without waiting to write, but you were always so confoundedly ceremonious. We're rather at sixes and sevens, for the Governor's got "in howlts" with his tenants and we're boycotted. It's not bad fun when you're used to it, but a trifle inconvenient in certain small ways. Let me know what train you take and I'll meet you at the station. You must be here for Christmas Day anyhow. Polly sends her regards, and says she knew the letter was from you, and she came near opening it. I'm sure I wish she had, and answered it, for I'm a poor fist at a letter.

Yours truly,

JACK CONNOLLY.

The first available train carried Harold southward. On the way he read the letter again. The notion of entering a boycotted household amused and pleased him. He had never been in Ireland before, and he was quite willing that his first visit should be well spiced with the national flavor. Of course he had his views on the Irish question. Every American newspaper reader is cheerfully satisfied with the conviction that the Celtic race on its native sod has no real faults. A constitutional antipathy to rent may exist, but that is a national foible which, owing doubtless to some peculiarity of the climate, is almost praiseworthy in Ireland, though elsewhere regarded as hardly respectable. At any rate, with the consciousness that he was about to come face to face with the much-talked-of boycott, Harold's spirits rose, and as he read Polly Connolly's message they rose still higher. He was a lively young fellow and fond of excitement. And at one time, as he recalled with a smile and a sigh, he had been almost fond of Polly Connolly.

When he alighted at the station—a small place in Tipperary—the dusk of the early winter evening was closing in, and Harold recollected that his prompt departure from Dublin had prevented him from apprising Jack of his movements. Of course there would be no

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trap from Lisnahoe to meet this train, but that mattered little. Half a dozen hack drivers were already extolling the merits of their various conveyances, and imploring his patronage. Selecting the best looking car he swung himself into his seat, while the "Jarvey" hoisted his portmanteau on the other side.

"Where to, yer honor?" inquired the latter, climbing to his place.

"To Lisnahoe House," answered Hayes.

"Where?"

This question was asked with a vehemence that startled the young American.

"Lisnahoe. Don't you know the way?" he replied.

"In troth an' I do. Is it Connolly's?"

"Yes," answered Harold. "Drive on, my good fellow; it's growing late."

The man's only answer was to spring from his seat and seize Harold's portmanteau, which he deposited on the road with no gentle hand.

"What do you mean?" cried the young man, indignantly.

"I mane that ye'd betther come down out o' that, afore I make ye."

Harold was on the ground in a moment and approached the man with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"How dare you, you scoundrel. Will you drive me to Lisnahoe or will you not?"

"The divil a fut," answered the fellow, sullenly.

Hayes controlled his anger by an effort. There was nothing to be gained by a row with the man. He turned to another driver.

"Pick up that portmanteau. Drive me out to Mr. Connolly's. I'll pay double fare."

But they all with one consent, like the guests in the parable, began to make excuse. One man's horse was lame, another's car was broken down. The services of a third had been "bespoke." Few were as frank as the man first engaged, but all were prompt with obvious lies, scarcely less aggravating than actual rudeness. The station master appeared, and attempted to use his influence in the traveller's behalf, but he effected nothing.

"You'll have to walk, sir," said the official, civilly. "I'll keep your portmanteau here till Mr. Connolly sends for it," and he carried the luggage back into the station.

"How far is it to Mr. Connolly's?" Harold inquired of a ragged urchin who had strolled up with several companions.

"Fish an' find out," answered the youngster with a grin.

"We'll tache them to be sendin' Emergency men down here," said another.

The New Yorker was fast losing patience.

"This is Irish hospitality and native courtesy," he remarked bitterly. "Will any one tell me the road I am to follow?"

"Folly yer nose," a voice shouted, and there was a general laugh, in the midst of which the station master reappeared.

He pointed out the way, and Harold trudged off to accomplish, as best he might, five Irish miles over miry highways and byways through the darkness of the December evening.

This was the young American's first practical experience of boycotting.

It was nearly seven o'clock when, tired and mud-bespattered, he reached Lisnahoe, but the warmth of his reception there went far to banish all recollection of the discomforts of his solitary tramp. A hearty hand-clasp from Jack, a frank and smiling greeting from Polly (she looked handsomer than ever, Harold thought, with her lustrous black hair and soft dark gray eyes) put him at his ease at once. Then came introductions to the rest of the family. Mr. Connolly, stout and whitehaired, bade him welcome in a voice which owned more than a touch of Tipperary brogue. Mrs. Connolly, florid and good humored, was very solicitous for his comfort. The children confused him at first. There were so many of them, of all sizes, that Hayes abandoned for the present any attempt to distinguish them by name. There was a tall lad of twenty or thereabouts—a faithful copy of his elder brother Jack—who was addressed as Dick, and a pretty, fair-haired girl of seventeen, whom, as Polly's sister, Harold was prepared to like at once. She was Agnes. After these came a long array—no less than nine more—ending with a sturdy

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little chap of three, whom Polly presently picked up and carried off to bed. Mr. Connolly, of Lisnahoe, could boast of a full quiver.

There was a general chorus of laughter as Harold related his experience at the railway station. The Connollys had rested for several days under the ban of the most rigid boycott, and had become used to small discomforts. They faced the situation bravely, and turned all such petty troubles into jest, but the American was sorely disquieted to learn that there was only one servant in the house: an old man who for many years had blacked boots and cleaned knives for the family, and who had refused to crouch to heel under the lash of the boycott.

Harold stammered an apology for his unseasonable visit, but Jack cut him short.

"Nonsense, man; the more the merrier. We're glad to have you, and if you can rough it a bit you won't find it half bad fun."

"Oh, I don't mind, I'm sure," said Harold; "only I'm afraid you'd rather have your house to yourselves at such a time as this."

"Not we. Why we expect some Emergency men down here in a few days. We'll treat you as the advance guard; we'll set you to work and give you your grub the same as an Emergency man."

"What is an Emergency man?" inquired Harold. "Those Chesterfieldian drivers at the station seemed to think it was the worst name they could call me."

A hearty laugh went round the circle.

"If they took ye for an Emergency man, its small wonder they were none too swate on ye," observed Mr. Connolly.

"But what does it mean?" asked the New Yorker.

"Well," began the old gentleman, "there's good and bad in this world of ours. When tenants kick and laborers clare out, an' a boycott's put on a man, they'd lave yer cattle to die an' yer crops to rot for all they care. It's what they want. Well, there happens to be a few dacent people left in Ireland yet, and they have got up an organization they call the Emergency men—they go to any part of the country and help out people that have been boycotted through no fault of their own—plough their fields or reap their oats or dig their potatoes, an' generally knock the legs out from under the boycott. It stands to reason that the blaggards in these parts hate an Emergency man as the divil hates holy water, but ye may take it as a compliment that ye were mistook for one, for all that."

Here Dick thrust his head into the door of the large library in which the party was assembled.

"Dinner is served, my lords and ladies," he cried, and there was a general movement toward the dining-room.

"No ceremony here, my boy," laughed Jack as he led Harold across the hall. "I'll be your cavalier and show you the way. The girls are in the kitchen, I suppose."

But Miss Connolly and Agnes were already in the dining-room, and the party gathered round the well-spread board and proceeded to do full justice to the good things thereon. The meal was more like a picnic than a set dinner. Old Peter Dwyer, the last remaining retainer, had never attended at table, so he confined himself to kitchen duties, while the young Connollys waited on themselves and on each other. A certain little maid, whom Harold by this time had identified as Bella, devoted herself to the stranger, and took care that neither his glass nor his plate should be empty. A glance of approval, which he intercepted on its way from Miss Connolly to her little sister, told Harold that Bella had been given a charge concerning him, and he appreciated the attention none the less on that account; while he ate his dinner with the agreeable confidence that it had been prepared by Miss Polly's own fair hands.

Everything at table was abundant and good of its kind, and conversation was alert and merry, as it is apt to be in a large family party. So far, the boycott seemed to have anything but a depressing effect, though Harold could not help smiling as he realized how it would have crushed to powder more than one estimable family of his acquaintance.

After dinner Jack rose, saying that he must go round to the stables and bed down the horses for the night. Harold

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accompanied him, and acquitted himself very well with a pitchfork, considering that he had little experience with such an implement. Dick had gone with a couple of the younger boys to chop turnips for certain cattle which were being fattened for the market.

"How did you come to be boycotted?" inquired Harold, with some curiosity, as soon as he found himself alone with Jack.

"Oh, it doesn't take much talent to accomplish that now-a-days," answered the young Irishman with a laugh. "In the first place, the governor has a habit of asking for his rent, which is an unpopular proceeding at the best of times. In the second place, I bought half a dozen bullocks from a boycotted farmer out Limerick way."

"And is that all?" asked Harold in astonishment. Notwithstanding his regard for his friend, he had never doubted that there must have been some appalling piece of persecution to justify this determined ostracism.

"All!" echoed Jack, laughing. "You don't know much of Ireland, my boy, or you wouldn't ask that question. We bought cattle that had been raised by a farmer on land from which a defaulting tenant had been evicted. Men have been shot in these parts for less than that."

"Pleasant state of affairs," remarked the New Yorker.

"I don't much care," Jack went on lightly. "We're promised a couple of Emergency men from Ulster in a few days, and that will take the weight of the work off our hands. It isn't as if it were a busy time. No crops to be saved in winter, you see, and no farm work except stall-feeding the cattle. That can't wait."

"But your sisters—all the work of that big house——" began Harold, who was thinking of Polly.

"We expect two Protestant girls down from Belfast to-morrow. That'll be all right. We get all our grub from Dublin—they won't sell us anything in Ballydoon—and we mean to keep on doing so, boycott or no boycott. We have been about the best customers to the shopkeepers round here, and it'll come near ruining the town, and serve them right," the young man added with the first touch of bitterness he had displayed in speaking of the persecution of his family.

By next day the situation had improved. A couple of servant girls arrived from the north. They were expected, and accordingly Dick was on hand with the jaunting car to meet them and drive them from the station. The Emergency men had not yet appeared, so Jack and such of his brothers as were old enough to be of use were kept pretty busy round the place. Harold had wished to return to England and postpone his visit till a more convenient time, but to this no one would listen. He made no trouble; he was not a bit in the way; in fact, he was a great help. So said they all, and the young New Yorker was quite willing to believe them.

He did occasionally offer assistance in stable or farm-yard, but he much preferred to spend his time rambling over the old place, admiring the lawns, the woods, the gardens, all strangely silent and deserted now. Miss Connolly was often his companion. The importation from Belfast relieved her of some of the pressure of household cares, and since her brothers were fully occupied, it devolved upon her to play host as well as hostess, and point out to the stranger the various charms of Lisnahoe.

This suited Harold exactly. He usually carried a gun and sometimes shot a rabbit or a wood-pigeon, but generally he was content to listen to Polly's lively conversation, and gaze into the depths of her eyes, wondering why they looked darker and softer here under the shadow of her native woods than they had ever seemed in the glare and dazzle of a New York ball-room. Harold Hayes was falling in love—falling consciously, yet without a struggle. He was beginning to realize that life could have nothing better in store for him than this tall, graceful girl, in her becoming sealskin cap and jacket, whose little feet, so stoutly and serviceably shod, kept pace with his own over so many miles of pleasant rambles.

One day, it was the last of the old year, Miss Connolly and Harold were strolling along a path on which the wintry sunshine was tracing fantastic

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patterns as it streamed through the naked branches of the giant beech-trees. The young man had a gun on his shoulder, but he was paying little attention to the nimble rabbits that now and then frisked across the road. He was thinking, and thinking deeply.

He could not hope for many more such quiet walks with his fair companion. She would soon have more efficient chaperones than the children, who often made a pretence of accompanying them, but invariably dashed off disdainful of the sober pace of their elders. Before long—next day probably—he would be handed over to the tender mercies of Jack, who had constantly lamented the occupations that prevented his paying proper attention to his guest. The heir of Lisnahoe had promised to show the young stranger some "real good sport," as soon as other duties would permit. That time was close at hand now. The Emergency men had been at work for several days; they were thoroughly at home in their duties; besides, the fat cattle would be finished very shortly and sent off to be sold in Dublin. Jack had announced his intention of stealing a holiday on the morrow, and taking Hayes to a certain famous "snipe bottom," where the game was, to use Dick's expression, "as thick as plums in one of Polly's puddings."

It was hard to guess when they might have such another ramble, and Harold had much to say to the girl at his side, and yet, for the life of him, he could not utter the words that were trembling on his lips.

"I don't believe you care much for shooting, Mr. Hayes."

A rabbit loped slowly across the road not twenty yards from the gun, but Harold had not noticed it. He roused himself with a start, however, at the sound of his companion's voice.

"Oh, yes I do, sometimes," he answered, glancing alertly to both sides of the road, but no game was in sight for the moment.

"If this frost should break up, you may have some hunting," pursued Miss Connolly. "I'm afraid you're having an awfully stupid time."

Harold interposed an eager denial.

"Oh, yes, you must be," insisted the young lady, "but Jack will find more time now, and if we have a thaw you will have a day with the hounds. Are you fond of hunting?"

"I am very fond of riding, but I have never hunted," answered the New Yorker.

"Just like me. I am never so happy as when I am on horseback, but mamma won't let me ride to hounds. She says she does not approve of ladies on the field. It is traditional, I suppose, that every mistress of Lisnahoe should oppose hunting."

"Indeed, why so?" inquired Harold.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the girl. "Has nobody told you our family ghost story?"

"No one as yet," answered Hayes.

"Then mine be the pleasing task, and there is a peculiar fitness in your hearing it just now, for to-morrow will be New Year's Day."

Harold failed to see the applicability of the date, but he made no observation, and Miss Connolly went on.

"Ever so many years ago, this place belonged to an ancestor of mine who was devoted to field sports of all kinds. He lived for nothing else, people thought, but suddenly he surprised all the world by getting married."

Harold thought that if her remote grandmother had chanced to resemble the fair young girl at his side, there was a good excuse for the sportsman, but he held his tongue.

"The bride was exacting—or perhaps she was only timid. At any rate she used her influence to wean her husband from his out-door pursuits—especially hunting. He must have been very much in love with her, for she succeeded, and he promised to give it all up—after one day more. It seems that he could not get out of this last run. The meet was on the lawn; the hunt breakfast was to be at Lisnahoe House. In short, it was an affair that could neither be altered nor postponed.

"This meet," continued Polly, "was on New Year's Day. There was a great gathering; and after breakfast the gentlemen came out and mounted at the door—the hounds were grouped on the lawn; it must have been a beautiful sight."

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"It must indeed," assented Harold.

"Well, this old Mr. Connolly—but you must understand that he was not old at all, only all this happened so long ago—he mounted his horse, and his wife came out on the step to bid him good-bye, and to remind him of his promise that this should be his last hunt. And so it was, poor fellow; for while she was standing talking to him, a gust of wind came and blew part of her dress right into the horse's face. Mr. Connolly was riding a very spirited animal. It reared up and fell back on him, killing him on the spot."

"How horrible," exclaimed Harold.

"Wait! The shock to the young wife was so great that she died the next day."

"The poor girl!"

"Don't waste your sympathy. It was all very long ago, and perhaps it never happened at all. However, the curious part of the story is to come. Every one that had been present at that meet—men, dogs, horses, everything died within the year."

"To the ruin of the local insurance companies?" remarked Harold with a smile.

"You needn't laugh. They did. And next New Year's night, between twelve and one o'clock, the whole hunt passed through the place, and they have kept on doing it every New Year's night since."

"A most interesting and elaborate ghost story," said Harold. "Pray, Miss Connolly, may I ask if you yourself have seen the phantom hunt?"

"No one has ever done that," replied Polly, "but when there is moonlight they say the shadows can be seen passing over the grass, and any New Year's night you may hear the huntsman's horn."

"I should like amazingly to hear it," replied the young man. "Have you ever heard this horn?"

"I have heard *a* horn," the girl answered with some reluctance.

"On New Year's night between twelve and one?" he pursued.

"Of course—but I can't swear it was blown by a ghost. My brothers or some one may have been playing tricks. You can sit up to-night and listen for it yourself if you want."

"Nothing I should like better," exclaimed Harold. "Will you sit up too?"

"Oh, yes. We always wait to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Come, Mr. Hayes, it's almost luncheon time," she added glancing at her watch, and they turned back toward the house, which was just visible through the leafless trees.

Harold walked at her side in silence. He had heard a ghost story, but the words he had hoped to speak that day were still unuttered.

Loud were the pleadings when the little ones' bedtime came, that they might be allowed to sit up to see the Old Year die, but Mrs. Connolly was inexorable. The very young ones were sent off to bed at their usual hour.

Cards and music passed the time pleasantly till the clock was almost on the stroke of twelve. Then wine was brought in, and healths were drunk, and warm, cheerful wishes were uttered, invoking all the blessings that the New Year might have in store. Hands were clasped and kisses were exchanged. Harold would willingly have been included in this last ceremony, but that might not be. However, he could and did press Polly's hand very warmly, and the earnestness of the wishes he breathed in her ear called a bright color to her cheek. Then came good-night, and the young American's heart grew strangely soft when he found himself included in Mrs. Connolly's motherly blessing. He thought he had never seen a happier, a more united family.

The party was breaking up—some had retired; others were standing, bedroom candlesticks in their hands, exchanging a last word, when suddenly, out of the silence of the night, the melodious notes of a huntsman's horn echoed through the room. Harold recalled the legend and paused at the door, mute and wondering.

Jack and his father exchanged glances.

"Now which of you's tryin' to humbug us this year?" asked the old man, laughing, while Jack looked round and proceeded, as he said, to "count noses."

This was a useless attempt, for half the party that had sat up to wait for the New Year had already disappeared.

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Dick sprang to the window and threw it open, but the night was cloudy and dark.

Again came the notes of the horn, floating in through the open window, and almost at the same moment there was a sound of hoofs crunching the gravel of the drive as a dozen or more animals swept past at wild gallop.

reached it first. Wrenching it open he stood on the step, while the others crowded about him and peered out into the night. Only darkness, rendered mirker by the lights in the hall, and from the distance, fainter now, came the measured beat of the galloping hoofs.

No other sound? Yes, a long drawn, quivering, piteous sigh, and as their eyes

"Out of the darkness something white shaped itself."

"This is past a joke," cried Jack. "I never heard of the old hunt materializing in any such way as this."

They rushed to the front door—Jack, Mr. Connolly—all of them. Harold grew more accustomed to the night, out of the darkness something white shaped itself—something prone and helpless, lying on the gravel beneath the lowest step. They did not stop to speculate as

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to what it might be. With a single impulse, Jack and Harold sprang down, and between them they carried back into the hall the inanimate body of Polly Connolly.

Her eyes were closed and her face was as white as the muslin dress she wore. Clutched in her right hand was a hunting horn belonging to Dick. It was evident that the girl had stolen out unobserved to reproduce—perhaps for the visitor's benefit—the legendary notes of the phantom huntsman. This was a favorite joke among the young Connollys, and scarcely a New Year's night passed that it was not practised by one or other of the large family—but what had occurred to-night? Whence came those galloping hoofs, and what was the explanation of Polly's condition?

The swoon quickly yielded to the usual remedies, but even when she revived, it was some time before the girl could speak intelligibly. Her voice was broken by hysterical sobs; she trembled in every limb. It was evident that her nerves had received a severe shock.

While the others were occupied with Polly, Dick had stepped out on the gravel sweep, where he was endeavoring, by close examination, to discover some clue to the puzzle. Suddenly he ran back into the house.

"Something's on fire!" he cried. "I believe it's the yard."

They all pressed to the open door—all except Mrs. Connolly, who still busied herself with her daughter, and Harold, whose sole interest was centred in the girl he loved.

Above a fringe of shrubbery which masked the farmyard, a red glow lit up the sky. It was evident the buildings were on fire. And even while they looked a man, half dressed, panting, smoke-stained, dashed up the steps. It was Tom Neil, one of the Emergency men.

These men slept in the yard, in the quarters vacated by the deserting coachman. In a few breathless words the big, raw-boned Ulsterman told the story of the last half hour.

He and his comrade Fergus had been awakened by suspicious sounds in the yard. Descending, they had found the cattle-shed in flames. Neil had forced his way in and had liberated and driven out the terrified bullocks. The poor animals, wild with terror, had burst from the yard and galloped off in the direction of the house. This accounted for the trampling hoofs that had swept across the lawn, but scarcely for Polly's terrified condition. A country-bred girl like Miss Connolly would not lose her wits over the spectacle of a dozen fat oxen broken loose from their stalls. Had the barn been purposely burned, and had the girl fallen in with the retreating incendiaries?

It seemed likely. No one there doubted the origin of the fire, and Mr. Connolly expressed the general feeling as he shook his head and muttered:

"I mistrusted that they wouldn't let us get them cattle out o' the country without some trouble."

"But where is Fergus?" demanded Jack, suddenly.

"Isn't he here?" asked the Ulsterman. "When we seen the fire he started up to the big house to give the alarm, while I turned to to save the bullocks."

"No, he never came to the house," answered Jack, and there was an added gravity in his manner as he turned to his brother.

"Get a lantern, Dick. This thing must be looked into at once."

While the boy went in search of a light, Mr. Connolly attempted to obtain from his daughter a connected statement of what had happened and how much she had seen, but she was in no condition to answer questions. The poor girl could only sob and moan and cover her face with her hands, while convulsive tremblings shook her slight figure.

"Oh, don't ask me, Papa; don't speak to me about it. It was dreadful—dreadful. I saw it all."

This was all they could gain from her.

"Don't thrubble the poor young lady," interposed old Peter, compassionately. "Sure the heart's put acrass in her wid the fright. Lave her be till mornin'."

There seemed nothing else to be done, so Polly was left in charge of her mother and sister, while the men, headed by Dick who carried a lantern, set out to examine the grounds.

There was no trace of Fergus be-

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tween the house and the farm-yard. The lawn was much cut up by the cattle, for the frost had turned to rain early in the evening, and a rapid thaw was in progress. The ground was quite soft on the surface, and it was carefully scrutinized for traces of footsteps, but nothing could be distinguished among the hoof-prints of the bullocks.

In the yard all was quiet. The fire had died down; the roof of the cattle-shed had fallen in and smothered the last embers. The barn was a ruin, but no other damage had been done, and there were no signs of the missing man.

They turned back, this time making a wider circle. Almost under the kitchen window grew a dense thicket of laurel and other evergreen shrubs. Dick stooped and let the light of the lantern penetrate beneath the overhanging branches.

There, within three steps of the house, lay Fergus, pale and bloodstained, with a sickening dent in his temple—a murdered man.

Old Peter Dwyer was the first to break the silence, "The Lord be good to him! They've done for him this time, an' no mistake."

The lifeless body was lifted gently and borne toward the house. Harold hastened in advance to make sure that none of the ladies were astir to be shocked by the grisly sight. The hall was deserted. Doubtless Polly's condition demanded all their attention.

"The girl saw him murdered," muttered Mr. Connolly. "I thought it must have been something out of the common to upset her so."

"D'ye think did she, sir?" asked old Peter, eagerly.

"I haven't a doubt of it," replied the old gentleman, shortly. "Thank goodness her evidence will hang the villain, whoever he may be."

"Ah, the poor thing, the poor thing," murmured the servant, and then the sad procession entered the house.

The body was laid on a table. It would have been useless to send for a surgeon. There was not one to be found within several miles, and it was but too evident that life was extinct. The top of the man's head was beaten to a pulp. He had been clubbed to death.

"If it costs me every shilling I have in the world, and my life to the boot of it," said Mr. Connolly, "I'll see the ruffians that did the deed swing for their night's work."

"Amin," assented Peter, solemnly, and Jack's handsome face darkened as he mentally recorded an oath of vengeance.

"There'll be little sleep for this house to-night," resumed the old gentleman after a pause. "I'm goin' to look round and see if the doors are locked, an' then take a look at Polly.—An' Peter."

"Sir!"

"The first light in the mornin', its only a few hours off," he added with a glance at his watch, "you run over to the police station, and give notice of what's happened."

"I will, yer honor."

"Come up-stairs with me, boys. I want to talk with you. Good-night, Mr. Hayes. This has been a blackguard business, but there's no reason you should lose your rest for it."

Mr. Connolly left the room, resting his arms on the shoulders of his two sons. Harold glanced at the motionless figure of the murdered man, and followed. He did not seek his bedroom, however; he knew it would be idle to think of sleep. He entered the smoking-room, lit a cigar, and threw himself into a chair to wait for morning.

All his ideas as to the Irish question had been changing insensibly during his visit to Lisnahoe. This night's work had revolutionized them. He saw the agrarian feud—not as he had been wont to read of it, glozed over by the New York papers. He saw it as it was—in all its naked, brutal horror.

He had observed that there had been no attempt on the part of the Connollys to appeal to neighbors for help or sympathy in this time of trouble, and he had asked Jack the reason. Jack's answer had been brief and pregnant.

"Where's the good? We're boycotted."

And that dead man lying on the table outside was only an example of boycotting, carried to its logical conclusion.

The sound of a door closing softly aroused Harold from his reverie. A little postern leading from the servants' quarters opened close to the smoking-

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room window. Harold looked out, and as the night had grown clearer, he distinctly saw old Peter Dwyer making his way with elaborate caution down the shrubbery path.

"Going to the police station, I suppose," mused Hayes. "Well, he has started betimes."

Then he resumed his seat and thought of Polly.

What a shock for her, poor girl, to leave a happy home with her heart full of innocent mirth, only to encounter murder, lurking redhanded at the very threshold.

"I wish I had spoken to her to-day," he muttered. "Goodness alone knows when I shall find a chance now. I wonder how she is?"

He realized that he could see nothing of her till breakfast-time at any rate—if, indeed, she would be strong enough to appear at that meal. He had been sitting in the dark; he now threw aside his cigar and drawing his chair closer to the window, set himself resolutely to watch for the dawn, and solace his vigil with dreams of Polly.

A raw, chill air blew into the room. He noticed that a pane of glass was broken. One of the children had thrown a ball through it a few days before, and in the present situation of the Connolly household a glazier was an unattainable luxury.

Harold rose with the intention of moving his chair out of the draught, but as he did so the sound of whispered words, seemingly at his very ear, made him pause. The voices came from the shrubbery below the window, and in one of them he recognized the unmistakable brogue of old Peter Dwyer.

Had the man been to the police station and returned with the constables so quickly? This was Harold's first thought, but he dismissed it as soon as formed. Peter had been barely half an hour absent, and the station was several miles off. Where had he been then, and with whom was he conversing? Harold bent his head close to the broken pane and listened.

"Are ye sure sartin that the young woman seen us?" inquired a rough voice—not Peter's—"because this is goin' to be an ugly job, an' there's no call for us to tackle it widout needcessity?"

"Sartin as stalks," whispered the old servant. "She was all of a thrimble, as if she'd met a sperrit, an' all the words she had was 'I seen it—I seen it all,' an' she yowlin' like a banshee."

"It's quare we didn't take notice to her, for she must ha' been powerful close to see us such a night. I thought I heerd the horn, too, an' I lavin the yard."

"She wint out to blow it," whispered Peter. "Most like it was stuck in the shrubbery she was."

"Come on, thin," growled the other; "it's got to be done an' the byes is all here. Ye left the little dure beyant on the latch?"

"I did that," responded old Peter, and then a low, soft whistle sounded in the darkness. It was a signal.

Rapidly but cautiously Harold Hayes left the window and stole across the room. He understood it all. Polly had seen the murder and had recognized the assassins. Old Dwyer was a traitor. He had slipped out and warned the ruffians of the peril in which they stood, and now they were here to seal their own safety by another crime—by the sacrifice of a life far dearer to Harold than his own.

Swiftly, silently, he sped down the gloomy passage. The lives of all beneath that roof were hanging on his speed. Breathless he reached the little door and flung himself against it with all his weight, while his trembling fingers groped in the darkness for bolt or bar.

A heavy hand was laid on the latch and the door was tried from without.

"How's this, Peter?" inquired the rough voice; "I thought ye said it wasn't locked."

"No more it is; it's only stiff it is, bad cess to it. Push hard, yer sowl ye."

But at this moment Harold's hand encountered the bolt. With a sigh of relief he shot it into the socket, and then, searching further, he supplemented the defences with a massive bar, which he knew ought always to be in place at night.

Then he sped back along the passage, while muttered curses reached his ears from without, and the door was shaken furiously.

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"Jack, Jack," he panted as he flung open the door of the room in which the young men slept—"Jack, come down and——"

He stopped abruptly. Mr. Connolly was kneeling at the bedside and his two sons knelt to the right and left of him.

There were no family prayers at Lisnahoe—only the ladies were regular church-goers, but that it was a religious household no one could have doubted who knew the events of the night and saw the old man on his knees between his boys.

They rose at the noise of Harold's entrance, and the American, who felt that there were no moments to be wasted on apologies, announced his errand.

"Old Peter Dwyer is a traitor! He has gone out and brought the murderers to finish the work they have commenced."

And then, in eager, breathless words, he told them how he had heard the conversation in the shrubbery, and how the men, apprehensive that Miss Connolly could identify them, had returned to stifle her testimony.

"They were right there," said the old man. "She saw the first blow, and it was struck by Red Mike Driscoll."

"Then she is better?" asked Harold, eagerly.

The boys were at the other end of the room, slipping cartridges loaded with small shot into the fowling-pieces they had snatched from the walls.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Connolly, "she is all right now."

A sound of heavy blows echoed through the house. The men below had convinced themselves that the door was firmly fastened, and desperate from the conviction that they were identified, and relying on the loneliness of the place, they were attacking the barrier with a pickaxe.

"I'll soon put a stop to that," cried Jack; and cocking his gun he left the room.

Dick was about to follow but his father stopped him.

"There's no one in front of the house yet," said the old gentleman. "Slip out quietly, my boy, and make a dash for it to the police station. You've taken the cup for the two mile race at Trinity. Let's see how quick you can be when you are running for all our lives."

"I'll go down and fasten the door after him," volunteered Hayes, and the old man nodded.

Outside, on the landing, they could hear the blows of the pickaxe more distinctly. Suddenly, above the clangor, rang out close and sharp the two reports of Jack's double-barrel. He had selected a window commanding the attack and had fired point blank down into the group of men.

Shrieks and groans and curses testified to the accuracy of the young man's aim, and the sound of blows ceased. Harold and Dick ran rapidly down-stairs. The latter unbarred the front door.

"Don't you run a fearful risk if you are seen?" inquired the American.

"Of course I do," returned the brave lad without a tremor in his voice, "but somebody's got to take the chance; we can't defend the house forever; and I wouldn't miss this opportunity of nabbing the whole gang for a thousand pounds."

He opened the door and sped out into the night. He was out of sight in a moment and as far as Harold could judge he had not been observed. Again the blows of the pickaxe rang out from the rear of the house.

Hayes closed the door and replaced the heavy bar. Then he turned to remount the stairs, and met Polly, who was standing near the top with a candle in her hand.

She was quite composed now, but very pale. He tried to ask if she had recovered, but she cut him short impatiently.

"There is nothing the matter with me. What is the meaning of all this uproar and—and the firing?"

For at this moment the twin reports of Jack's breech-loader again echoed through the house, and this time it was answered by a fusilade from below.

There was nothing to be gained by concealment, and Harold told her the whole story in a few words.

"How prompt and clever of you," she said; "you have saved all our lives."

Her praise was very sweet to him, but there was no time to enjoy it now. "Where are you going?" she asked as he turned again to spring up the stairs.

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"I am going to my room for my revolver," he answered. "I may have use for it before this night is over."

"Do," she replied. "I will wait for you here;" and Hayes hurried on.

Jack was in the guest's room. The young Irishman had selected that window, as it commanded the little door against which the brunt of the attack had hitherto been directed. Every pane was shattered, and walls and ceiling showed the effect of the volley that had been directed against him, but the young fellow stood his ground uninjured.

"Don't mind me," he said in answer to Harold's inquiry. "I'm all right and can hold this fort till morning if they don't get ladders. I fancy I've sickened them of trying that door below."

Harold hastily grasped his revolver and went out. His idea was to stand in the passage near the smoking room, and defend the place should the door give way, for he did not believe that timber had ever been grown to withstand such blows.

Mrs. Connolly put her head out of the nursery door as he passed. Her husband had told her of the position of affairs.

"Is that you, Mr. Hayes," she whispered. "Is Jack hurt?"

"Jack is quite safe," answered the young American. "Are the children very much frightened?"

"Not as long as I am with them," the old lady answered. "And Dick—what of him?"

"Dick is all right too," replied Harold. He could not tell the poor woman that her boy was out in the open country without a wall between him and the ruffians.

Mrs. Connolly drew back into the nursery to take the post assigned her—assuredly not the easiest on that terrible night—to listen to the doubtful sounds from without and to support, by her own constancy, the courage of her children.

Harold found Miss Connolly in the hall where he had left her.

"What do you intend to do?" she asked.

"I was going to stand inside the door they have been hammering at," he answered, "in case they should break it in."

"Papa is there," said the girl, "perhaps you had better wait here. They will try the front door next."

"Very good," he assented, and then added, with a sudden apprehension, "but the windows. There are so many of them. How can we watch them all?"

"There are bars to all the lower windows," she replied, "and I do not think they know where to find ladders. No, their next attempt will be at the hall door, and it will be harder to repel than anywhere else, for the portico will protect them from shots from the windows."

"And now, Miss Connolly," urged Harold, "you can do no good here. Had not you better go up-stairs out of the way?"

"No, no, I would rather wait here," she answered, "don't be afraid. I shan't give way again as I did to-night. I don't know what came over me, but it was all so horrible—so unexpected—" she broke off with a little shuddering sigh.

"You saw them attack him?" asked Harold.

She nodded. "I was under that big cedar outside the parlor window. I had hidden there to blow the horn. Suddenly, I saw Fergus with a lantern in his hand coming full speed toward the house. Just as he got within a few paces of me, half a dozen men burst out from the laurels. Oh, how savagely they struck at him. He was down in a moment. It was all so close to me: I recognized Red Mike by the light of poor Fergus's lantern."

"And then——" asked Hayes.

"I don't think I remember any more. I must have staggered on to the house, for they tell me I was found at the foot of the steps, but I don't know how I got there. I was terribly frightened, but I shan't do it again—not if they blow the roof off," she said, trying to smile.

"I should think they would be afraid to persevere now that they are discovered," observed Harold. "This firing must alarm the neighborhood."

"In a lonely place like this!" said the girl. "No, no, Mr. Hayes; there are not many to hear these shots, and none that would not sooner fight against

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us than on our side. We must depend on ourselves. But oh," she wailed, her woman's heart betraying itself through the mechanical calm she had maintained so long, "oh, I am sorry that your friendship for us should have brought you into such peril—to think that your visit here may cost you your life," and she broke off and covered her streaming eyes with her hands.

"Indeed, indeed," said Harold, earnestly, "I think any danger I may run a small price to pay for the privilege of knowing you, and, and—of loving you."

It was out at last—the words that had been so difficult to say came trippingly from his tongue now, and she did not repulse nor attempt to silence him.

There, in the dimly lighted, lofty hall, he poured out all that had been in his heart since he had known her, and won from her in return a whisper that emboldened him to draw the yielding form toward him and press his lips to hers.

With a pealing crash the pickaxe bit into the stout oaken door, and the young lovers sprang apart, terrified at this rude interruption of their dreams. Blow followed blow, and the massive woodwork shivered and splintered and swayed under the savage impulse from without.

The assailants had abandoned their attempt on the postern; they had ignored the kitchen door, within which stout Tom Neil with Dick's double-barrel stood on guard; they had turned their attention to the main entrance, where a projecting portico partially sheltered them from the galling discharges of Jack's favorite "Rigby."

They were only partially sheltered, however. The heir of Lisnahoe had quickly shifted his ground when the attack on the postern was abandoned, and he now stood in another room, ready, with the quickness of a practised snipe shot, to fire on any arm, or hand, or foot which showed even for an instant outside the shadow of the portico.

Crash, crash, crash! Again and again the steel fangs of the pick ate their way through the solid timber. The lock yielded quickly, but, heavily barred at top and bottom, the good door resisted staunchly. Polly had glided away from Harold's side. He fancied that she had sought a place of safety, and rejoiced thereat, but in a moment she reappeared. She carried a shot-gun in her hands, and when she reached his side she rested the butt on the ground and leaned on the weapon.

"I have often fired at things," she said simply. "Why shouldn't I now?"

Mr. Connolly and Jack joined them in the hall, and Neil had come up from the kitchen door. The main entrance was evidently the weak point, and the whole garrison must be on hand to defend it. The assailants had waxed cautious of late, and for some time had allowed the sharp-shooter no chance. He thought that he would be of more service below, but, as it proved, when he abandoned his post he committed a fatal error.

Apparently the enemy had discovered that the galling fire from above had ceased. Perhaps some of their number had ventured out and returned scatheless. They speedily took advantage of this immunity. While the attacks with the pickaxe were not relaxed for a moment, a score of men had brought the trunk of a young larch from the sawpit at the back of the house. Poised by forty strong arms this improvised battering ram was hurled against the front door, carrying it clear off its hinges. In the naked entry a crowd of rough men jostled each other, as they sprang forward with hoarse imprecations on their prey. The garrison was vanquished at last.

Not yet. Four shots rang out as one, instantly repeated as the defenders discharged their second barrels into the very teeth of the advancing mob. Then Mr. Connolly, Neil, and Jack clubbed the guns they had no time to reload, and prepared to sell their lives dearly in a hand to hand struggle.

Polly, as soon as she had fired, dropped her weapon, and in an instant Harold had swept her behind him, and stood, revolver in hand, his breast her bulwark, confronting the mob.

But the mob, withered by the volley, hesitated a moment. The vestibule was streaming with blood, and shrieking, writhing victims strove in vain to rise. It was a sickening sight, but there was the electricity of anger in the air and no one faltered long. On they came again with undiminished fury.

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But again the rush was checked. Sharp and vengeful rang out the close reports of the American revolver, and at each echo a man fell. Less noisy, less terrific, but far more deadly, the six-shooter took up the work where the breech-loaders had left it, and Harold, covering with his body the girl he loved, fired as steadily as if practising in a pistol gallery, and made every shot tell.

He had not used his weapon in the first rush; somewhere or other, young Hayes had heard of the advantages of platoon firing.

The lights had been extinguished and day was just breaking. Firing from the obscurity into the growing light, the garrison had the best of the position, but there were fire-arms among the assailants, too, and the balls whistled through the long hall and buried themselves in the panelling.

But this could not last. Much as they had suffered in the assault, the assailants were too numerous to be longer held at bay. With a feeling of despair, Harold recognized the futile click that followed his pressure on the trigger, and told him that he had fired his last cartridge.

With a wild yell the assailants rushed forward. Not a shot met them—nothing stood between them and their vengeance but four pale, determined men, weaponless but unflinching.

A quick trampling as of a body of horse was heard on the gravel without. A sharp, stern order reached the ears even of those in the house.

"Unsling carbines! Make ready—present—!"

Clubs and blunderbusses dropped from nerveless hands as the advancing mob paused, faltered, and then surged backward through the doorway. The lust of vengeance gave way to the instinct of self-preservation, and the rioters scattered in flight.

Dick's gallant race against time had not been fruitless. A squadron of constabulary had reached the ground at the critical moment, and Lisnahoe was saved.

Few of the assailants escaped. Every avenue was guarded by mounted policemen, and the gang which had long terrorized the neighborhood—whose teachings and example had done so much to convert the sullen discontent of the peasantry into overt violence, was effectually broken up. From that night the boycott on the Connolly household was raised.

Red Mike Driscoll expiated on the gallows the murder of the Emergency man, Fergus, and nearly a score of others were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for assault and housebreaking.

The attacking party had lost three men killed besides many wounded, more or less severely, by the shot-guns. The judicial inquiry into the casualties brought out details of the defence which struck terror to the hearts of the country people. It was not likely that Lisnahoe would be molested again.

Harold Hayes and Polly Connolly were married shortly after Easter. They are living in New York now—in a pleasant flat overlooking Central Park. They entertain a good deal, and Irish affairs are sometimes discussed at Mr. Hayes's table; but so far he has failed to convince any of his American friends that there may be more than one side to the agrarian question in Ireland.

"Nonsense," remarked one gentleman, who professed to be deeply read in the subject, "they are an oppressed and suffering people. Let them have their land."

"And what is to become of the landlords?" inquired Polly, with a wistful remembrance of her girlhood's beautiful home.

But to this question there has been no reply, and none has been offered yet.

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PHOTOGRAPHING THE BIG-HORN.

By Frederick H. Chapin.

THE Sierras of northern Colorado retain all their primeval wildness and attractiveness.

Many of the peaks in the Front and Rabbit Ear Ranges remain unscaled, cañons among them are still unexplored, and dark forests which fill the upper valleys have never known the foot of man. The consciousness that the traveller is treading on virgin soil makes mountaineering in the Rockies even more interesting than climbing in the Alps. Still another feature adds to the excitement and novelty of expeditions in the high Rockies, and that is the chance which the explorer runs of meeting with rare wild animals, sometimes of a ferocious type.

In many trips taken during three seasons spent in Colorado I did very little shooting. My excursions were for the most part of a mountaineering nature, or were made for the purpose of examining and measuring ice-fields. For the work on snow a camera was requisite, and this was a sufficient burden, without lugging a rifle; but I was always on the alert to capture big game with the former instrument, and once on the terminal moraine of Hallett Glacier I photographed a grizzly. On Ypsilon Peak we met with five cinnamon bears in one day. One of them approached very near to me as I carried my camera over the boulders, but he was moving at a lively gait on ledges above my position, and would not pose for me.

Later, however, farther away from the ranches, I met with rarer game, and found opportunity to study it carefully. This was big-horn or Rocky Mountain sheep, a beautiful creature that has disappeared from the foot-hills and valleys and is to be found only on the wild mountain tops. Even by early travellers this animal is described as very shy and difficult of approach. Frémont's description of his first sight of the big-horn is interesting: "It was on the 12th of June, 1843, that we first saw this remarkable animal. We were near the confluence of the Yellowstone River with the Missouri, when a group of them, numbering twenty-two in all, came in sight. This flock was composed of rams and ewes, with only one lamb or young one among them. They scampered up and down the hills much in the manner of common sheep, but notwithstanding all our anxious efforts to get within gunshot we were unable to do so, and were obliged to content ourselves with the first sight of the Rocky Mountain ram."

Hunters and ranchmen assured me that big-horn had entirely forsaken the Front Range of Colorado, and were only to be found in the mountains beyond North Park, or in Wyoming, but I was able to prove it otherwise.

It chanced that one day, with one companion, I was making the ascent of Stone's Peak, a mountain about seven miles northwest of Long's Peak. The task laid out for the day was a hard one, occupying us from 4 A.M. till 12 P.M., and involving fifteen hours of tramping and climbing. At an elevation of eleven thousand feet began the difficult part of the work, for our route lay over the summits of three very steep minor peaks, and we were often brought face to face with precipices, and obliged to change our course. In among the ledges were frequent grass plots, where we noticed signs of big-horn. Rounding a crag, we suddenly startled two noble rams—perfect specimens, with magnificent curling horns. They hastily made off; but reasoning that more of the animals might be feeding on the grassy slopes of the opposite side of the mountain, as we surmounted each ridge we kept our bodies hidden and worked our way very carefully for two hours, crawling in many places. Finally, when very near the summit, we peered over a broken ledge and were rewarded for our long fatiguing

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stalk by beholding twelve big-horn quietly feeding or resting only a hundred yards below us. The rams had gone off in a different direction, and so had not alarmed the herd. Quickly and stealthily slipping over the ridge, we slid behind a boulder and were able to observe, with a powerful field-glass, the family life and movements of these wild animals, perfectly unaware of our presence. The flock consisted of eight ewes, two yearlings, and two very young ones. The ewes we frequently observed in the act of suckling. An old ewe lying on a little eminence seemed to be doing guard duty. The flock moved but slowly; we noticed some getting up, and others lying down. It was an hour before the group passed out of sight around the side of the mountain.

Notwithstanding our proximity to the big-horn that day, it would have been impossible to photograph them, for on account of the roughness of the ground I could not have got the camera in place quickly enough to catch the rams in a good position; again the flock was too far away, and their color, a dusky brown, too nearly that of the rocks through which they moved to secure clearness of outline in a picture. Seventy-five yards is about the limit of distance at which a picture of animals of such size, *i.e.*, about six feet long and three feet six inches high, could be successfully obtained.

In July, 1887, I had a chance meeting with big-horn even more interesting than the episode just related. With the same companion, who acted as leader, and two other friends, I was making the ascent of the gradual slopes of Table Mountain, over the top of which lies the only direct pass between Estes Park and Middle Park; for the wooded slope on this mountain marks the only break in the solid rock-wall which extends from Long's Peak to Willow Cañon. Our route was along the brink of a mighty gorge, two thousand feet deep. Icy lakes lay in the bottom of the cañon, from which the eye followed up the ravine, over rushing cascades, dazzling snow, and ancient moraines, to a large ice-field which hangs from the mountain-top like a true glacier. From over the ice-field the tapering cone of Mount Hallett looks down upon it. From the opposite side of the gorge a vertical wall rises to a height of twelve hundred feet.

The surface of the ridge that we stood upon is broken into masses of boulders and blocks, a wilderness of débris, unevenly distributed; while upon the precipice there are no signs of such uneven destruction, or of aqueous erosion. The rocks cleave off smoothly in straight up and down planes along the whole extent of the face of the cliff. Taken in conjunction with the view of the rocky tower of Long's Peak, standing 3,000 feet above the observer, this view rivals any of the other sublime sights met with in the Cordilleras of the West.

While threading our way among the boulders, we were keeping very quiet, and were on the lookout for ptarmigan, when we came upon three big-horn quietly browsing upon the scant tufts of grass only a few hundred feet distant on our right. Our leader told us to duck, and said in an undertone to me, "Follow me with your camera." I did so. Dropping our packs we all advanced, almost crawling along, and soon saw the big-horn again, though they had not observed us. The wind was blowing a gale in our faces, so they had no scent of us. Luckily my instrument was focussed. I pointed the lens at the animals and exposed one plate, although they were not as near to us as when we first saw them. They now discovered us, and after a glance in our direction, trotted off over the slope to the brow of the hill. It was remarkable how easily they moved over rocks and boulders among which we could hardly find a way. Imagine our surprise when they turned and walked a little way toward us again. I asked my friends to return to the packs for more plates, and while they were gone I focussed more carefully on the still distant animals, as they stared at me, their curiosity overcoming their fear. My companions now brought up the relay of fresh plates, and retired behind some ledges farther off. At this moment, as I remained there alone by the camera, the ram stood up on his hind legs, and struck out with his fore feet as if inviting combat; then the three stood looking at me. We were in one of the wild-

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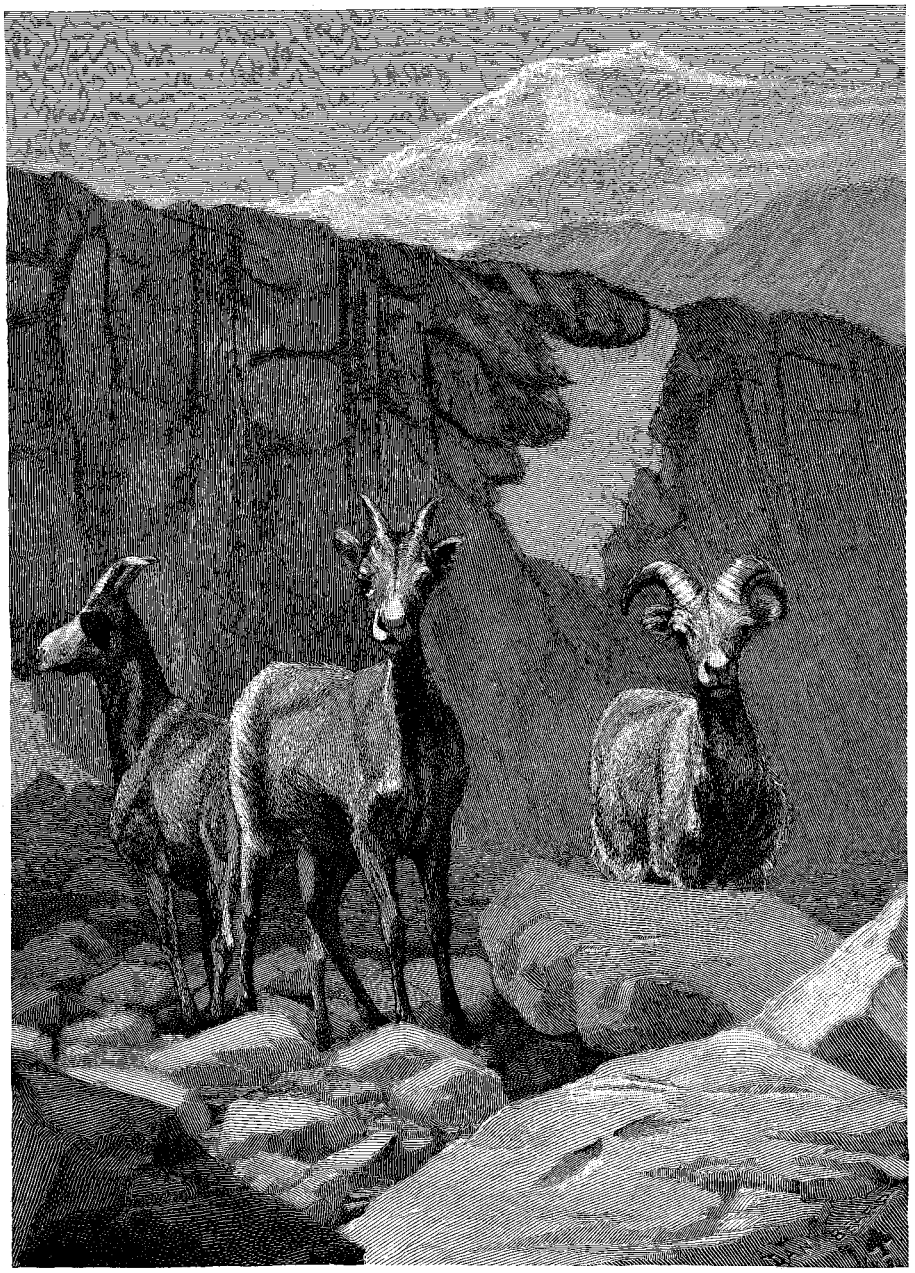

A Quarry of Big-Horn.

(From an instantaneous photograph made in July, 1887, on Table Mountain, Colorado, by Frederick H. Chapin, Esq.)

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est spots on the mountains ; a seemingly endless field of ledge and boulder all around, snow mountains and rocky peaks only in the panorama ; all signs of valley or glen, tree or river far below. I had a moment to reflect on what I was beholding, and carefully adjusting the glass again on these rare creatures, closely watched them.

Our leader crawled up to my side, and as the quarry showed signs of alarm I attempted to take another picture, but I was now so excited that I took a slide out of one plate-holder before putting the cap on, and that ruined piece of glass now lies among the rocks to amuse the conies and ptarmigan ; while the slide which I had placed on the camera was whirled far away by the strong wind. Even so experienced a hunter as my companion lost his head as the big-horn were trotting away, and exclaimed : "Take them quick!" "Take them quick!" Then as they stopped once more and looked at us, he called himself bad names, saying : "I might have known they would stop again, and that there was no need of haste." But lo ! what did those sheep do but turn around and walk deliberately toward us, until they were within about a hundred feet. We were fairly trembling with excitement, and I first took off the cap without pulling the slide. When I made this blunder they were all facing us, standing on granite pedestals a little elevated above the general level, and in line with the broad snow-field on the cliffs back of them, which showed them in relief with startling clearness. But the one seen in the background in the illustration then turned ; the others stepped down from their bold positions, and the best opportunity was lost. The next moment I succeeded in capturing them as seen in the picture ; and then the animals decided to trot off, and we saw them no more.

Hunters talk of the excitement which a novice experiences when he shoots at his first buck, but I could have shot those three big-horn without being one-half as nervous as when trying to photograph them.

Of the five plates which I used in trying to capture the big-horn on glass, three proved worthless, besides the light-struck one already referred to, and it was indeed exceptional good fortune that I was enabled to secure even one picture of these very shy animals. When one reflects that hunters are obliged to use every precaution when approaching their haunts, and sometimes are obliged to lie concealed for hours, or to crawl on the edge of dizzy precipices in order to obtain a distant shot, he will appreciate the value of what we saw and took away with us.

The photograph of the big-horn naturally occupies the place of honor among a great many pictures which I took in the Rockies, most of which were secured from very high elevations. The reader will perhaps pardon a little boasting when he realizes that such luck has probably never befallen a mountaineering photographer before. European climbers have been photographing for years in the high Alps, and even in more remote regions, but I doubt if a chamois has ever sat for his likeness, for it is rarely that one is closely approached. When I gaze at my picture of the big-horn, and recall their appearance on the wild apex of our continent, I think of Tyndall's description of a day on the great Aletsch Glacier, in which he tells of watching the approach of a chamois, till through his field-glass he "could see the glistening of its eyes," but "soon it made a final pause, assured itself of its error (in approaching so near) and flew with the speed of the wind to its refuge in the mountains."

Persons unfamiliar with the game in the Rockies, or who have no idea of the wildness of the big-horn, I would refer to the pages of that very interesting book by Baillie-Grohman, "Camps in the Rockies," or to a paper by W. S. Rainsford in this Magazine, for September, 1887. After reading either or both of these accounts of the chase of the big-horn, I think they will agree that it was a marvel that such an animal could ever be photographed among the wild crags of his native ranges. I certainly wish the noble ram and his little company a long and happy life among the rock-peaks of the great Front Range, and may the rifleman's bullet never bring low the beautiful pair of horns carried so grandly by the leader of the quarry.

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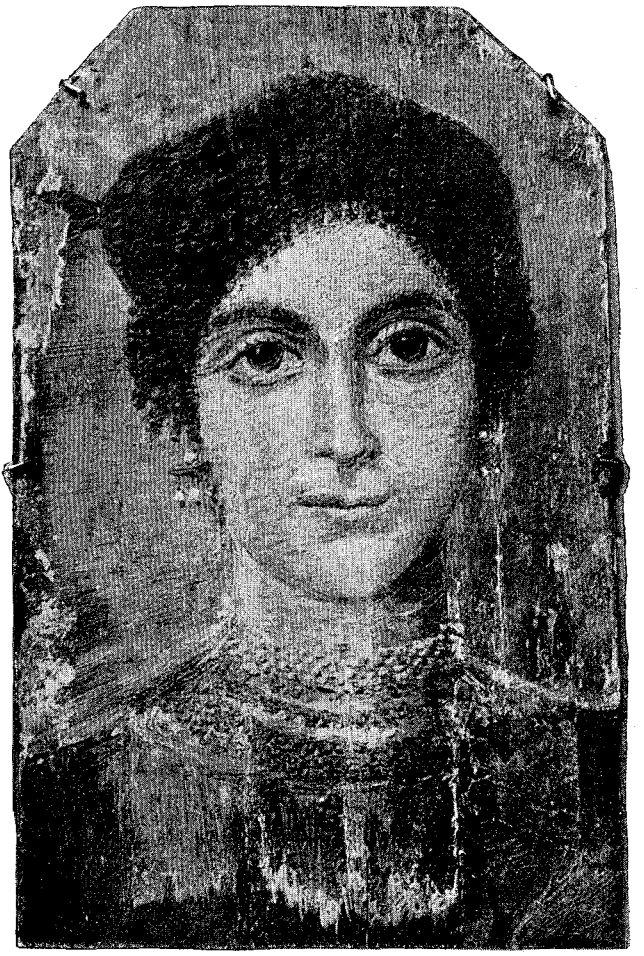

Portrait Number 8 in Theodor Graf's Collection of Graeco-Egyptian pictures, discovered near Fayoum, 1887.—Now on Exhibition at Munich.)

SOME GREEK PORTRAITS.

By Thomas Sergeant Perry.

WHILE there is abundant evidence left to the modern world of the excellence of the ancient Greeks in architecture and sculpture, their work in painting has been known to us almost entirely by report. The classical writers have spoken of it in terms of high praise, and it has been easy to say that whatever they did could not have been any thing but admirable, yet it has been impossible to know just how high their performance would have been rated by us after we have seen all the masterpieces of one of the great modern arts. The absence of direct testimony has, however, proved no obstacle to some German writers who have constructed from the reports of old writers, and the meagre evidence of the mural paintings of Pompeii, accounts of what the paintings of the later Greeks must have been. Among these is Helbig, whose interesting and important book "Wandgemälde der vom Vesuv verschütteten Städte Campaniens," (Leipzig, 1868), by the ingenuity

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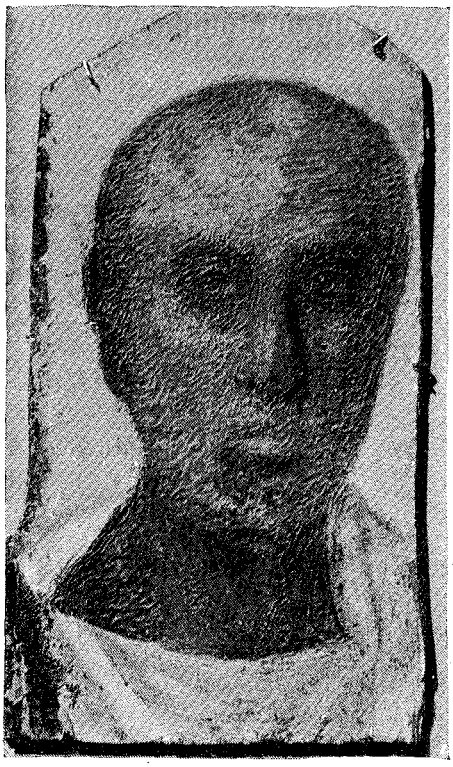

Number 2.

and accuracy of his views, makes us feel sure that the German in the familiar story who evolved the camel out of his inner consciousness, came nearer the truth than the Englishman who sailed to Africa to study the animal, or than the Frenchman who recorded the observations he made at the Jardin des Plantes. Yet, without these odious international comparisons, it may be said that the portraits which have recently been discovered do most wonderfully bear out the accuracy of Helbig's statements.

These portraits, about seventy in number, are some which were found near Fayoum, at a place called Rubaiyat, in July and August, 1887. There are about seventy in all, and they were taken from the graves at what appears to have been a favorite place of burial. It was an old Egyptian custom to represent upon the mummy case a likeness of the person contained within. On those of stone this was done by carving, and the art of painting was employed when the material was of wood or *papier-mâché*. The habit doubtless survived under the Hellenic domination of the country, but, as these discoveries show, in a modified form. The portraits were painted on separate panels of sycamore wood, which were placed upon the body and kept in position by the bands of linen employed as a shroud. The panels were about a foot or a foot and a half long, and six or eight inches broad.

Inasmuch as almost all of the portraits represent men or women between fifteen and forty, it is not easy to suppose that they were painted after the death of the person represented, for otherwise we should find pictures of infants and of a greater number of old persons, and, moreover, nearly every one represents the sitter in a condition of health and unimpaired strength. It seems more reasonable to suppose that the habit of portrait-painting was common, and that some one picture was chosen to be laid with the body in the tomb, although the fact that many wear the funeral dress makes a decision of this question more difficult. That these were evidently close portraits can be stoutly maintained by those who have

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seen them, and the accompanying illustrations will doubtless corroborate this view. The pictures are, to be sure, of varying merit, but the first impression which the spectator receives is one of close accuracy. The various hues are well given, from fairness through and beyond the different shades of the brunette to a very full admixture of African blood. The different degrees of skill seem at first to establish a wide differ-

Number 16.

ence of date, for it is easy, too easy, to conjecture that the crude pictures were painted a century or so before the good ones, but, since similar inequalities may be found in every modern picture exhibition, it is fairer to conjecture that then, as in more recent days, some preferred, from motives of economy or from lack of taste, incompetent artists, while others made a wiser choice.

Even more weighty arguments leave the determination of the exact date of the portraits somewhat vague. They must have been painted before 395 A.D., when the edict of Theodosius forbade heathen funeral rites, and Professor Ebers is inclined to believe that some were painted possibly three or four centuries before the Christian era, and others probably in the first two centuries after

Number 43.

Christ. This would bring them into the flowering time of Alexandrine art, when the Antinous, for example, was produced, in the reign of Hadrian, 117–138 A.D.

The best of the portraits certainly do not contradict the hypothesis that they belong to a period of brilliant art work. The quality that most distinguishes them is a directness, a simplicity, which is most attractive. There is, perhaps, a certain conventionality in the treatment of the eyes, which have a somewhat monotonous stare, but, with that exception the portraits are above all things natural and evidently life-like. In all of them the person is painted quite, or very nearly in full face, and the shoulders form the lower limit of the picture. They are generally painted in encaustic, that is to say, in a mixture of pure wax and a liquid balsam, into which were

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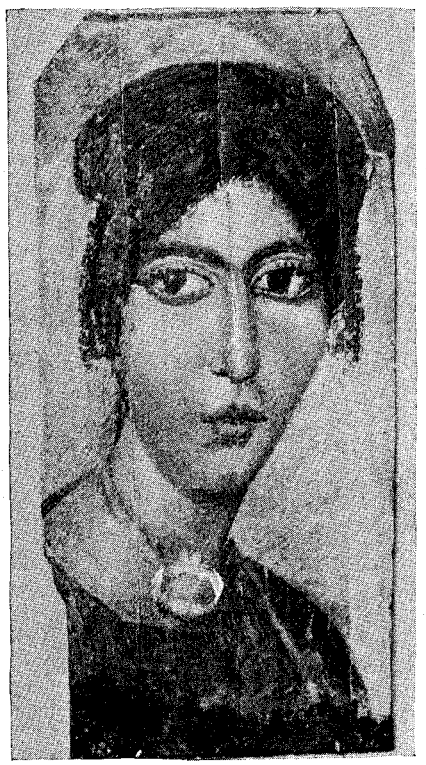
added the colors in the form of powder. The various hues were arranged in something like a mosaic, and were then blended together in the right proportions by an instrument called the *cestrum*. This cestrum was something like



Number 35.

a spoon, the bowl of which was shaped like a birch-leaf, and the toothed edges cut into the material, while the rounded handle could be employed to spread the colors, as well as to mark the lines of the eyebrows, mustache, lips, etc. The last operation was to smooth the whole picture over by the application of heat. A German artist, Herr Otto Donner von Richter, who has studied the process carefully, has made an excellent copy of one of the portraits by diluting wax with Venetian turpentine, into which the necessary colors were placed in powder; this mass was laid on with a modern cestrum, and a few days later the whole surface was smoothed and, as it were, ironed by means of something unknown to the ancients—the hot chimney of a petroleum lamp. The result is excellent. Others are painted in distemper, that is to say, with the yolk of egg, the color powder, and a little oil; and a third process consists of wax, oil, and color powder melted together and put on hot. Sometimes two, and occasionally all three methods are employed in the same picture, so that in some we see the modelled wax following the lines of the face, and thus resembling the brush-strokes of certain old painters, for example, Ribera and Rembrandt, while in others the result is perfectly smooth.

One of the most pleasing is that numbered 8 [p. 219] in the collection, a copy of which is here given. The face is certainly attractive even in the engraving,

Number 50.

although it lacks the brilliant complexion of the original. The ear-rings will be noticed, and curiously enough, the set from which these were copied was found in the tomb, and is now on view by the side of the picture. The gold is

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Number 19.

Number 63.

soft, and the pearls are of irregular shape, reminding one of Etruscan jewelry. A very different one is No. 2 [p. 220], which in point of execution is one of the best in the collection. The man's complexion is very dark, he has grizzled hair, and light hazel or gray eyes. The eyes and features are very softly modelled, and escape the crude hard outline of many of the pictures. It is, besides, almost the only one in which the eyes do not stare directly at the spectator. Another dark one is No. 23 [p. 220], which is also very well painted. The waving gray hair is very soft, and the lips and neck are very beautifully modelled. It is a very interesting and even touching portrait.

No. 16 [p. 221] is evidently the portrait of a Jewess, and is one of those painted in all the three processes described above; the eyes and the mouth being done in wax. The dress, like that in No. 2, is white; the complexion has a yellowish hue, but even without the aid of the original colors, and with all the perversions of the photograph, it is a striking head.

Those who may be ready to maintain that its excellence is partly the product of flattery may look at the next picture, No. 43 [p. 221] in the collection, which represents a woman of about forty, evidently ill, or suffering, for beneath the eyes are violet circles, and the whole face wears a look of distress. No. 35 [p. 222], again, is one of the crude ones, not wholly unlike the work of a second or third rate miniature painter, with a contour reminding one irresistibly of a large brooch. Yet the color, though rather awkwardly laid on, is pleasant and exceptionally fresh and well preserved. The hair is black; the dress, purple.

In the man's portrait, No. 50 [p. 222], we have a piece of successful and serious work. The eyes are unusually good, and the whole picture bears all the marks of a faithful presentation of an interesting head. In the two girls' portraits, Nos. 19 and 63 [above], we have again good work

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of a very charming kind, and in these pictures, as indeed in all, we notice a certain unconscious simplicity, such as we often notice in the work of beginners who paint without attempting to do what some one else has done, who try to copy what they see. There is, for instance, not merely a direct uncomplicated pose, but also in the execution, an entire absence of what we may call the atmospheric blues or grays. The colors of the face, at least, are only white, browns, blacks, yellows, and reds. Often the modelling is extremely good, and always the effects are produced by very simple means. The direct observation of nature, which was one of the qualities of the Greeks at all times, and, during the period of Hellenism, brought forth in

Number 21.

literature a refined realism, inspired this as well as the kindred art of sculpture. Yet it must be remembered that these portraits have to be compared with great rivals. Painting still remains one of the two great modern arts, and it may be safe to ask if it is not fortunate that both it and music have grown up in practical independence of the ancients. When we compare these portraits with later masterpieces, the objection may still be made that in this chance collection we have but, as it were, a suburban

Number 45.

gallery to judge from, and that there have already turned to dust works outdoing Titian, Velasquez, Moroni, and Vandyke. But so far as we judge from the evidence—and, after all, that is a safer thing to do—we can only see that painting was still a new thing which did not, and, ancient history being what it is, could not attain its full development. It made a wonderful start, escaping apparently all the curious fumbling of the early modern painters who tried to break away from the Middle Ages, but it did not attain its full growth. The best example that we have, No. 45 above, shows this. Here the eyes are very fine, and the

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whole modelling of the face is very striking. Here, as elsewhere, however, the light upon the forehead is not carried up over the hair, but the same thing is true of the beautiful Sebastian del Piombo recently acquired by the Berlin Museum. All of which shows, what every artist knows very well, that it takes several centuries for painters to learn to see what is put before them.

The interesting portrait of a man, No. 21 [p. 224], must be the last of which an illustration can be given. In the photograph, the strong, effective modelling is very clearly to be seen, and the impression is most life-like.

So much then for these portraits, which open up to us a most valuable chapter of the history of art, and throw new light on the vaguely known condition of things in northern Egypt under the Hellenic domination. And apart from their great historic value, the paintings themselves have the charm of all good work, for they are not merely attractive, they are also evidently accurate. On the whole, this last quality has its value, for who would not rather see portraits of these people as they were, rather than as they might have wanted to appear, or as the painters might have wanted them to look?

A LYRIC OF LYRICS.

By R. H. Stoddard.

THESE lyrics are writ
In my heart of heart,
By a sleight of wit,
And the lucky hit
Which is better than art.

In the clatter of city cars,
In the babble of falling waters,
Where the twinkle of summer stars
Is a lance the leafage shatters,
Or a flight of arrows that darkness scatters.

Others that went before,
And some that were to follow,
Crooned themselves like fairy elves
Of haunted hill or hollow,
That where no eye is seeing
Dance their sweet souls into being.

Others again in shady nooks,
Whose leaves are the only books
That a poet ever reads,
And whose rainfall his only beads,—
In dying again were born
Betwixt the night and the morn.

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A FAMILY TREE.

By Brander Matthews.

I.

JUNE 22, 1887.—This is the longest day of the year;—and it has seemed the longest of my life. I scarcely closed my eyes last night during the endless hours, while my memory persisted in recalling every word she had spoken in our brief talk, and in bringing up before me again every movement of her head as she sat between me and the fading twilight that outlined her delicate figure against the white curtain. I arose restlessly with the early dawn, impatient to get away from solitude; I began the day with a railroad ride of five hours in cars which grew hotter and dustier as the train sped along the arid track—but it is not because of any of these things, or because of all of them, that the day has seemed so long to me. There is a reason deeper and more potent than these trifles. Even as I write now her face comes between me and this paper—I see again the laughing eye and the twisted wave of the golden hair—and it is only by a tense effort that I can refrain from throwing down the pen and rushing out into the night to pace aimlessly until I shall drop from exhaustion.

Just why I have taken up my pen to begin this journal, I confess I do not know. It is in obedience to a vague impulse, almost irresistible and altogether inexplicable. To talk to a friend is a relief; and with a pen in my hand and this blank-book before me, I feel as though I might hold silent converse with myself. A man, heart-sore and ready to hate all women for the sake of one, whom he has loved too well for his own peace, must try vainly to supply the male need of the female by a development in himself of feminine traits. To keep a diary calls for an introspective loquacity wherein woman is more gifted than man; but if there comes a demand for a faculty, I suppose that the male of our species is as ready to develop it as the female; and I must make out here with some feeble masculine imitation of the feminine garrulity of egotism. A man writing a diary resembles one of the plants which are both male and female. (What is the use of having studied botany if I cannot draw on my little learning for a figure of speech? What does it profit me to have studied moral philosophy if I cannot bear up under a blow as a philosopher ought? And why was I the poet of our class if I cannot deck this consolatory diary with a dried flower of speech now and again?)

I have come to the country for hard work. I am to spend my summer searching the town records, reading the court-rolls, comparing deeds and wills, until I can construct anew and with legal certainty the Wycherly genealogy, that we may know whether or not our client Bradford is the rightful heir. It is not often that a lawyer here in our new America has to go back two centuries and a half, more or less, to get at the rights and wrongs of a suit brought only a month or two ago. But so it is, and if the Richard Wycherly who is said to have lived in this little town about the time of the Pequot War, and who was the elder brother of the Walter Wycherly, serving as aide to Colonel Nicolls when New Amsterdam surrendered,—if this Wycherly died without children or if none of his issue survive to this day, then our client, John Bradford, Esq., of Eastbourne, England, a direct descendant of the younger brother, Walter Wycherly, is the heir-at-law of the vast estate which has suddenly lapsed and devolved on the Wycherly family. But if even a single descendant of Richard Wycherly, the elder brother, survive, then our client has no case and the estate, with all the accumulated rentals of half a century, belongs to this unknown and unsuspecting offspring of the man who came hither when there was little else here than a block-house for a place

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of refuge against the roving Niantics and Narragansetts. I can foresee endless labor before me in tracing out the posterity of this Richard Wycherly if he left a large family. Indeed, if that be the case, my task is almost hopeless. Yet it may prove easier than I think; he may not have married, or there may be so few descendants that I can climb along the family tree with but little labor.

II.

JUNE 29TH.—I have been here a week now and I make slow headway. I fear I put little heart into my work—I fear, indeed, that I have little heart left to put into anything. The town-clerk is away, and no one else can guide me through the old records. A certain Dr. Darling, once the rector of the Episcopalian church here and an indefatigable antiquary, is said to know more than any one else about the countless details of the local history: he was called by a congregation in Chicago three or four years ago, but he is in the habit of returning for a fortnight or so every summer; and he is expected to arrive early next month. In the meanwhile I read in the old records as best I may; and I study out the worn inscriptions on the broken tombstones in the little old cemetery. There are graves there of men born three centuries ago, in England, when Elizabeth was Queen, before the Invincible Armada set sail from the coast of Spain,—men who left old England to cross the doubtful ocean and to lay their bones here at last on the bleak shores of New England. This little town has its history thickset with deeds of gold and men of character. A mere summer resort it is now, with a beach, a lighthouse, a life-saving station, two large hotels, and three boarding-houses.

The chief street bends as it nears the old stone pier which is the centre of the settlement, and from which it straightens itself out on one side toward the beach and on the other along the rocky cliff. The village store—it has rivals, but as yet no one seriously threatens its supremacy and its ample adequacy for the needs of the little town—the store is near the centre of the curve and within a stone's throw of the water. The druggist's shop, which is also the post-office, is hard by, and so are the barber's shop and the cavernous smithy and a queer and tiny den where all sorts of curiosities, oriental rugs, Japanese fans, ostrich eggs, specimens of coral, and numberless other unrelated things are vended by a dark man who is dressed like a Turk and looks like an English Jew. Not far off is a little low building on which a sign announces that the sojourner or the wayfarer may always refresh himself with Ice-Cream and Clam-Chowder—either simultaneously or consecutively, at his choice.

Beyond these are the boarding-houses, enlarged and enlarged again, with wings out-stretched on every side, and with unending out-houses dark with negro cooks and washer-women. The two larger hotels are at opposite ends of this crescent, one towering high over the rocks and the other spreading wide on the broad meadow back of the beach. One is called the Hope Haven House—and I have already discovered that Hope Haven was the earliest name given to the little harbor by the weary adventurer who first lowered sail and dropped anchor in the grateful shelter of the headland. The sagamore who held sway over the painted Indians with whom these European immigrants were soon to quarrel, was Miantonomo; and his name is commemorated to-day by the other hotel—the one within a minute's walk of the surf as it breaks sharply on the broad, hard beach.

It is at the Miantonomo that I have spent the past seven days seeking surcease of thought in such work as I have been able to do, and in dull mechanic observation of my neighbors. I am in no mood to agree with Browning—

> "This world's no blot for us
> Nor blank; it means intensely and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

And yet to spy out the secrets of feminine psychology is a vent for my bitterness against woman. I should like to try my hand at a monograph on the Summer Girl, caustic enough even for her to detect its acidity,—if ever she happened to read it. In general, however, she reads nothing but imported novels in

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flimsy paper covers ; and she reads these only in the intervals of flirting and chatter — infrequent interstices of time. About dusk the omnibus arrives from the railroad station and little giggling groups gather in the corners of the piazza to take stock of the new-comers. If a young man appears, I think they wonder to what fortunate maiden he comes consigned; there is a dearth of young men here, as there is at most other summer resorts, and any young lady having captured a young man is more willing to withstand the accusation of forestalling than she is to merge her proprietary right to her bond-slave.

When other girls arrive, there is a moment of impatience at the augmented over-supply of the perishable article ; there is a glut of girls already. The new-comers are scrutinized as they step up on the piazza and stand there uncomfortably while the father of the family registers his name at the office. But the next morning, after breakfast, acquaintance is scraped speedily enough ; and before night comes again, the new-comer and the earlier guests are already bosom-friends. I see them promenading the wide corridor to and fro, with their arms about each others' waists. We have had a drenching down-pour of rain for two days now, and if it continues for twenty-four hours longer I look for a falling out of some of these caged tigresses, impatiently pacing the piazzas in the lee of the rain. I doubt if their nerves can stand the depression and the compression much longer.

III.

JUNE 30TH.—Shortly after I had written my journal yesterday afternoon, the rain suddenly ceased. I was sitting on the piazza—smoking silently and rejoicing inwardly as I marked the thunderous crash of the angry waves, vaguely consonant with my stormy mood—when I became conscious of the subdued excitement always perceptible here when the morning and evening trains arrive. I raised my eyes when a carriage stopped in front of the steps and a young lady alighted. As she approached, she seemed to give the lie to the thoughts about her kind which I had been expressing here in black and white. Woman is unfathomable at all times, and as inscrutable as the sphinx and as unchanging as that stony creature of art :—yet this girl was not as other girls, by virtue of an undefinable grace which was as a revelation of her beauty of spirit.

She wore a simple gray travelling dress, which tightly sheathed her tall, slim figure. With one hand she was loosing a dark veil which had been drawn snugly about her head, and which fell just as she passed before me : I saw a face of pathetic beauty. I fancied even that there was an expression of appealing timidity in her large dark eyes! At the top of the steps the landlord of the hotel met her, and she asked him if the rooms she had written for were ready. Then she returned to the carriage and assisted an old gentleman to alight from it ; leaning on her young arm he climbed slowly to the piazza and passed into the house.

As she disappeared in the open door I caught myself wondering who she was —as if any woman was of any consequence to me now! And yet her portrait lingered with me and I recalled the slight figure, the curve of her arm as she released the veil, the gentleness with which she aided the feeble steps of her aged companion, the helpless expression as though she had a burden put on her when she herself would fain lean on another. I sat still for a few moments wondering why I was thinking about her. Then I threw my cigar over the piazza-rail with an impatient gesture and called myself a fool for giving a second thought to a girl who was probably as healthy as I, and twice as happy. What reason had I to read my melancholy into her face? Probably she was ready for her three meals a day and capable of letting good digestion wait on appetite. Striding into the office of the hotel, I joined the usual little group of inquisitive folk looking over the register ; and there I read in the feeble handwriting of the old man—

Abram Bell, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Martha Ransom, Buffalo, N. Y.

It mattered little to me that her name was Martha and that she came from

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Buffalo. In indignation at my own weak curiosity, I lighted another cigar and set out for a brisk walk. When a man is sick at heart, a tramp through the moist fields after a summer shower is consoling, even though the melancholy twilight is soon to settle down.

Back of the village, in the hollow of the triangle it forms, is the old cemetery; and here I am wont to walk, partly because a grave-yard seems a fit place for my disconsolate soul and partly because it is from tombstones that I hope to get help in my genealogical quest. I have already deciphered, as best I can, every epitaph in the cemetery, and perhaps this was the reason I walked through the grave-yard and into a barren patch of land beyond it and nearer to the cross-roads. This scant acre, rocky and overgrown with weeds is known as Dedman's Field, although there is now no Dedman in the village, nor has there been so far back as I have been able to trace. Almost in the centre of this little field, on a little hillock, stands an aspen tree, a most unusual growth for this part of the New England coast.

As I drew near, the evening breeze sprang up and the loose branches shivered. There was an uncanny suggestion in the sudden movement, and I looked at the tree askance. I knew the old tradition that the aspen trembles to-day because it gave its wood to make the cross which was set on the hill of Calvary, just as the willow is thought to weep forever because its branches were taken to make a scourge as the slow procession toiled up Golgotha. Again these dread legends came back to me, and I felt again the weight of the awful idea of an eternity of punishment. The aspen or the willow were fit wood to make an oar for the cursed Vanderdecken, or a staff for the wandering Ahasuerus. As this fancy came to me, the tree near which I stood shivered again, as though possessed by an evil spirit.

For the moment I had surrendered myself so fully to this morbid mood that I started when a young man stepped from behind the aspen and asked me if I could direct him to the Miantonomo House. He was a handsome youngster, tall and sturdy. A slight but not unpleasing accent betrayed that he was a Southerner, probably from Baltimore. I gave him the simple directions needed, only wondering how any man might lose his way so near so small a village as this. He thanked me courteously and strode forward like one going to see his beloved. Trust comes before betrayal, I thought bitterly, as I went on.

After a few paces more I found myself at the neglected stone wall which marked the irregular boundaries of Dedman's Field, and almost involuntarily I turned to gaze again on the impatient lover, for so he seemed to me. At the other side of the field he, too, had come to the low wall. The tall aspen towered between us, shivering with the brisk breeze; and its bending branches, swaying with the wind, were now green and now white, as the leaves were blown about and exposed their lower sides. Just then the dark clouds which had shrouded the sun for two days broke at last, and the red rays of the sunset sprang toward us. As I paused in one corner of the field to look at the young man stepping over the low wall, I saw a strange sight. A gust of wind smote the aspen tree and it shivered again, and in the red rays of the setting sun every white leaf seemed suddenly to be dipped in blood.

When I drew near to the hotel, I heard the jangle of the bell announcing supper. After that simple meal I fell into conversation with the landlord, who is what many people would call a character. He began life as a sailor, going up to the Banks regularly for cod; then he turned farmer; after a while he began to take summer boarders; and in time he made enough out of them to sell his frequently enlarged farm-house and build the Miantonomo. Despite his present exalted functions, he retains the exterior of a fisherman, and whenever his pushing, bustling, ambitious wife will allow it, he is to be seen in his shirt-sleeves by the kitchen door, smoking a pipe.

"So you've been to Dedman's Field and seen Mary Martin's tree about dusk, eh?" he said, when I had told him of my walk. "Well, I dunno's I'd like to spend the night there. They doo say that lot is ha'nted; but then they'll say

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anything, an' I ain't never seen anyone who'd ever seen anything there."

Having thus whetted my curiosity artistically, he yielded to my request for the history of Mary Martin, with the reasons why she was thought not to rest in her grave.

"Well," he began, "I dunno's there's much to tell"—and then he told the whole story, and it was a story common enough and commonplace.

Just before the outbreak of the Revolution a girl named Mary Martin had fallen in love with her cousin—and she had loved too well. After a while, as usual, he tired of her—more often I think it is the woman who tires of the man—and he gave out that he was going away. She besought him to do her justice and to make her an honest woman—as though it were in his power to do that! He refused and got ready to depart. The night before he was to go, she met him again at the aspen tree which had often been their trysting-place:—and for her this was a final and fatal tryst. He refused her pleadings, and as she clung to him, he shook her off roughly and went on his way, leaving her lying alone at the foot of the tree. There she was found the next morning, dying. She was an orphan, and the man who had wronged her was her nearest kinsman. No news came from him for a year or so, and then a messenger bore away the child of the dead girl—a daughter. Neither the girl nor her father was ever seen in the town, although there was a report, so the landlord told me, that Nathan Martin had joined the Tories during the war, and that he even guided the marauding band which had harried his old home.

IV.

JULY 3D.—Yesterday was Saturday, and in the evening there was a hop here at the Miantonomo, the first of the season. Few men could feel less attuned for dancing than I, but I took a seat near a window and fed my melancholy by watching the dancers. These were mostly young girls; I think I have recorded already that there is a plentiful lack of young men here. Now indeed is the time foretold of the prophet when seven women shall lay hold of one man. I am not vain, but I think I could see in the eyes of more than seven women a desire to lay hold of this young man, but they restrained themselves and were guilty of no overt act. There are more than twice seven young women in the hotel, and there were only two young men to trip a measure with them—one is a very young man of sixteen, and the other is an old young man of forty, with a coming corpulency and a baldness already achieved. They devoted themselves nobly and did their duty in the dance like men—but what are two among so many?

Quite the prettiest girl in the room was the tender-eyed Miss Ransom, whose dark beauty was heightened by the simplicity of her white dress. I could not but watch the graceful poise of her head as she turned in the circles of the waltz. Then I noted the delicate lines of her slim figure and her exquisite coloring. Why is it, I wonder, that I see her face as through a veil of sorrow? She is not morose or downcast, and she bore her share in the innocent revelry of the dance gayly enough. Although I have no warrant of any such separation, I find myself looking at her as a being apart from the others. Unconsciously, my eyes followed her about the floor. As the waltz ceased she sat down almost opposite the window where I had taken up my post of observation. Unexpectedly a color kindled in her cheeks, to fade at once and leave her paler than before.

I looked up and I saw a young man crossing the room. As he stood before her, the momentary confusion had given place to contentment. A smile came back to her lips and the light beamed from her deep eyes. When the signal was given for a square dance, she took the arm of the young man. As they moved off together, past my window, to take their places at the head of the room, I recognized in her partner the wanderer who had accosted me near the aspen tree, in the twilight, two days ago. He is a fine, manly, handsome young fellow, and the crisp curls of his light hair encircle a bright and elevated countenance.

I heard the first notes of the lancers and I saw them bow to each other and advance hand in hand in unison with the

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lively music. Then I gave up the sport of looking on and went out for a walk on the beach, where the treacherous waves were now rippling gently, forgetful of their vicious violence of two days ago. I paced the hard sand for two hours or more, and then I came back to bed. I slept well, though I awoke early, and I am writing this now before breakfast, for it is Sunday morning and I think I shall go to church.

V.

JULY 5TH.—After all, there was a peculiar and horrible history attached to that tree, a history far weirder and more wonderful than the commonplace tale of desertion and death that the landlord told me. Yesterday a few of the visitors at the two hotels arranged an impromptu celebration of the glorious Fourth. After the boys had split the air all the morning with the sharp snapping of their firecrackers, there was a gathering at an open space in an orchard just back of the centre of the village. The former rector of the Episcopalian church, Dr. Darling, read the Declaration of Independence in a fine orotund manner. Then a young lawyer from Atlanta delivered the oration of the day. His name is Thaxter, and he is the wanderer I met under the blood-red aspen on the evening of his arrival.

Although he is a Southerner, his oration was wholly free from the perfervid rhetoric we have been used to expect from the speakers of the Southland. He was dignified, direct, practical. He is one of the men of the new South, strong in their patriotism and hopeful for the future of our common country. There was much in his unaffected and unstudied speech which called for thoughtful consideration and which would repay it. At first he dwelt on the political needs of our time, and he showed us how much our forefathers had left for us to do. Toward the end of his speech he became a little more florid, and it was then that he pictured to us the Liberty Tree planted by the men of the Revolution, watered by their blood, and spreading its branches over us to-day—a Liberty Tree here in the West, which like the banyan of the East, sends down new shoots to take root in new soil and to become new trunks, each self-sustaining and all firmly bound together. Then he made an antithesis between this Liberty Tree, which is a Tree of Life, and that fit symbol of license, the gallows, which is the Tree of Death. So by easy stages he was brought to the telling of the fateful origin of the lonely aspen standing solitary in a barren field within sight of us all—a tree which might fairly serve as a type of the superstitions of a dark day now long past and never to return. That aspen had its roots in a human heart, and it drew its first nourishment from the body of a murdered man.

Amid the indefinite disquiet of the audience, the speaker told his story, and I think it was new to nearly all his hearers, as it was to me. Not many years after this coast was first settled, a man of this little town committed suicide, and in accordance with the harsh jurisprudence of those unenlightened days, he was buried at the cross-roads with a stake through his heart, that the people passing on four ways might be warned not to sin as he had sinned—not to take that which it was not theirs to take at will, a human life. This barbarous custom, common enough in Europe, had never been established in the American colonies, and perhaps but this single instance is recorded. So great was the horror excited by the execution of the dread sentence, that the wayfarers shunned the unhallowed spot. Both roads swerved aside and met again where they cross each other now, many feet beyond the place where the stake was planted; and it was not for a long while that a strange thing was known to have happened. The dry stick thrust through a man's body and moistened by his blood had taken root in its human bed and had begun to put forth leaves. Men came from far and near to gaze on a growth as mysterious as it was appalling. Year by year as they watched, the tree grew and flourished; it sent out roots to take hold of the earth, and branches that spread abroad to the air. It grew apace, like an ill weed. It grew sturdily, as though it were a good tree and not an accursed thing—and yet it

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was an aspen, and it shivered perpetually as though in remembrance of its shameful planting.

Having told this grewsome tale to his horror-stricken hearers, the orator paused for a moment only, and then he applied the figure adroitly to the contemporary politicians, committing suicide for the sake of party spoils, and encouraging a noxious growth even by their awful death.

I liked the speech—and even before I heard it I had liked the speaker. After the exercises were over I found a common friend to make us acquainted, and I hastened to tell Mr. Thaxter what I thought about his oration. He showed unaffected pleasure when praised and a modest surprise that anybody should care for so hasty an improvisation.

I recalled our first meeting almost within the shadow of the impious tree he had made into so fine a figure in his address. He told me that he had the legend from Dr. Darling. I asked if he knew the cause of the suicide which had met with so peculiar a *post-mortem* punishment. The young Southerner answered that he had inferred from something the clergyman had said casually that it was because of a woman. But what need had I to inquire? I might have known that when there was mischief to be made, there was a wife or a sweetheart at the bottom of it.

I must have let fall some hint of what I was thinking, for Thaxter flushed and ventured gravely to differ from me; no doubt the man himself was to blame for the way the woman had treated him. The young Southerner said this with a certain fierceness of manner which made me smile, but it did not displease me. It struck me as fit and proper that woman should be defended by a man who is in love with Miss Martha Ransom:—and I have seen the two together too often in the past three days not to have detected the symptoms I know only too well.

"I must refer you to Dr. Darling," he said, at last, "if you want any further information about this Richard Wycherly."

As he spoke this name I confess that I started with surprise. Richard Wycherly is the man whose descendants I have come here to trace. I had already searched for his tombstone in vain, and no wonder, since the stake that marked his resting-place waves its eerie boughs above his grave. I have found traces also of a son of Richard Wycherly, but any record of that son's death and burial has hitherto evaded me. The books of the town were ill-kept at the time, and they are ill-preserved now; they give me little help.

I asked the Southerner a few questions, but soon I saw that he had told me all he knew, and that for more I must go to Dr. Darling. From what Thaxter said I take it that the rector is an enthusiast—a man with a hobby—and I doubt not that I shall find him willing to take me up behind him for a canter: it will be my fault if I do not get him to go the road I seek to explore.

VI.

JULY 8TH.—I have had one long talk with Dr. Darling at the Hope Haven House, and I am to have another. Thaxter told the tale as told to him; and the Doctor has confirmed it in every detail. Richard Wycherly came here from Bristol, England, in 1640. He was a widower. It was about ten years later that an intrigue between him and the wife of one Captain Clark, then absent on an expedition to South America, was broken off. The woman saw the error of her ways, so the writer of a contemporary letter puts it, and she renounced the devil and all his works, including Richard Wycherly. Her lover seems to have pleaded with her often and vainly. At last, when he abandoned hope of recovering her, he gave up his life. It was the loss of his wife which had driven him out of England to America, so tradition said; and it was the loss of another man's wife which sent him out of the world.

After Richard Wycherly's untimely death by his own hand, his only child, Robert, a boy who been left behind in England, grew to manhood and crossed to America and made a futile effort to clear his father's memory from the stain of self-slaughter. Failing in this filial duty, Robert intended to return to Eng-

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land, but instead, having a full share of the paternal foolishness where a woman was concerned, he fell in love with Patience, a daughter of Judge Hutton. So he settled down in America and married her, and lived with her for ten years or more in increasing enmity and strife. Of this unhappy marriage of Robert, three children were born; two boys, twins, Roderick and Rupert, were so like their mother that their father came to hate them almost before they left their cradles. There was a third child, a girl, Mercy, on whom her father bestowed all the pent-up affection of his impulsive nature.

With increasing years the acerbity of Mrs. Robert Wycherly's temper was sharpened, until at last her husband could bear it no longer. He threatened to take his daughter and leave his wife and go where she would never hear of him again. The shrew retorted that nothing would please her better. One evening, as they were returning home from a funeral, they had words of an unforgetable bitterness, and the wife clinched her thrust by an allusion to the living sign of his father's disgraceful death and burial—the aspen tree which was casting its shivering shadow across their path, as they came back from the graveyard in the twilight. Robert Wycherly made no answer, but he took his little daughter by the hand and he was never seen here again. In vindictive solitude his wife awaited his return; and without him his sons grew to manhood. At last the wife and mother died without a word from her husband or a sight of her daughter.

I asked Dr. Darling if he had any notion where Robert Wycherly went and what befell him. What happened in the end, the doctor could not tell me, but where Robert probably went was known by a letter (still extant and in the antiquary's private collection) from a friend of old Judge Hutton's, who saw a man remarkably like Robert Wycherly in New York in 1673, and this man had with him a beautiful girl apparently about eighteen years old and very like the Judge's daughter, Patience, as the friend recalled her in girlhood. Now it was in 1660 that Robert Wycherly had fled from here, taking with him his daughter, Mercy, then five years old; and in 1673 she would be just eighteen.

VII.

July 10th.—This afternoon I went again to Dedman's Field for another look at the aspen which has for me an enigmatic fascination. It has been a glaring hot day and there was a heated stillness throughout the village; and apparently every one was resting before venturing out again under the brazen sky. I could not feel a breath of wind, and yet as I drew near the tree, it sighed as though a lost soul were imprisoned within it.

When I went up to the tree, to my surprise—and yet why should I be surprised?—I discovered that its trunk was curiously carved with hearts and linked initials. I begin to think that the tree must be a trysting-place for the village lovers in the spring; and that even the summer-boarders when they go forth in pairs fall in with this odd fashion which makes a Flirtation Walk of Dedman's Field.

The newest of all these many emblems of displayed affection was a large heart, forcibly but irregularly incised, and enclosing two pairs of initials—M. R. above P. T. Can these stand for Martha Ransom and Paul Thaxter?

Turning my back on the ominous tree, I stepped over the low wall into the churchyard, where I sat down on a crumbling tombstone. The date cut on it was 1649—the year before Richard Wycherly killed himself for a woman. It seemed to me strange and inscrutable that the stone should be cold, and as it were dead, while the tree, a year younger only, was alive.

Sitting there idly, ruminant and lazy, I became conscious of music. The organ of the church swelled out as the congregation began to pour forth. Almost at the head of the procession came Miss Ransom and Mr. Thaxter. Is he looking forward with the hope that there may come a day when he will take her to church, once for all, to make her his own for life? He has his dream, the happy man, and it may be that there shall come no sharp awakening. But who knows what a day may bring forth?

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Who knows aught of the tempest or of the treachery which may be hidden even in the pathetic placidity of a face like hers? Why is it that I find myself pitying them both?

VIII.

JULY 18TH.—To-day I have made great progress in the quest which brought me here. Richard Wycherly, the suicide, left one child, Robert, who married here within a year after his father's death, and who, about 1660, deserted his wife and fled to New York, taking with him his daughter, Mercy, and leaving behind with their mother his twin sons, Rupert and Roderick. This much I knew and had recorded here already. To-day I found two books, one a missing volume of the old town-records, and within its covers closely hidden was the other, a thin copy-book wherein a former town-clerk (who seems to have been a bit of a gossip with his pen) had kept a fragmentary diary. From these two sources I have been enabled to piece together a segment of the history as terrible as what has gone before. It is again a tale of death, and a death on account of a woman.

Together Rupert and Roderick grew to manhood, and they were with their abandoned and embittered mother when she died in 1687:—I have this morning scraped the moss from her tombstone, and the date is plain enough. After she had departed this life, the smouldering jealousy between her two sons blazed out fiercely, and soon it was fed with new fuel. Each had begrudged the other the slightest caress from the withered mother; and now each found the other his rival for the smiles of the village beauty. For a year or more they both wooed her, and for a year she doubted which she would take or whether she would take either. But so fierce were they both that all other suitors were discouraged, and the twins alone remained, and between them she had to make her choice. Of the two, Rupert was the less harsh, the less brutal, and to him she gave her hand. In vain Roderick raged. Before the wedding he withdrew himself from the village and joined a tribe of Indians. For months after the marriage, and after a son, Ralph, had been born to Rupert and his wife, Roderick was never seen. He dwelt alone in the woods with his envy and his unrequited passion. He consorted only with the redskin, not fiercer or more cruel than he.

At last, without warning, he came back, worn and thin, consumed by an inward fire, which had not wasted away or burned itself out. It was at least a fortnight after his return before the brothers met. Then they came together for the last time, and the spot where they stood face to face was within sight of the church in which Rupert had wedded the woman Roderick loved. As near as I can make out from the incomplete notes of the clerk, it must have been almost under the shadow of the aspen tree which was rooted in their grandfather's heart.

As to what passed between them before the fatal blow was struck, I can conjecture only. But I surmise that it must have been some foul insult hurled by Roderick against the woman he had wished to marry. Whatever it may have been, it was more than Rupert could brook. He seized the nearest weapon, the broken limb of a tree—perhaps a branch of the very aspen which trembles there to-day in direful memory of the murder. With this he smote his brother. As the club fell, Roderick tried to spring aside and it struck him on the temple and he pitched forward—dead. And thus was the old story of Cain and Abel acted over again here in new America two centuries ago.

The rest is soon told. Rupert was tried for the fratricide and he was hanged on a gallows set up in a corner of Dedman's Field. His widow died of a broken heart; and his son, Ralph, was left to the care of strangers. Born in 1681, Ralph Wycherly did not marry until 1715, being then thirty-four years of age. He died in 1762; and his death was unlike the death of his father and of his grandfather and of his great-grandfather. He expired of old age, in his bed, comforted by the devotion of his only child, a daughter, Margaret by name.

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IX.

JULY 20TH.—I had hoped to close this catalogue of crime, but it is not to be. There is a blight on the Wycherly family, and in my questing I go from bad to worse. Margaret Wycherly became the wife of one John Martin in 1734. She was the mother of two sons, who married and died young. When Mrs. Martin died, in 1771, only two of her grandchildren survived her—Nathan, a son of her elder son, and Mary, a daughter of her younger son. She had lived to see these grandchildren grow to youth. Happy for her that she did not live to see them die!

Shortly after I arrived here the landlord of this hotel told me the legend of Dedman's Field, and the village belief that Mary Martin's spirit walked there at night. Now I find that this tale of horror is part of the family history I am trying to piece together. It was Mary, Mrs. Martin's granddaughter, who died of a broken heart under the shadow of the aspen; and it was Nathan, the grandson, who had abandoned his cousin.

X.

JULY 23D.—Dr. Darling is again at the Hope Haven Hotel, and I shall try to have a talk with him to-day. In the meantime I must set down here the news just received in a letter from our office in New York. The man to whom I had written went to work without delay. He found that Robert Wycherly was in New York in 1676 and that he died in 1685 and was buried in Trinity churchyard, although his tombstone is no longer to be found there. There are no signs of his having married again, and as I happen to have discovered that his deserted wife survived him, not departing this life, which she had used to make all about her miserable, until 1687, this question need not detain me further. Before her father's death Mercy Wycherly married Arthur Rampisham or Ransom—the name seems then to have been written both ways. It is an English place-name and its abbreviated pronunciation is not in accord with the earlier orthography. As it happens, the Rampisham or Ransom genealogy has been worked out in detail by an Albany antiquary; and from this it is easy to see that there was only one descendant of this Mrs. Arthur Ransom alive in 1870, the year in which the genealogy was printed and just two hundred years since she herself had been married.

Other branches of the Rampisham or Ransom stock had flourished and spread, but this branch had withered as though there were a fatality upon it; the families were always small and early deaths were frequent. The sole representative of the daughter of Robert Wycherly was Edward Ransom, who in 1870 was living in Buffalo, where, in 1862, he had married a daughter of Abram Bell, Esq. As to any children he might have, the compiler of the genealogy was not informed. But the world is very small, and what the complier did not know, I am in a position to learn at will. Mr. Abram Bell, of Buffalo, is now in this hotel, and his granddaughter with him is Miss Martha Ransom.

If this Martha Ransom is an only child, and if I find that Nathan Martin left no legitimate children, then the wealth that our English client is seeking belongs to her, and to her alone.

I was seated on the piazza this morning after breakfast when the mail arrived with this letter from the office in New York, and I read it while I finished my cigar. As I was folding the letter and putting it away in my pocket I chanced to look up, and Miss Ransom passed before me. Full of the extraordinary information I had just received I gazed at her for a moment unwittingly, and it was not until I happened to find myself staring at her brown hair brushed back tightly and tied in an old-fashioned knot, that I awoke to her presence and my unconscious rudeness. But she did not see me. Her mind was elsewhere—as mine had been.

There is a gentle simplicity about her, a certain old-world quaintness which charms me. I delight to follow her about with my eyes so long as I may do so without discourtesy. If she chances to catch my glance I get a frank look from her deep brown eyes—and I find myself puzzled by the pathetic appeal I

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imagine I see in them. For this pathos there is no apparent reason, and I suppose it is all a figment of my fancy. Sometimes it seems to me that even a suggestion of humor lurks at the corner of her mouth. And there is no disputing that often enough her laugh rings cheerily.

But not to-day did I hear its silver music. To-day there was a stiffness in her carriage and a fire in her eye I have not seen there before. Unexpected as was this change in her, I do not find it unbecoming. Paul Thaxter was by her side as they came up the walk to the hotel, and it appeared as though he were pleading—and in vain. As they drew near the piazza-steps, something she said seemed to cut him sharply, and then he, too, stiffened. And so they parted, at the foot of the steps, in the full bitterness of a lovers' quarrel—the first, it may be, but of a certainty not the last. The momentary grief of this morning will serve to give flavor to the reconciliation which is sure to follow it this afternoon. Joys without sorrows are as impossible as valleys without mountains. "The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken," so Longfellow tells us; and though Longfellow was a sentimentalist he was right for once. Through a prism of misery many a man has seen for the first time a rainbow of hope. There are more people happy in the world than there are people who think themselves happy. Within a day or two I have begun to suspect that my morbid misogyny was dying, and that in its place there was coming an indefinable feeling of oblivion as remote from contentment as it is from unrest.

XI.

JULY 24TH.—Before I went to bed last night I had ten minutes' talk with old Mr. Bell. Miss Ransom sat by his side in the parlor all the evening, refusing to dance, and trying not to let the world suspect her misery; and it was not until two or three of the more lively young ladies in this house fairly forced her to join them in a game of "Consequences," that I had a chance for a brief chat with her grandfather. When once we got into conversation, it was not long before I had all the information I sought:—I wonder how I should succeed as a reporter or as a detective? I began by a compliment to Miss Ransom and by a remark that she took good care of her grandfather. Mr. Bell needed no more than this to begin her praises, and I soon knew that she was his only granddaughter, and the only surviving child of her parents. She at least can read her title clear, and her claim to direct descent from Richard Wycherly is beyond dispute.

XII.

JULY 26TH.—Yesterday evening I met Dr. Darling at the Hope Haven House by appointment. He stood on the piazza by the door as I came up the path.

"Would you object to a walk with our talk?" he asked, as we shook hands. "It has been oppressively hot all the afternoon, and I have not left the house to-day. A tramp for a mile or two in the night air will rest me."

I expressed my preference for walking, especially in the cool of the evening.

"Then what do you say to our taking a little turn up by the church-yard?" he suggested, as we came down the steps of the hotel. "We can have another look at the wicked tree in the so-called Dedman's Field."

"So-called?" I queried, adding that I had often wondered who Dedman might have been, especially since I had failed to find any of the name mentioned either in the town records or in the cemetery.

"There never was a Dedman," the Doctor answered; "and the proper name, as we have it now, is a corruption. This waste place was called Dead Man's Field, as who should say Aceldama, the Field of Blood."

"Much as the church-yard has been styled God's Acre," I remarked.

"Precisely. And this Dedman's Field is truly the Devil's Acre, for it has seen deviltry enough and to spare since that foul tree began to grow in the midst of it."

When we came in sight of the lonely aspen in the centre of the dead man's

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field, we saw it bathed in white by the moonlight, and there was something spectral about it, as though it were draped with a shroud.

Reminded of my quest, I asked the Doctor if he could tell me anything of the career of Nathan Martin after he had abandoned his cousin Mary.

He answered that he had traced Martin to his death.

"Did he ever marry?"

"No."

"Was it true that he sent back here for his child?"

"Yes."

"Was he one of the Tory bushwhackers?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose he got shot in one of their skirmishes with the patriots. Where did he die?"

The Doctor pointed to the aspen in front of us and answered impressively:

"There—on the tree before you."

"What?" I cried in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "here he died. He had ventured back as a member of a band of Tory raiders which ravaged the coast with fire and sword. At last the patriots could stand it no longer, and they formed a strong body to punish the miscreants who were murdering throughout the coast. On the outskirts of this village these Americans captured a man wearing a Continental uniform. It was Nathan Martin. He was tried as a spy, and as a spy he was sentenced to be hanged. But before daybreak on the day of execution he escaped. The alarm was given speedily and men scattered on all sides in pursuit. A little knot of them came upon Martin, hiding here among the tombstones of this churchyard. When he saw he was discovered he ran down that road and leaped over the low wall into Dedman's Field in the gray dawn. They fired at him from the road as he tried to shelter himself behind the aspen, and the bullets aimed at him were embedded in the bark."

"Then, for once, at least," said I, "that tree saved a man's life."

"Yes," Dr. Darling retorted, "it saved a man's life for a fate worse than death."

"How so?"

"In this way. Nathan Martin was unarmed, and while their guns covered him he dared not stir a step. Two of the patriots threatened him with their rifles while the rest spread through the field and surrounded him. In less than a minute the miserable wretch was in their hands, and in two minutes more he was hanging amid the boughs of the aspen. At last the tree had brought forth fruit after its kind."

The Doctor ceased speaking, and we walked on in silence for a few moments. As we turned the corner of the churchyard a young couple passed us. The shadow of the moonlight was on their faces, but I had no difficulty in recognizing Miss Martha Ransom and Mr. Paul Thaxter. Evidently they had made up their quarrel, and their manner displayed unconsciously a full enjoyment of the happiness which follows the reconciliation of lovers.

The sight of Miss Ransom brought to mind the other question I wished to ask Dr. Darling:

"You said that Nathan Martin recovered his child before he died. What became of her?"

"She was brought up by a distant cousin of her father's living in Providence, and in 1800 or thereabouts she married a man named Thaxter. Her only son went South to Atlanta not long before the war, and married there. And his only son again—who is thus the only grandchild of Nathan Martin's daughter—is here now."

I did not start at this, startling as it was. I felt almost as though I had expected some such strange disclosure.

"Mr. Paul Thaxter?" I asked.

And the Doctor answered, "Yes."

"Do you know the young lady with whom he was walking?" I inquired.

"Her name is Ransom—is it not?" he returned. "I think I have seen her with Mr. Abram Bell."

"She is Miss Martha Ransom, and she too is a direct descendant of Richard Wycherly."

"You don't tell me?" cried the Doctor. "This is really extraordinary." It was his turn to be astonished.

The young couple came in sight again as we turned the corner of the churchyard.

"There they are before us now," said

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I, "the sole surviving offspring of the man who is buried under that tree. They are ignorant of their remote relationship; they little think they have a common ancestor; they know nothing of the family history, with its bloodshed, its wrongs, its woes, and its avengings."

Dr. Darling paused and laid his hand on my arm.

"Are we the only men who know them to be akin?" he asked, impressively.

"I think I am the only man who has worked out the relationship, and you are the only man I have told."

"Then let us say nothing about it to them!" he urged, impetuously. "Why soil their young minds and blacken their happy youth by a knowledge of these sad sins? There is no need to lay this burden of sorrow and wickedness on their young shoulders. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let them be happy while they may."

I agreed with him in thinking that it would not be right to tell them anything without due cause.

"But there is no cause," the Doctor declared; "there can be no cause."

"I do not know," I answered.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"We may have to tell Miss Ransom that a great fortune has fallen at her feet unawares."

The Doctor hesitated:

"Would it not be best to say nothing—even if a million dollars were to depend on her knowing? The possession of riches is a great trial, and few come out of the ordeal with unscarred hearts."

XIII.

AUGUST 7TH.—I linger here needlessly. My work is done and I ought to be about my business. But I am captive to the lazy charm of this place, and I lack energy to go away. It is hotter now than it has been. Even here on this rocky coast, where the breeze may blow across three thousand miles of blue water, there are times when I feel as though I had wandered inadvertently into the torrid zone.

To-day after church I had a little talk with old Mr. Bell, who seemed unusually excited, with moods of alternate depression and elation. Finally he told me that his granddaughter was engaged to be married to Mr. Paul Thaxter. The wedding is not to take place until late in the fall. The young Southerner has accepted an offered partnership with a growing firm of New York lawyers, and he is soon to come North to live. I congratulated the old gentleman on the engagement and on the northward migration of the bridegroom, which would soften the separation of Mr. Bell and his granddaughter.

"New York is not so very far from Buffalo," I said. "The trip is but a span compared with the journey to Atlanta."

He sighed and answered:

"It is a long way for an old man."

As he spoke, the young people came in view. I had seen them together at church, and they had since gone for a walk. Miss Ransom's hand was laid shyly in Mr. Thaxter's arm. He bore himself boldly and proudly, as became a man who knew what a prize he had won. Her happiness, although less expansive, was not less obvious to a persistent observer.

The color came and went in her cheeks as she and her lover drew near. She brought him straight to Mr. Bell.

"Grandpa," she said, standing before him and twining her arm about his, with a pretty caressing gesture, "I have a favor to ask you—a very great favor indeed."

The old man smiled before he spoke, as though to suggest that he had rarely denied her any request.

"Present your petition," he said, at last.

"Well," she began, "Paul"—and as his name passed her lips, a blush fled again across her face—"Paul has had a letter from a friend in New York who wants to rent his house, a lovely little house in Irving Place, near Union Square. It is beautifully furnished, and Paul thinks it is just what I should like."

She paused—hesitated for a moment—and then said no more.

"And what is this great favor you have to ask?" Mr. Bell inquired.

"Only this, sir," answered young Thaxter, after a glance at his future wife; "this house, small as it is, would be

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lonely for Martha, if you were not there. What we have come to beg of you is that you be our guest."

"That is it, grandpa," cried she; "I know it is a great deal to ask, to expect you to give up your own house to join us in a strange city—but you will make me so happy, if you will promise."

The old man looked from one to the other.

"Do you really wish me to come and live with you in New York?" he asked.

"Indeed we do," answered his granddaughter, hastily.

"It is what I most desire," said Thaxter.

I had drawn a little on one side as the young people joined Mr. Bell. Now, as they were wishing to talk freely of their hopes and plans, I edged away without notice, and I heard no more of their projects for the future.

XIV.

AUGUST 14TH.—The story I have to tell is strange enough in itself and it had best be told swiftly and simply. For the past fortnight the heat has been continuous and intense. For a month no rain has fallen. The fields have been parched for want of water, and the grass has yellowed and shrunk. Here, by the sea, we thought we could fairly count on a breeze; but of late it has been infrequent and unsatisfactory. Even at night the heat was relentless.

But this morning there were the first signs of a coming change. Before the sun rose the heat was as great as it had been at noon on other days. There was a tense oppression in the air, not wholly due to the sultriness, and not to be thrown off by the utmost endeavor.

"This is what I call earthquake weather," said a Californian, after breakfast; and a Wisconsin man capped this remark by the assertion that if he were at home, he should think a tornado might descend on him before nightfall.

The morning wore away with increasing discomfort. From our hotel few people ventured out into the pitiless scorching of the sun; and when I entered the church there was but a scanty congregation. It was to hear Dr. Darling's final sermon for the summer that I had come. He preached from the text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

After the service I lingered to walk home with him, and as the congregation scattered, I joined him at the vestry door. Before he was ready to depart the church was empty. When he came out, it was obvious that a storm was upon us. In the far northwest ponderous clouds rolled up, and the atmosphere was even heavier than it had been earlier in the day. As we left the church door, the angry mass on the horizon lifted a little, and in the rift was revealed an ominous copper color. I glanced up at the vane on the steeple, and I saw that the wind was still blowing fitfully toward the northwest, where the clouds were darkly compacting themselves.

Before we had taken ten steps there was a vague and indefinite movement of this dense mass toward us. The upper current of air had changed already and the lower was dying away. Clouds began to break away from the northwest and to drift toward us and to scud away over our heads—certain forerunners of the fast-approaching storm. Soon these lesser clouds, which had been fleecy, thickened into gray. We quickened our pace as streaks of forked light split the huge bulk of cloud, and the low muttering of thunder reached our ears. The solid body lowering on the horizon spread up and moved over us with increasing speed.

Not a breath of wind was yet to be felt, as we walked rapidly through the churchyard and skirted Dedman's Field. Soon we saw the trees on a low hill, a mile or more in the distance, bend and sway and thrash their branches, as the wind caught them and twisted them. Far off down the road the dust sprang up in a whirling cone. Then at last the full force of the wind was upon us all at once, and we were almost choked with the hot, sandy particles that filled the air. The flashes of lightning were more frequent and the thunder had a sharper clang; and we knew that we were in the midst of one of the most magnificent midsummer storms that ever man had seen.

The members of the congregation had

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had a fair start of us, and only a few were still in sight hurrying home. Miss Ransom and Mr. Thaxter, who had loitered as we had, had also been caught. They were crossing Dedman's Field as the first great drops of rain fell, and they took refuge under the aspen in the centre of the acre, waiting for the storm to spend itself and pass away. With another wider flash of lightning and a cracking and tearing report as though the thunder were rending some stout obstacle, the rain fell fast,—in sheets—in torrents—with terrific force. The heavens opened and the floods came. In a moment we were drenched to the skin, and the road on which we were walking was gullied by the resistless rush. There was no respite. The wind and the rain gained in velocity; and we were in the thick of the storm.

Suddenly there was a more blinding flash and a crash as of a park of artillery. They came almost together; and we knew that the bolt must have fallen within a few feet of us.

Stunned and blinded, we glanced about us. Then all at once we stood still. The aspen in the centre of Dedman's Field was shattered to the ground. The lightning had struck it fairly, and it was split in two. The falling branches, twisted and scorched already, hid from sight the young couple we had seen standing in its shelter but a moment before.

I called to the Doctor as I sprang over the wall into the field. Before I could reach the tree, the western sky lightened a little and the darkness began to pass away. It seemed as though the aspen had been felled by the last bolt of the storm.

As I ran up, I saw the two figures lying on the ground side by side just back of the broken trunk. I stooped over them, and then I started back in horror. There lay Martha Ransom and Paul Thaxter—lifeless. It flashed through me that the decree of fate was fulfilled at last. As I stood there transfixed with dread, I felt as though this were the inscrutable, inexorable end of a Greek tragedy, whereof I might be chorus, witness of all things and powerless to prevent evil. The Greeks, I remembered, had a fancy that the laurel averted lightning, and I found myself wondering if they had any legend about the aspen.

By this time the rain had ceased altogether, and over the hills afar off, where we had first seen the trees swaying, there was now a gleam of sunshine, creeping slowly toward us. The storm was still muttering as it rolled away to the east, but a rainbow arched its black abyss. The worst had been done here and the destroyer had gone on its way.

When Dr. Darling joined me, we raised the bodies, gently extricating them from the broken branches which had felled the lovers to the earth. Apparently the main stem of the tree had struck the young Southerner on the shoulder. As we laid him on the grass beside his future bride, a deep sigh broke from her lips and she opened her eyes. In a minute more we knew that she had no other injury than the shock.

Help came, and we bore Paul Thaxter to the nearest house, where a skilful surgeon was prompt with his services. Dr. Darling and I waited at the door to learn the worst.

At last, the physician beckoned to us.

"The man's arm is broken," he said, "and he is stunned by the blow—but he is not dead and I see no reason why he should not get well."

Dr. Darling and I looked at each other, as he left us to go back to the wounded man. The same thought was in our hearts.

"Love is too strong for Fate," he said at length; "let us hope that the curse which was on Richard Wycherly and on his children and on his children's children, has died now that Heaven has destroyed the living witness to his shameful end."

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FRENCH TRAITS—THE ART INSTINCT.

By W. C. Brownell.

"IN art," exclaims a French critic, M. Jacques de Biez, "we care more for the true than even for the beautiful"—*ce qu'il nous faut, c'est le vrai dans l'art plus encore que le beau.* Nothing could be more just. It is precisely for this reason that sentimental and poetical peoples have hitherto wholly surpassed the French in art, where the beautiful is of even more importance than the true; Italy in plastic art, for example, the Germans in music, the English in poetry. In vain does Victor Hugo, running down the list of great poets, associate Voltaire with Dante and Shakespeare; in vain does every French writer on art, having occasion, in any general way, to mention Raphael, habitually add the name of Poussin; none but Frenchmen are deceived. Corneille, Racine, Jouvenet, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Watteau, Puget, Jean Goujon, Mignard, Houdon are glorious names, but they are not to be imposed as names of the first class, ranking with Velasquez, with Rembrandt, with Milton, Donatello, Leonardo, Goethe, when it is "the art of art" that is in question. What foreigner has not been struck by the struggle which the French canvases in the *Salon carré* of the Louvre make to justify their places in the serene and lofty company of the great Flemish, Dutch, Venetian masterpieces? One looks at Jouvenet's fine "Descent from the Cross," and thinks of Rubens's at Antwerp, of Daniele da Volterra's at Rome, of Sodoma's at Sienna, of Rembrandt's at Munich. A glance from Le Sueur's soft "Saint Scholastica" to the gorgeous Rubens above it, from Poussin's portrait of himself to Rembrandt's "Saskia," from Rigaud's "Bossuet" to Holbein's "Erasmus," from Gaspar Poussin's rural idyl to Giorgione's, brings one into a wholly different æsthetic atmosphere; just as turning from "Hernani," or "Le Roi s'Amuse," to Wordsworth or Keats, or from "Fra Diavolo" to "Oberon," does in other departments of fine art. It is the change from the atmosphere of the intelligence to that of poetry, from an atmosphere in which the true is insisted on to the region where the sense of discovery, the imagination, genius with its unexpectedness and its aspirations, are overmasteringly occupied with beauty. Metaphysical critics will deny the distinction, perhaps, and remind us of Plato's definition of beauty as merely "the splendor of truth," but plain-thinking minds will readily perceive the practical difference arising between the art of a nation which devotes itself to the splendor, and that of one concerned chiefly about the constitution, of truth. When the latter attitude of mind, indeed, becomes excessive, as it has become in France, the very intelligence which is the object of such direct and concentrated cultivation suffers obscuration, and the faculty itself of appreciation loses the keenness of its edge. Thus Stendhal, who passed his life among the masterpieces of Italian art, and who had a passion for the beautiful which made him the bitterest of the critics of pure rhetoric—Stendhal is perpetually finding the sum of all pictorial qualities in Guido. And Fromentin, an *esprit délicat*, if ever there was one, discovers with every mark of surprise, and proclaims with every sign of conscious temerity, that Rembrandt was an idealist in disguise. Why in disguise? asks every reader but the Frenchman, the devotee of order and measure, who finds it astonishing that poetry should be extracted from ordinarily prosaic material. Down to Delacroix, French painting is mainly a continuation of the Bolognese school.

It is precisely for the same reason that the French art of the present day, while it interests everyone extremely, moves and touches so little anyone but the French themselves. It is true that French painting and sculpture stand at

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the head of contemporary plastic art. It is true that such sculptors as M. Rodin and M. Dalou recall the best days of the Italian Renaissance; and that from Delacroix to Degas is a line of painters whose works are as sure of the admiration of posterity as of their present fame. And nowhere else is there anything in contemporary art to be seriously compared with the productions of these men. There is a fine landscape school at The Hague. Mr. Alma Tadema is an extremely clever painter, and Mr. Poynter and Mr. Burne-Jones are men indisputably provided with what the French call a "temperament." There are Mr. Whistler and Mr. La Farge, who are unclassifiable, and so entirely individual that to argue from them to their respective *milieus* would be unwarrantable. There are Signor Nona in Venice, and Signor Segantini in Milan, truly poetic artists as well as thoroughly equipped painters, who are sure one day of a fame of wider than Italian extent. But putting all these together (and adding even, if any reader chooses, the painting professors of Germany), it is evident that they make but an insignificant showing beside the names first mentioned and those with which these are associated—Carpeaux, Rude, Barye, Corot, Courbet, Rousseau, Troyon, and Millet. These men, however, are wholly exceptional, not only in the possession of conspicuous genius, but in the quality of their genius. It cannot be said that this is not French—it is certainly nothing else; but it is the kind of genius that is the rare exception in France, and that makes its way there, not amid the favoring and forwarding influences of popular sympathy, but against the current of opinion and the whole drift of feeling. Make their way, too, these men have all done. The Institute might frown on Barye, and the Salon juries reject Millet; but it is idle to argue from this hostility, as ignorance so frequently does, that France has often failed to appreciate her most admirable artists, her most poetic and truly exalted talent. Invariably they "arrive," as the phrase is; and they arrive first in Paris, where they have indeed, from the first, never failed of supporters. M. Rodin's most pronounced and most uncompromising work is now in the Luxembourg; we may one day expect to see a work by Manet in the Louvre. The French mind is elastic, and French public opinion tolerant to a degree which shames the prejudice of other peoples.

All these considerations, however, do not at all obscure the fact that it is not M. Puvis de Chavannes that Paris really admires, but—let us not say M. Bouguereau, for that would be unfair, or M. Cabanel, or even M. Gérôme, though each of these painters is honored in his own country in a way which it is difficult for a foreigner to understand. Let us say M. Meissonier. M. Meissonier presides without a rival in French estimation generally; his qualities are precisely those which appeal to French admiration—sanity, flawless workmanship, thoroughly adequate expression of a wholly clear and dignified pictorial motive. Or, if his defective sense for what is poetic be pointed out, the Parisian will in turn point to M. Henner, with whose art he has in general less sympathy, but whose poetic sense he feels must be striking enough for anyone's taste. And it is undeniable that the *Salon*, or even the greater part of the Luxembourg, seems, to the sensitive foreigner the æsthetic side of whose nature is developed in any considerable degree, particularly lacking in those elements which place the plastic arts in the same category with music and poetry. The trail of the conventional is apparent on every hand. Original inspiration, of whatever character, is infrequent. The faculties are, in the vast majority of instances, mainly occupied and occasionally exhausted in technical expression. With the idea, the sentiment, the theme, the artist does not concern himself in anything like the same degree. As to this, he selects rather than invents, and his material is inexhaustible. France is the only country which has kept alive the Renaissance tradition, and consequently education in France means familiarity with a far greater number of artistic generalizations, of precedents, and authorities than exist elsewhere. Speaking loosely, it may be said that, of every problem which the French artist attacks, he knows in advance various authoritative and accepted solutions.

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Irresistibly he is impelled to take advantage of these. He could not, if he would, go over the whole ground for himself as if it were virgin soil. Inevitably his zest for discovery is less vivacious, and the edge of his impulse dulled. He counts the less personally for his acquisitions; his equipment saps his original force; he cares less about subject and more about treatment. Incompetence is what he most dreads in the general competition. To avoid appearing ridiculous is as much an anxiety of the artist as of any other Frenchman. He holds himself therefore well in hand, and proceeds systematically. He surrenders himself to no afflatus but that of science. In every department of artistic effort, then, where training is salutary and education possible—that is to say, not merely in method but in general attitude—the French artist excels. Freak, fantasticality, emotional exuberance are nearly unknown. *Les incohérents* are mainly practical jokers, and the rest gain no acceptance. In this way, as the epoch changes in taste, seriousness, ideas, objects of interest, Le Brun, Boucher, David, M. Meissonier, are successively developed. And to-day the French appreciation of M. Meissonier — the French feeling that he is the fine flower of what in France is most confidently believed in—has become in fact a cult. It would scarcely be fanciful to find something religious in the intelligent idolatry of the daily crowd at M. Meissonier's exhibition of his works a few years ago. The Galerie Petit was a temple. M. Meissonier himself conceives his mission in eminently hierarchical fashion.

In fine, the lack of personal quality born of the social instinct and illustrated in French manners, shows itself in French art as well, and has done so from the time of Francis I., when classicism was born in full panoply instead of, like its Italian foster-mother, attaining classic stature through natural stages of growth. The arts of comedy and conversation aside, in which personality is almost obliterated and the social, appreciative, and purely intellectual faculties are most actively engaged, French art does not in general contain enough personal flavor to escape conventionality. To thus escape it depends on its geniuses, its wholly exceptional names. Certainly strenuous personality is sure to *percer*—to come to the surface—and its ability to issue from the mass to which culture gives a conventional uniformity is excellent test and witness of its quality. A triumph over the Institute affirms an artist's force and fortifies his vitality as nothing else can. And it is equally true that where art is classic and its following popular, more individuals practise it, and the chances of thus developing an exceptional personality are proportionally increased. But these considerations, however obvious, are more or less speculative, and the fact remains that not only the mass of French art, but the portion of it which is at once most characteristic and most cordially appreciated by the French public, is altogether too impersonal to be poetic.

Personality, I take it, is of the essence of poetry. Wherever the note of culture predominates and the individual is subordinated, poetry suffers. The personality may be illusory, and "barbaric yawps" as unaccompanied by poetry as by culture. But there is no poetry without sentiment and feeling, and sentiment and feeling mean individuality accentuated in proportion to their intensity. The intellect is in comparison impersonality itself. Less personal, less concentrated, and less sentimental than any other people's, French expression in every department of art is less poetic also. Wordsworth's objection to Goethe's poetry, that it was not "inevitable enough," is applicable to all French art. "Possession" implies not less, but more personality, since it means an intensification of the sentimental, incommunicable, individual side of the poet's nature, and its proportionate emancipation from control by the definite and rational standards which mankind enjoy in common. "Superiority of intellect," Carlyle notes as Shakespeare's distinguishing characteristic, but his Protean personality is rather what separates Shakespeare from other giants of intellect, and this indeed is what we really mean by calling his art "objective." Just as in the instance of the "objective" Goethe, the "Gedichte" and "Faust" are called immortal works by

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Goethe's most incisive critic, who says that here only is Goethe "truly original and thoroughly superior," because "they issue from a personal feeling and the spirit of system has not petrified them." Perfectly impersonal art is infallibly marked by convention, and convention is the implacable foe of poetry everywhere. It is, on the other hand, a friend and ally of prose, of what is communicable and rational.

Frenchmen resent being told that their genius for prose is a possession which involves an incapacity for poetry, an insensitiveness to what is intimately poetic. But they must pay in this way for their highly-developed social and rational side. "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines," says Macaulay; which is perhaps too general a statement, considering the coincidence of civilization and poetry of the very highest order at one moment, at least, in the race's history. But M. Scherer is undoubtedly right, speaking for France alone, in doubting whether "our modern society will continue to have a poetry at all." M. Francisque Sarcey, who is in general good nature itself, becomes almost irritated at an English judgment of Victor Hugo maintaining that Hugo is a great romancer rather than a true poet. Yet in his charming "Souvenirs de Jeunesse," having to confess that he has made verses, he exclaims: "Where is the man who can flatter himself that he knows the language of prose, if he has not assiduously practised that of poetry?" And he adds, "One learns the happy choice of words, the number of the phrase, and the grace of felicitous expression only in forging his style on the hard anvil of the Alexandrine." *La pénible enclume de l'alexandrin!* Fancy an English or American writer of M. Sarcey's eminence speaking in that way of what a French critic calls "the majestic English iambic." "On n'est trahi que par les siens," according to the French proverb. This statement of M. Sarcey's hits the nail exactly on the head. Poetry is in France an exercise, not an expression. It is to real French expression, to prose, what gymnastics and hygiene are to health. And not only is this true of the verses of the littérateur forging his prose on the anvil of the ten-syllable couplet, the littérateur of whom M. Sarcey may be taken as the type, but of the poets themselves it is true that poetry is conceived and handled by them as something external rather than native, something whose qualities they are felicitously to illustrate rather than to employ sympathetically and spontaneously for illustration of the idea or emotion seeking expression. Conceived in this way, it is easy to see how the form became tyrannical, how the despotism of the Alexandrine arose. And we may certainly say that conceived in this way it never would have been but for the national genius for highly-developed regularity and symmetry of form, for clearness, compactness, measure, and balance, for forging its fine prose, in a word, on the anvil of the Alexandrine.

But for form the French have an unrivalled sense—a sense which unites them closely to the antique and to the Italian Renaissance. If they have not the highest substance, they have the severest expression of any modern people; if they are the least poetic, they are certainly the most artistic. I know that now-a-days the latter epithet is frequently used in a rigidly esoteric sense. But such terms have a literary as well as a professional and pedantic value, and no one will fail to seize the distinction here hinted at, however he may himself identify artistic with poetic. The one means keeping one's self well in hand, the other abandonment and exaltation; one is constructive, the other inventive; one manipulates, the other discovers. In this sense, then, "artistic" may be used to describe the Frenchman's universal attitude. He is disinclined to accept nature in any of her phases or aspects. His passion is to arrange, to modify, to combine. He is ineradicably synthetic. His gardens, parks, farms, the entire surface of France, in fact, are landscape compositions. At Hampton Court you are in the presence of the natural forces; at Versailles or St. Cloud, of artistic ones. That alliance with nature through the inspiration of sentiment, which gives such repose and delight to every other nationality, the Frenchman takes no satisfaction in. It

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does not call for that active exercise of his intellectual faculties which is necessary to his enjoyment. And it seems to him rudimentary and formless. He is as intensely human as he is impersonal, and nature outside of man and unmoulded by man's influence interests him only scientifically. She is emphatically not something to be enjoyed in itself, but artistic material rather, lying more or less ready to the artist's hand, but demanding co-ordination and organizing before becoming truly worthy of contemplation. The hap-hazard, the fortuitous, what we call the picturesque, either jar on the French sense or strike it as insufficient and elementary. Naples, Andalusia, London are picturesque. They are formless, full of the unexpected, full of color, physical and moral. They are in these respects in complete contrast to Paris and the provinces, where every aspect is ordered and the *coup-d'œil* on every hand artistically organic. Here nothing is left to itself in any department of possible human activity. "The trouble with the French," said an Italian fellow-traveller to me once, "is that they can leave nothing alone. They charge you more for potatoes *au naturel* than for potatoes served in any other way."

French art is thus naturally characterized more by style than substance. It insists upon what Buffon calls "order and movement" more than upon motive. It addresses itself to the intellect mainly, rather than to the sense or the susceptibility. French painting occupies itself more than any art except that of the Dutch masters with subtle values, which give a refined intellectual pleasure. The magic of color or composition which moves and the sensuousness which charms are quite lacking. It is in line and mass, and light and shade, and delicate adjustments of harmonious tones that French painting excels. Baudry passes for grandiose, and Bouguereau for subtile, spite of the Eclecticism of the one and the insipidity of the other, fundamentally considered, because, abstractedly and impersonally considered, mass and line respectively are thus handled by them. The excess of a devotion to form is precisely this conventionality and insipidity. The excess of a devotion to color is violence. Violence of any kind is instinctively repugnant to the French sense. It is Ingres, and not Delacroix, that permanently attaches and really interests his countrymen. Delacroix seems to them not merely romantic; he seems violent. Théophile Gautier, himself a thorough romanticist, calls Tintoretto *le roi des fougueux*—quite missing the ineffable sweetness and distinction of Tintoretto's hues and poetic poses. There is very little color at the *Salon;* although there is an immense amount of quality, and of quality very sapiently understood, so that nature's color filtered through the *plein air* process is satisfactorily reproduced. Yet passed through the alembic of the painter's personality, specially observed, insisted on, developed, it rarely is. "Gray," says M. de Biez again, "which is the color of the sky in France, is also the color of truth itself, of that truth which tempers the impetuosity of enthusiasm and restrains the spirit within the middle spheres of precise reason." Nothing could more accurately attest the French feeling in regard to color—the French distrust of its riotous potentialities. And, as when one looks constantly at one side of anything, its other side escapes him, the *Salon* is not only lacking in color, but it frequently illustrates how a constant preoccupation with its *value* leads to toleration of very disagreeable *character* in color. The light and dark harmony is now and then perfect, while at the same time charm, perfume, purely sensuous quality is quite lacking.

Keats speaks somewhere of "Lord Byron's last flash poem." Following the lead of the English enervated school, which one of its admirers recently described as trying to do for painting what Keats did for poetry, one very frequent notion of an important side of French art is exactly expressed by this epithet. I mean the decorative side—everything in fact in which severity does not noticeably preside. The decorative art of the French does indeed oftener than not lend itself to the rococo, though baroque it has rarely been. The extravagances of the late Italian, Spanish, and German Renaissance were but imperfectly emulated in France, where, with an occa-

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sional exception, such as the sculpture of Puget's school, the keynote of all the second-rate art since the days of Goujon's and Delorme's imitators has been the academic quality. Startling, sensational, whimsical, eccentric, that is to say "flash," it has never been except in that comparatively inconsiderable part which has always obtained infinitely less consideration than frivolity of the kind does elsewhere. Education and the subordination of idiosyncrasy make it rare and disesteemed. There is nothing in France like the cemetery at Genoa. There is nothing like the interior of the House of Lords, which a recent French writer compares to a "thirty-cent Bohemian glass bazar." Nor like the spectacle in the same hall during an important sitting, "when the Peeresses' Gallery is adorned with women in blue dresses, yellow flowers, red fans, and apple-green feathers," and when, consequently, he adds, "the Bohemian glass shop seems to have been invaded by an assortment of Brazilian parrots." And we may affirm that, even to M. Charles Garnier himself, who has loaded the Nouvel Opéra at Paris with every mark of luxurious elegance conceivable or collectable by him, the decoration of most American theatres and public buildings which antedate the present era of fastidious and forceless eclecticism, would seem "flash" to the last degree. What we call "*Salon* nudities" are not the catch-penny things similar canvases would be with us. Nudity is in no Latin country the sensational thing it is in the world inhabited by the British matron and the American young person, whose cheek it is traditionally so difficult to keep from blushing. In the second place, the *Salon* nudities are studies in the most difficult department of pictorial art, namely, in the painting of flesh; and the appeal of the painter concerns his success in this, and is directed to a trained jury and not at all to people to whom for climatic reasons nudity is a sensational thing. It is indeed doubtful if the Anglo-Saxon notion of his motive and of his accomplishment could be clearly conveyed to a French painter—all that we are apt to regard as "flash" is to him so thoroughly convention.

In fine, so far in general are French painting and sculpture from the extravagant or the wilfully meretricious, that painting and sculpture may be defined as, for the French, the representation of ideas in form. Sometimes the form becomes a mere symbol. Variations of it are esteemed violences. But even when it does not reach this state of petrifaction through system, it is employed mainly to embody ideas rather than images, and though never morally didactic, now and then seems to a true child of nature not a little notional and narrow. "At the Institute," says M. Rodin, contemptuously, "they have recipes for sentiments." As for *character*, style shrinks a little from representing anything so little systematized, so little brought into harmony with itself, so complex, so vague in outline and condensed in essence, so discordant, so tumultuous. Geniuses like Michael Angelo and Tintoretto, who have a special faculty for fusing style and character, form and color, are rare. Generally the artist leans toward one or the other—toward Raphael or Rubens, toward Leonardo or Velasquez. The "School of Athens" is the exemplar of French effort, minus its spirituality, which is as foreign to the French genius, perhaps, as it is sealed to Mr. Ruskin. Where we find the artist preoccupied with character it is apt to be a little factitious, as if he had wandered from, for him, the true path and were engaged in an effort for which he was distinctly not born, a work whose conditions are quite foreign to his capacities. Spontaneity thus is rather stifled than stimulated. All formative influences induce restraint, measure, order, and oppose invention and experiment. Even in conversation you hear the same expression, the same joke, indefinitely repeated. No one seeks to vary them because they have become classic, because their form is not to be improved upon, and any attempt in this direction is foredoomed to failure. Because, too, there is such an infinite variety of them. Excellence in this department of activity depends upon eclectic taste and cultivation; not at all upon personal inventiveness. An American gets tired of "Je vous le donne en mille," "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées," and the infinitude of such classic combinations

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and tradition-enshrouded expressions. The Frenchman thinks no more of them than we do of "yes" and "no," and the ordinary parts of speech taken separately. He is interested in further combinations, and enjoys dealing with the classic ones as simple elements, so that his result is always far more refined and developed. But it is, after all, wholly impersonal and artistic; his originality has nowhere the chance of penetrating the substance, but exhausts itself in modifying the form. The same thing is true, not only of plastic art and of poetry, but even of music. French music is as scientific as Palladian architecture. Distinctly it lacks melody. It is full of ideas, and its form is full of interest; but compare not the sentiment of Saint-Saens to that of Schubert, but the counterpoint of Berlioz to that of Bach.

On the other hand, the predominance of the element of style rarely results in the insipidity which elsewhere seems the inevitable fate of the refugee from the rococo. The devotion to form is sometimes tiresome, as in superficial articles and prosy books, where a completeness, not logical and philosophical like the completeness of the Germans, but purely of literary form, is sought. Subject, which is in general made so little of, is occasionally valued in proportion to its hackneyed and lifeless dignity. But insipidity is usually escaped because the artist's work is always positive and, however conventional, almost never perfunctory. Even if it can be called insipid on occasion, its insipidity is never stupid. The special training of the artist gives at least the interest of competence in execution, and his general culture, the demands of the environment, his familiarity with the best models, ensure that its substance shall not be contemptible. There is nowhere the flatness, the lack of accent, the pallor, the wan, chill, meagre aspect which characterizes much of our Protestant and polemic reaction from the earlier tropicality. We are no longer brutal or boisterous, but candor must compel us to acknowledge that our artistic Puritanism is a trifle bleak. It is possible to avoid the commonplace and still be uninteresting. Round doorknobs and legible inscriptions may make an insufficient appeal to the sensitiveness which demands the soothing stimulus of pleasurable aspect everywhere, but merely to destroy the roundness and the legibility results in nothing positive enough to escape insipidity. Disgust with the painting of panoramas and the sculpture of ideal inanity does little to justify itself by resorting to equally empty possibilities and realities. French culture and artificiality save art from that spontaneity which ends in sterility. M. Benjamin Constant's "seraglio" painting is not truly rococo, nor is M. Jean Béraud's realism insipid. The sense for form indeed is equally a safeguard in either instance.

In every artistic effort, where the poetic note is not so imperatively needed that its absence is a positive flaw, it would be difficult to attach too much value to form. Form is the safeguard and quickener of all elevated prose. If it be not itself the highest of qualities, if free and forceful as it shows itself in Greek sculpture it is even there subordinate to sentiment and color, it is everywhere and always the inexorable condition of the highest qualities; they are useful to it—it is necessary to them. And how admirable and elevating is the prose which in every department of art the French sense for form produces! To talk of French painting as many of our amateurs and artists do, and as they would of French sculpture were they familiar enough with it to perceive that most of it has the same characteristics, is merely to exhibit blindness for a number of excellent qualities which, whatever they fail in, at least save French art from the pure caprices which many of our artists and amateurs execute and admire. As the national turn for intelligence prevents life in France from being taken *en amateur*, so the national sense for form prevents amateurishness in French art. Our art students go to Paris for instruction in technic, but it is a pity that they so universally content themselves with that, and so rarely acquire there the general artistic cultivation which is there as much a mark of professional excellence as is excellence of technic. Very seldom is a painter, like Mr. Bridgman, let us say, a painter who

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understands his capacities as well as his tastes—a thoroughly professional painter, in a word—returned to us by Paris itself out of the varied and abundant material we send her. In the vast majority of cases she sends us back amateurs—the same amateurs who sought her schools, immensely better equipped in technic, but, in pretty exact proportion to their individuality, preserving still the notions, whims, and ambitions with which they set out—the visions, that is to say, of the incurable amateur. Hence our art, spite of the very great improvement in technic within the past dozen years, still remains essentially the experimentation which it has been from the first. Our artists are as anxious as ever to reconstruct the basis of art, to give it in their practice a national and personal flavor, to be racial and individual, to display originality, and to do all this fundamentally and radically, quite without regard to the immutable decorum of evolution, and in defiance rather than through the aid of culture. Europe has constantly been saying to us at every international exhibition, "Be less imitative. Give us something new, some 'new birth of your new soil.'" And quite unconscious that European interest in our art is one mainly of curiosity, and forgetful of the fact that our new soil, whatever its capacities for producing great natural triumphs from human character to railroads, from the very fact that it is new demands careful culture to produce anything so artificial as fine art, we have gone about being racial and individual by pointedly neglecting culture and by breaking definitively with tradition.

Culture has been acutely defined as "the power of doing easily what you don't like to do." Of culture in this sense our artists have no comprehension. Doing painfully what they nevertheless like exceedingly to do, describes rather their practice. What they like to do, at any rate, not at all what they are fitted to do, is the rule of their effort. And it is the unfailing trait of the amateur. No amount of cleverness can prevent the result from insecurity, from essential triviality, from having that ephemeral quality characteristic of pure experimentation. Like the cleverness of Walt Whitman's defiance of culture, only for a time can it conceal the essential elementariness, the really rudimentary attitude of mind which conceit leads *naïveté* to mistake for *finesse*. Curious conception of the relations of means to ends our amateur artists and their amateur admirers must entertain, in conceiving our formlessness of sufficient substance to revolutionize the judgment of the ages as to form and fitness. Interested as Europe may be in seeing us more "original," we may be sure we shall never compel her obeisance to amateur originality, to "originality" painfully retesting the exclusions which mark the progress of culture and imagining itself inventive. The inexpressible flatness which coexists with our lack of sobriety, of measure, of form is grotesque. We can all nowadays recognize this quality in our yesterday's art—in the architecture which aimed at effects in "frozen music" that would have been the despair of the *flamboyant* Gothic epoch; in the sculpture which attempted to unite repose and action, the "far off" and the familiar, in a way which Phidias and Donatello were too prudent to essay; in the painting which, despising Nature considered as merely artistic material, surprised her in her own pictorial moods and endeavored to surpass her in intensifications of autumn color, exaggerations of sierras, volcanoes, and cataracts, arrangements of woodland cascades, romantic pools, "coming storms," and sentimental *genre* situations,—endeavored, in fine, to "paint the lily" with an impasto touch, the mere notion of which would have startled Claude and dismayed Rembrandt. But we are quite blind to the same quality in our current art, which displays in its own way the same mental preoccupation with the search for the philosopher's stone and perpetual motion, in complete neglect of the cautious dictates of scientific discovery.

The amateur view of art, of its functions and character, pervades the public as well as the profession, which is thus at once measurably excused for and encouraged in its superficiality. Mr. Howells draws up a list of short story writers, embroidered with laudatory comment

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calculated to make several dozen people imagine themselves the equals of Mérimée and Maupassant. It is followed promptly by a catalogue of poets from an equally friendly hand, which pleads for a more attentive audience for no fewer than forty-one "poets," of whom three-fourths (to be entirely within bounds let us say two-thirds) have never suffered for the want of a meal, a new suit of clothes, or a theatre-ticket, have never committed a serious moral indiscretion, know neither pain, ecstasy, nor remorse, have never experienced any deep emotional perturbation, or enjoyed any unusual spiritual excitement, and whose culture is shown by their product to correspond to their experience. The popular and good-natured criticism which thus rescues our littérateurs and poets from any peril of self-depreciation, and keeps them a little dazed as to the exactness of their equivalence to Boccaccio and Keats, has a similar effect in plastic art, where, as in the matter of prose and poetry, it merely formulates the feeling of the entire public which occupies itself with such subjects. The American attitude in the presence of novelty of any kind has been described as speculation as to "how to make something just as good for less money." In art, at all events, this accurately characterizes the demand of the public upon the artist, who is therefore stimulated to "supply long felt wants" rather than permitted to produce naturally. Of an artist of great taste and refined appreciation, for instance, we excuse, if we do not exact, parodies of the grandiose effects of Rome and of the large picturesqueness of Flanders. Of a painter born and trained evidently for high class periodical illustration, we greet with effusion naïf experimentation in the sphere of Christs, Venuses, Last Suppers, the acme of classic subject. Of a sculptor who has a decorative sense, we persist in calling for the heroic and statuesque. And while we thus pervert mere instinct and talent, we afford little scope to the free and natural exercise of its energy by the conspicuous genius we may legitimately boast. If in the informal organization some semblance of which in every civilized country all professions tend inevitably to acquire, our artists did not resemble less an army than a mob; if in the exercise of their functions normal conditions were not so sourly disturbed that "time is lost and no proportion kept;" does anyone suppose that Mr. Eidlitz would build an ecclesiastical savings-bank, Mr. La Farge set a Theocritan idyl in a church casement, or Mr. Eakins choose the Crucifixion for his masterpiece?

Of course, in all these respects artistic France presents the completest possible contrast to ourselves. The French art public does not demand mediæval cathedrals and Titians, early Renaissance low relief and Pre-Raphaelite intensity, the Florentine line and the Venetian palette. It demands instead M. Gérôme. M. Gérôme is by no means a favorite of mine. His work, largely considered, lacks just that element of reality which apparently its author and his public conceive to be its *raison d'être*. But the evolution of such a painter and his popularity witness strikingly the culture of the environment, where all serious effort is soberly and sanely made, where every artist seems occupied with what he was born to do, and where that crying disproportion between ambition and accomplishment characteristic of the amateur stage of progress is reduced to a minimum. M. Gérôme's work is in this sense admirably professional, and the almost universal honor in which it is held is admirable recognition of this aspect of it—its excellence, that is to say, in form, in restraint, in a certain felicity of style, often, which raises it far above almost any contemporary work of the kind, and occasionally (as in the "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant") achieves for it a dramatic distinction bordering on grandeur. Compare it for these qualities with any work produced among us by fellow-craftsmen who find Gérôme terribly deficient in charm, who have the true interests of art so much at heart as to fear compromising them should they admit the value of education, even in the absence of afflatus. And observe the prodigious difference between the *milieu* whose admiration fosters these qualities and our own, which expiates its ignorance of their importance by attaching itself to the experimental and the ephemeral, and which by its ingenuous

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exaction of stimulating and contempt for sustaining viands is condemned oftenest to a Barmecide banquet in the halls of art.

Compare, on the other hand, such a work as the "Ave Cæsar" with the historical painting of Piloty, or Wagner, or Kaulbach, or even Hans Makart. How wide is the interval by which it escapes their commonness, that element which in art as in life we know best as the exact opposite of distinction, the *Gemeinheit* which Goethe was always reprehending, and before which Heine fled into exile. Gérôme, Meissonier, Boulanger, Baudry, Laurens, Dubufe, Henner, Detaille, Mercié, Dubois, Lefebvre, Barrias, Luminais, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Chaplin, and a score of others placed in the front rank by their compatriots' esteem, testify, in a word, to the success of the national sense for form in developing the fine qualities of distinction and elegance, as well as the solid ones of special competence and general culture. Distinction is a trait as proper to prose as to poetry. It is perhaps even more necessary to prose, and hence apt to be therein more generally developed. It is at any rate a native and penetrating quality, which shows itself in every effort of the artist who possesses it. It implies that his point of view is always special and fastidious, that he does not look at things in a preoccupied and matter-of-course way, permitting their grosser traits to impress him, and inertly accepting the actual impression on the retina as equalling the artistic suggestion of the object. Such a painter as M. Alfred Stevens, for example, and such a sculptor as M. Moreau-Vautier, evince in the highest degree the French feeling for distinction, for what is fastidious in its correctness, for refinement, polish, artistic decorum. The patrician element is as characteristic in plastic art as in character or manners, and the French have an instinctive affinity for it. M. Moreau-Vautier stoops to trifles and M. Stevens sometimes suffers his art to exhale in mere millinery; but in each instance, and in a host of others of which these are simply typical, there is a high-bred, cultivated dignity which confers on the most frivolous work a certain amount of unmistakable distinction.

We come finally, thus, to recognize elegance as the characteristic quality of French art in its widest scope, and to perceive that the divinity which presides over every æsthetic shrine is Taste. A recent romance by M. Adolphe Racot pretends, indeed, that taste is the universal arbiter, of conduct as well as of the unmoral activities. This is, of course, not the French view, but it is a view which it is not surprising to encounter in a French book, and which would be encountered nowhere else. In everything plastic, however, taste is universally the French test of excellence. Offences against taste are the sins most shocking to the French sense; obedience to its dictates is the attitude most cordially approved by the French mind. One can see how distinctly national the trait is by observing, not merely how quickly elegance became the dominant note in all artistic importation at the Renaissance epoch—how even Primaticcio at Fontainebleau, for example, shows the effect of the new environment upon the Italian inspiration—but also how it struggles with the grandiose severity of Gothic at Rouen and Beauvais; as indeed, centuries before, the instinctive feeling for it developed Gothic line and movement out of the sombre massiveness of Romanesque. The quality is as noticeable in every department of effort as in formal art. From landscape gardening to needlework, from book-bindings to placards, from the carefully-considered proportions of a Neo-grec palace to the mouldings on a block of builder's buildings, from the decoration of a theatre to the arrangement of a kitchen-garden, in dress, in amusements, in household furnishings, in horses and carriages, in chandeliers, clocks, mirrors, table services—in fine, in every object produced by the hand of man—is visible the working of the art instinct under the direction of taste to the end of elegance. In Paris every vista is an artistic spectacle. From the point of view of art nothing in the world equals the picture one sees in looking toward the Louvre from the Arc de l'Etoile—unless it be the line of the boulevards, where the buildings, the terraces, the shop-windows, the people combine in the production of a scene from which every

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natural element except the sky above it has been eliminated, and which would therefore be dazing and depressing if its harmony, its taste, its elegance did not render it beyond all expression stimulating and delightful. The entire city is a composition, the principle of fitness in whose lines and masses, tones, and local tints secures elegance in the *ensemble*. Elegance is embodied by Paris as perfectly as, according to Victor Hugo, majesty is by Rome, beauty by Venice, grace by Naples, and wealth by London.

Naturally the rule of taste results in the tyranny of the mode. Nowhere, perhaps, is fashion so exacting, not only in dress and demeanor, but in plastic art itself. Hence the development of schools, the erection of methods into systems, the succession of romanticists to classicists and of realists to both, the sequence of academic, *plein air*, impressionist, pre-Raphaelite notions. So that if the mass of French art is too conventional, too little spiritual, too far separated from nature, too material, in a word, to be constantly renewed by fresh impulses operating in the work of original geniuses continually springing up, it nevertheless always makes the most of a novel view, a fresh position by developing, systematizing, and finally imposing it as the mode. And, however extraordinary the germ of the mode, so severe is French taste and so acute is the French sense for harmony, that in its full flower any fashion is sure to be distinguished more by unity and measure than by caprice.

Taste, moreover, is universal in France. It pervades all ranks. It dictates the blouse of the *ouvrier*, the blue and white composure of the *blanchisseuse*, the furnishing of a *concierge's* lodge as explicitly as it does the apparel of the *élégante* or the etiquette of a *salon*. It banishes everywhere raggedness, dirt, slovenliness, disorder. Having classified people, so far as possible it uniforms them ; and by uniforming the classes it unifies the whole which the classes compose. Thus everyone is a critic ; everyone instinctively feels, as to any specific thing, whether or no it comes up to the general standard. The first-comer is a judge of art, as in Italy he is of beauty. Everyone's instinct is trained under the influence of taste all the time ; whichever way one turns he receives some imperceptible education. An Italian prince or pauper, *raffiné* or rustic, throws the concentrated charm of an absolute unconsciousness into a look, a gesture, an attitude, which the happiest art can never hope to rival. Perhaps we may maintain that there is a subtile order and harmony in the fortuitous, the accidental, which escapes the ordinary eye, and which the ordinary artist does not catch. But whereas this kind of harmony is somewhat insubstantial, and one's feeling for it speculative and fanciful, France presents the stimulating spectacle of an entire people convinced with Sénancour that the tendency to order should form "an essential part of our inclinations, of our instinct, like the tendency to self-preservation and to reproduction," and illustrating its conviction consciously and unremittently in every sphere of life and art—making indeed an art of life itself.

With this feeling impregnating the moral atmosphere, with the architectonic spirit informing all activities, the trifling as well as the serious, it is no wonder that Paris is the world's art clearing-house, whither everyone goes to perfect, or at least to "consecrate," his talent, and the centre of artistic production whence art objects as well as art ideas are disseminated throughout civilization. Nor is it surprising that even in music—for which the French have certainly no special gift, owing to their lack of sentiment, to the absence of rhythm and the predominance of the *saccadé* note in the French language and character—Paris should have reached its indisputable eminence. What is curious, however, and what constitutes a singular criticism of our century as the "heir of all the ages," is that the least poetic should be the most artistic of modern peoples ; that France, in fact, which "in art cares more for the true than even for the beautiful," should be the only country comparable with the Italy of the Renaissance and the Greece of antiquity, not only for the prodigious amount, but for the general excellence of her artistic activity.

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THE COMPETITIVE ELEMENT IN MODERN LIFE.

By Henry C. Potter.

THE Protest against the Sacrifice of Education to Competitive Examinations, in connection with which Professors Max Müller, Freeman, and Frederic Harrison have lately spoken with such marked earnestness, raises an issue of much wider interest. The signatures to the published Protest include many of the most eminent men in Great Britain, and their presentation of the "dangerous mental pressure and misdirections of energies and aims" involved in the present system of competitive examinations is one which must compel attention.

It is noteworthy, however, that it has been almost immediately followed by a very vigorous counterblast which embraces the opinions of four hundred English Schoolmasters. Of these, one-fourth are disposed to own that the present system of competitive examinations has defects, but the remaining three hundred and more content themselves with returning to the question "Should competitive examinations be abolished?" a simple negative.

It helps sometimes to ameliorate a trying situation to know that others, subjected to the same trials, are worse off than ourselves. And so it may soften the hardships of the English or American competitive examination to read the following account of a competitive examination in China:

"At Foochow the candidates underwent much suffering and even death. One man went mad directly he saw the themes, and cut himself nearly to pieces with broken bits of pottery; a second also lost his senses and began to eat mud. On the second day a candidate spit blood from over-exertion and died. Each student was in a separate cell which was hurriedly run up, without any proper raised place for the men to sleep, so that many rolled off on the damp ground, and injured themselves, while one was stung by a poisonous snake. Thousands of students went up for the examination, but hundreds were plucked in the preliminary before the Literary Chancellor, who was exceptionally severe this year. The present examination rules have been in force for over a century, and are most strictly observed, no district being allowed more than a certain number of degrees. If any district offends, this number is reduced as a punishment; while next year additional numbers will be allowed in honor of the Emperor's marriage. At each examination there are two chief

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and two subordinate examiners, with a corps of eighteen readers, who go through all the essays, and submit the best only to their superiors. Copyists then transcribe these essays in red. The examiners are shut up for five weeks. Hard-headed students who cannot get through after many efforts, are accorded an honorary degree when they reach a venerable age—*i.e.*, over ninety." *

Whatever the terrors or discouragements of the competitive examination among Westerns, they do not equal these. Nor indeed if they did, could we hope, by any modification of them, to eliminate that element of rivalry which, after all, is at the basis of all the competitions of life.

And yet nothing is more undeniably true than that such rivalries are among the most fruitful sources of evil in every department of life. The world lately has witnessed the spectacle of a great people, agitated by a heated political contest which for the hour has absorbed every other interest. We may laud the superiority of our institutions, and compare them boastfully with the monarchical governments of other countries, but I fancy that some of us, seeing the heat and acrimony that our political contests so easily engender, catching the echoes of the harsh speech and bitter innuendo and half smothered strife that have often filled the air, have seriously questioned whether that form of government which involves such strifes is, on the whole, so surely wiser and more wholesome than any other. And yet the rivalries and excitements of political life are by no means the largest or most conspicuous element in any ordinary experience. At most they are awakened but seldom, and by contests which occur at considerable intervals. But of other rivalries—the rivalries of the street and the shop, and the drawing-room, when and where do we not hear the echoes? How many men and women are there who, witnessing the success of their fellows, are not constrained daily to cry, with that soldier of old, "The triumphs of Miltiades will not let me sleep!" What is there that is really worth having which can be won except at the cost of another's disappointment? All are in the race, whether it be for place or power or fortune, "but one receiveth the prize." And when he does, at what cost he wins it! The disappointed competitors who take their punishment so bravely, does anybody believe that defeat does not wound them? When one has set his heart on a coveted possession, and has spent years in training for the arena, and then for other years has strained every nerve in the race to reach it, does any one suppose that failure costs him nothing? And if, on the other hand, the struggle has been successful and the outstretched hand has snatched the prize, can any of us imagine that even success is without its sting? To lose what you have toiled and schemed and striven for, and to see another finally possess it—yes, that is hard, but is there not a wretchedness quite as real in the consciousness that your success has caused another's failure—that your momentary triumph is his lasting misfortune, and that what you have gained for yourself you have gained by snatching it from him? Is there no element of misery in the consciousness that, whatever you may be in possession of, there are scores of other people who honestly believe that they have a better right to it, and will find no pleasure so keen as the pleasure of pointing at your defects and of detracting from your achievements? Would it comfort you to live in a palace if you knew that, every time your neighbors passed it, they dropped a sneer at your ostentation, your extravagance or your unfitness for your surroundings? The world has spoken and sung a great deal of sympathy for the unsuccessful, but I have sometimes thought that the men and women who succeed have a claim upon human sympathy quite as genuine and quite as imperious. To feel that, bear yourself as meekly as you may, your very existence is an affront to somebody else, to know that, live as uprightly as you will, there are others who think your very prosperity a crime, and who will find in your very virtues material for calumny, to know that there is nothing that the world counts worth gaining, which you can win without awakening an envious animosity in the breasts of others who are less successful, this surely

* North China Gazette.

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is a thorn in the rose, a cloud in the sky which is sufficient, with many a sensitive nature, to rob success of its best perfume, and to quench the sunshine out of the fairest noon-day of achievement. It is impossible not to sympathize with that successful statesman who, when retiring to private life at the very height of his fame, answered to those who reproached him for forsaking the political arena, "I find that I am happier when I court the shade. In obscurity I can at any rate be sure that I provoke no man's envy; and, in a lowly station, there are some, at least, who are willing to admit that I am not the sum total of all perfidies and the incarnation of all the vices."

And yet, when we turn from these results of the rivalries and competitions of life, how universal is the training that produces them! It begins in the schoolroom and it ends only in the grave. From childhood all the way on, boy is matched against boy, cleverness against industry, man against man. If there is anything really worth having, competition is becoming daily the more common (and who will dare to say that it is not also the more equitable) way of attaining it. Once, when a boy wanted to go to West Point his friends made interest with some personage of influence, and procured him an appointment. But nowadays we have a competitive examination, and that principle of competitive examination as the basis of a large proportion of civil or political appointment or promotion we are daily recognizing more and more clearly to be an indispensable principle. Nay, if we look closely, we shall see that even in the matter of many of our amusements it is the element of competition and rivalry that lends to them their greatest charm. Who would be left as spectators of a boat-race or a cricket-match if all the people were withdrawn who had assembled, not to witness the contest itself, but the triumph of a particular crew or eleven? The ardor of the explorer in the wilds of central Africa, or of the voyager amid the ice-floes of the Arctic Circle, is fired not merely by the ambition of widening the circle of human knowledge but also of overtopping the limits of previous achievement.

And when we pass from the competitions of our more public or professional life, the spectacle is increasingly suggestive. How many people are there who covet a thing because it is intrinsically good, compared with those who covet it because it is relatively better than somebody else's? The race of competitive display which has been run nowhere else on earth, during the past quarter of a century, with such heat and at such a cost as we have illustrated right here—that race whose wrecks are strewn along the shores of the past in a mass of commercial ruin, the jetsam and flotsam of many a fair vessel that will never float again, was there ever rivalry more intense or competition more vehement and unremitting? What department of life, what form of undertaking is there so sacred as to be free from it? Nay, listen to the speech of children and you shall find it but an echo of the strifes and rivalries which are inflaming the breasts of their elders.

And yet, as I began by saying, nothing is clearer than that rivalry and competition are not merely actual but inevitable elements of human life. And therefore is it our wisdom not to pretend that they do not exist, and even less to pretend that there is something so naughty in them that they ought not to exist, and least of all, to pretend that though they are naughty, they are nevertheless necessary, and we must compete and strive and struggle to excel and outwit our neighbor just as hard as we can, only taking care, if possible, not to let anybody see what we are doing, or suspect in us the competitive spirit. In a word, this is just one of those questions which wants to be ventilated with a strong breeze of candid and courageous common sense, and there could be no fitter moment for opening the windows and letting such a breeze blow through than just now.

Let us understand, then, that competition—a strife to excel, nay if you choose, downright rivalry—has a just and rightful place in the plan of any human life. A prize fight is probably the most disgusting spectacle on earth, but it has in it just one moment which very nearly approaches the sublime; and that is when the combatants shake hands with

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each other and exchange that salutation as old as the classic arena, "may the best man win." It is the equitable thing that the best man should win. When we turn to the most august and eventful conflict which human history records, we find it described as the winning of a prize, the reaching of a goal, the conquest of an adversary. Of course it is possible to suppose such a thing as a life without rivalries and competitions, and to look forward to a time, when, amid other conditions, they will be at once needless and incongruous, but in such a life as ours is now—in a life, that is to say, which so plainly has discipline and education for its end—to take all rivalry and competition out of it would be to rob it of one of the mightiest and most wholesome agencies for the ennobling of human character.

But to be that, the rivalries and competitions of our daily life must be rivalries exercised under manly and generous sanctions. Let no one of us be afraid to say to his fellows: "I am your rival in this race and I mean to beat you, if I can. But having said this, let us see to it that no eagerness for victory persuades us for one moment to forget that greater than any other triumph is the triumph of inflexible principle. It is just here that we touch what may be called the heroic side of human rivalries. There are some of us who, in these tamer days

"Would fain the old heroic ages back,"

and yet our age affords as fine a field for heroism—of a kind far higher, too, than the heroism of the camp and the fray—as human heart can possibly desire. To see to it that in the hottest competition and amid the fiercest rivalry the worst defeat is not experienced by our own integrity, this is sometimes the hardest strain of all. And whether it be success or failure that awaits us, what a fine school for virtues that grow weak and flaccid in retirement is to be found amid the fierce heats of our daily competitions. Granted that no rivalry is possible without a certain admixture of evil, what is there in life from which we can as yet wholly exclude that inevitable ingredient? Granted that any competition is almost sure to engender strife and malice and envy, and sometimes alas, a miserable spirit of exultation over another's defeat which is meaner and baser than all the rest—granted that failure, when, as often, we strive and are beaten, leaves a sting that rankles long and deeply—still here, as always in life, the evil in our own experience becomes an element in our training—a potential factor in that best resultant which is an invigorated and ennobled character. In the eagerness of business competition, in the race for a prize, whether it be social or commercial or political, what a rare field for that magnanimity which will not take an undue advantage of another, and which counts any and every success subordinate to unspotted uprightness in the winning of it! To be intensely in earnest in the race—to summon all our powers for the contest, and yet never to bend them to a mean use, this certainly is a victory on the side of righteousness more priceless than any prize. And then when defeat comes—when the student has burnt the midnight oil and paled his cheek in ineffectual studies—when the artist has mixed his colors almost literally with his own brains and put upon his canvas the loftiest conceptions and most conscientious and patient endeavor of days and months—to see our best accomplishments extinguished by another's better and more dazzling performances, and still amid it all to preserve a temper unsoured by defeat and a judgment uncorrupted by our own failure, this is a victory nobler than all besides.

And still more I think, when there comes that harder strain upon the nobility of our nature which comes with our successes. How few men and women there are who can bear meekly and generously the intoxication of their prosperity! Very often, the most deteriorating result of human competition is success—to win an advantage over another and then meanly to exult in it—to take, even for an instant, delight in the thought of another's baffled aspirations and to gloat over the spectacle of his failures, this is often a more degrading consequence of our human rivalries than all others put together. And this it is that makes victory so much more

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dangerous to most of us than defeat. Milman has told us how Pope John the XXIst, bursting into exultant laughter as he entered for the first time that noble chamber which he had built for himself at Viterbo, is crushed by its avenging roof, which that instant comes down on his head. And thus it is true, in a deeper sense, that many a triumph crushes and extinguishes all that is noblest in him who has won it. Doubtless, failure and defeat are bitter, but hardest of all to bear are not our losses but our victories.

And so may it not be that the competitions of life are for its best and largeest development? To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize and to win it honestly or —lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery;—verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it can cost us.

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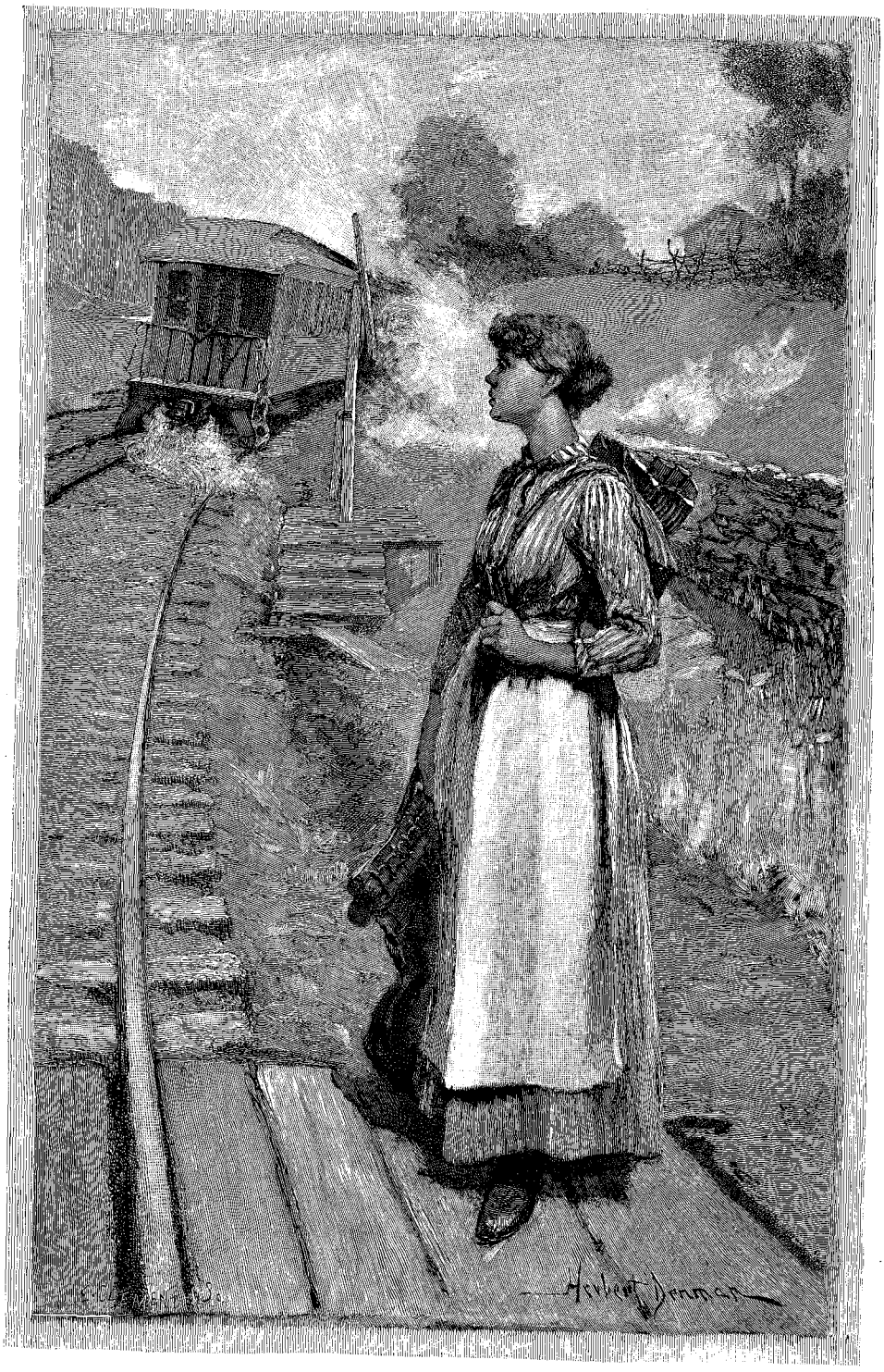

AT A WAY-STATION—THE POSTMASTER'S ASSISTANT.

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